Nov. 28, 1970

# THE NEW YORKER

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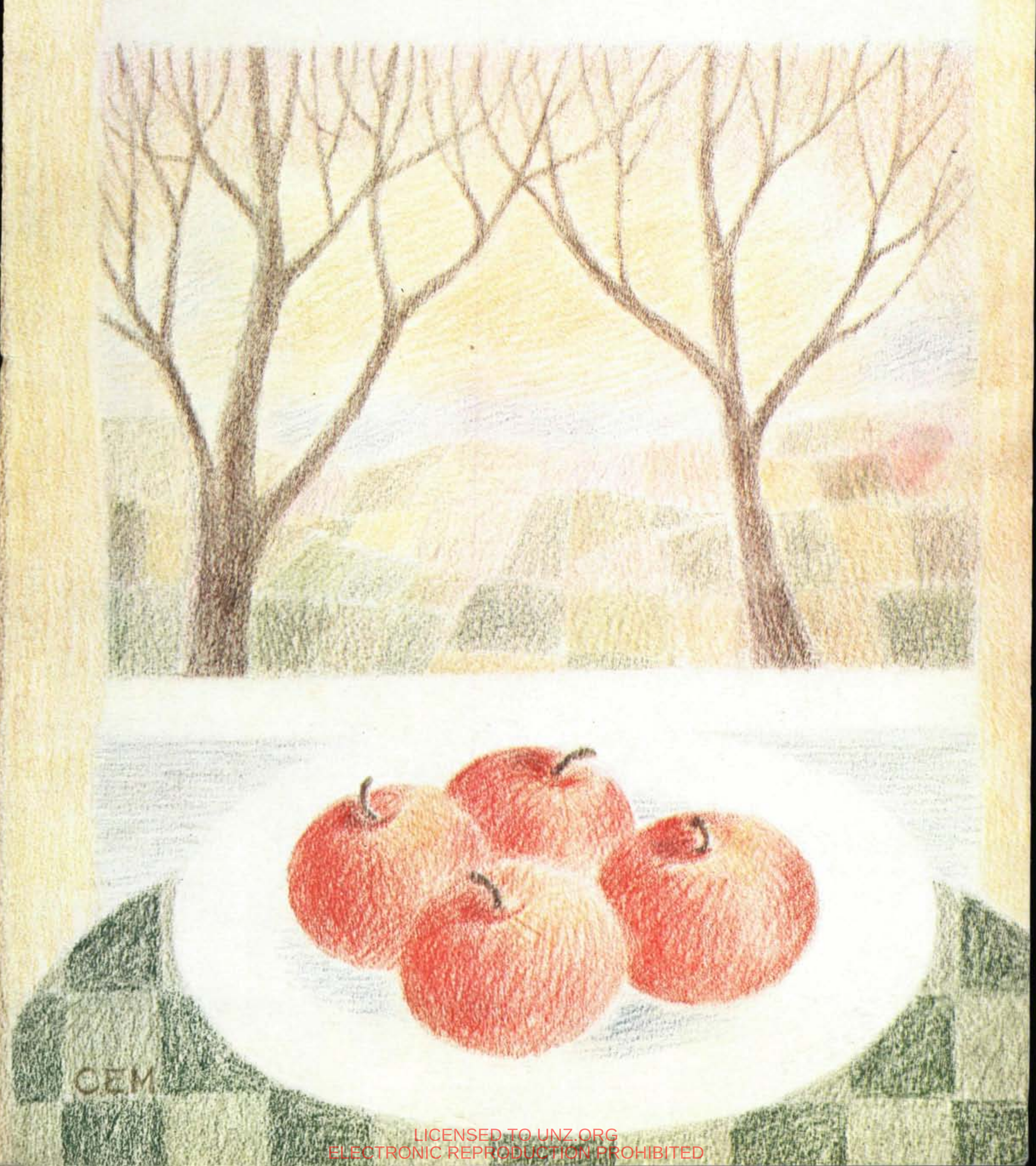

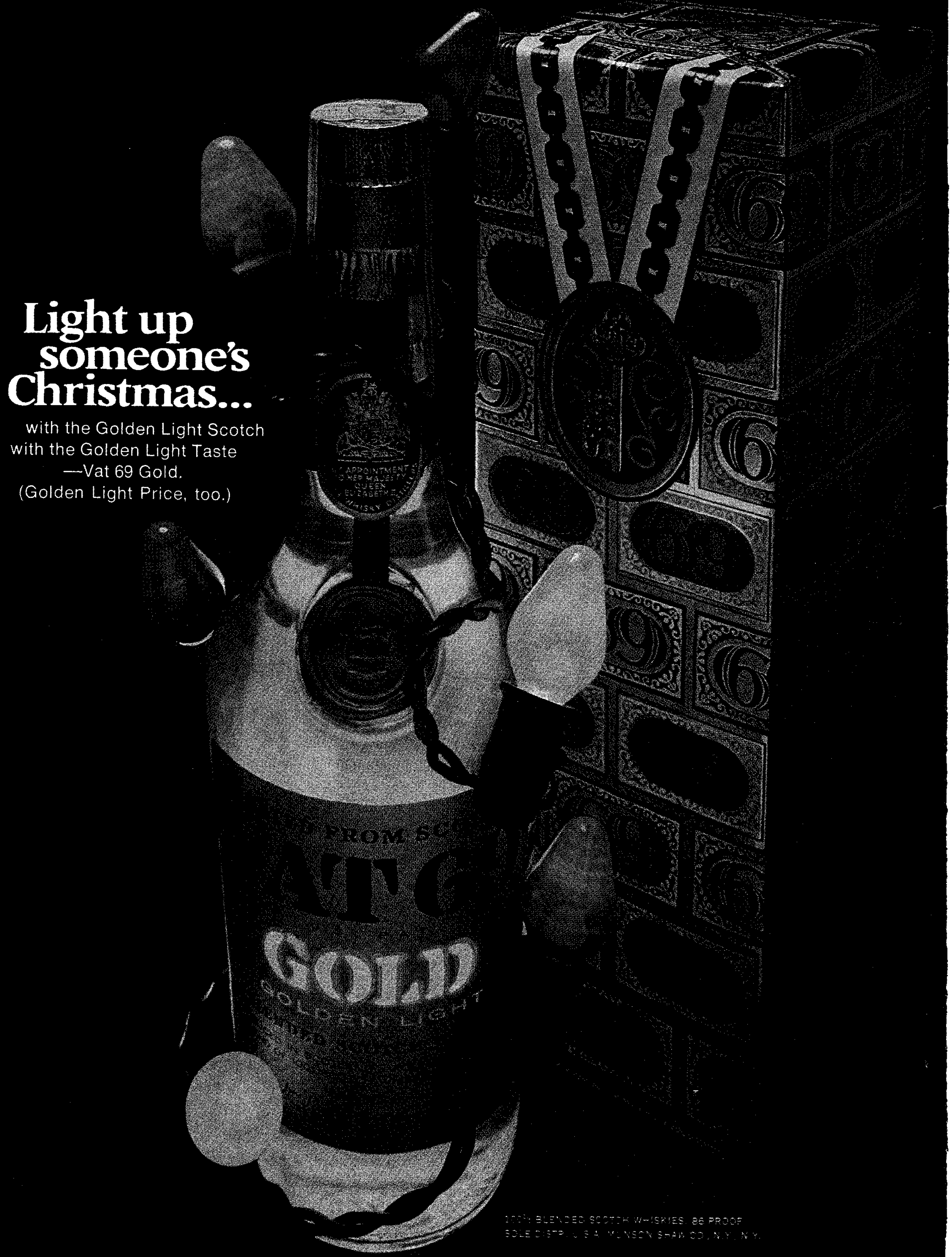
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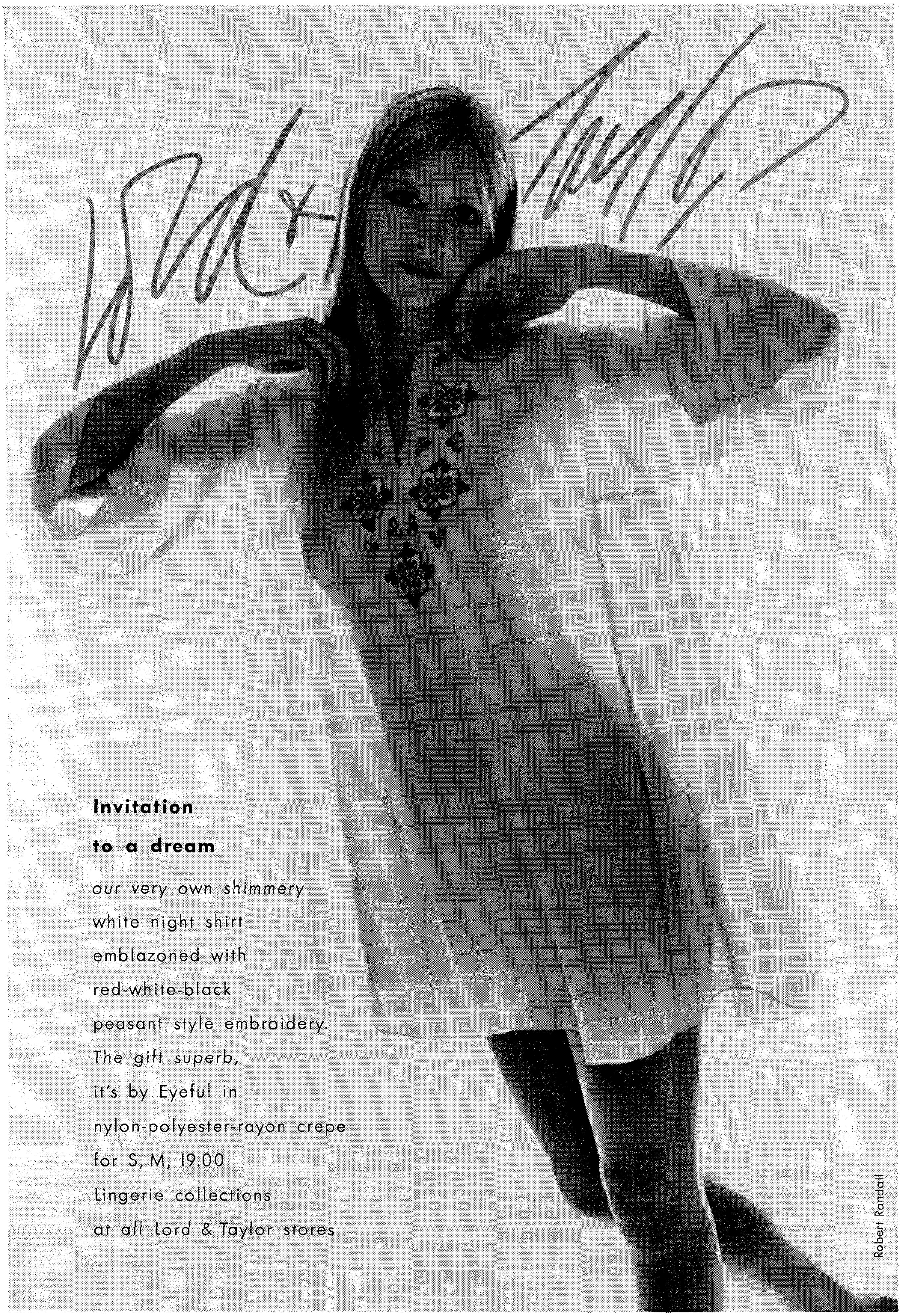

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, members of Off Broadway Actors Equity are on strike, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules and openings drastically. . . . ¶ This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

**LES BLANCS**—James Earl Jones is the be-all and end-all of the late Lorraine Hansberry's dated play about an emerging African nation. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**BOB AND RAY—THE TWO AND ONLY**—A couple of dozen very funny skits about the venal and foolish world of radio and TV. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**BOESMAN AND LENA**—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**DIE BRÜCKE**—Final performances of Bertolt Brecht's **DIE KLEINBUERGERHOCHZEIT** and Tankred Dorst's **DIE KURVE**, in German, will close out a two-week engagement. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 245-9060. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; Thursday, Nov. 26, at 2:30; Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2, at 8:30.)

**THE CANDYAPPLE**—John Beal in a comedy by John Grissmer. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**CONDUCT UNBECOMING**—A Victorian melodrama that quite uncannily happens to have just been written. Superbly overacted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN**—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A DREAM OUT OF TIME**—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS**—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE**—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**HAY FEVER**—A disappointing production of one of Coward's best comedies. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

**HOME**—David Storey's touching little play, not to be missed on any account whatever. The cast is headed by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**JACK MACGOWRAN IN THE WORKS OF SAMUEL BECKETT**—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**ODODO**—A play by Joseph A. Walker and Dorothy A. Dinroe, the first in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**ONE NIGHT STANDS OF A NOISY PASSENGER**—A play

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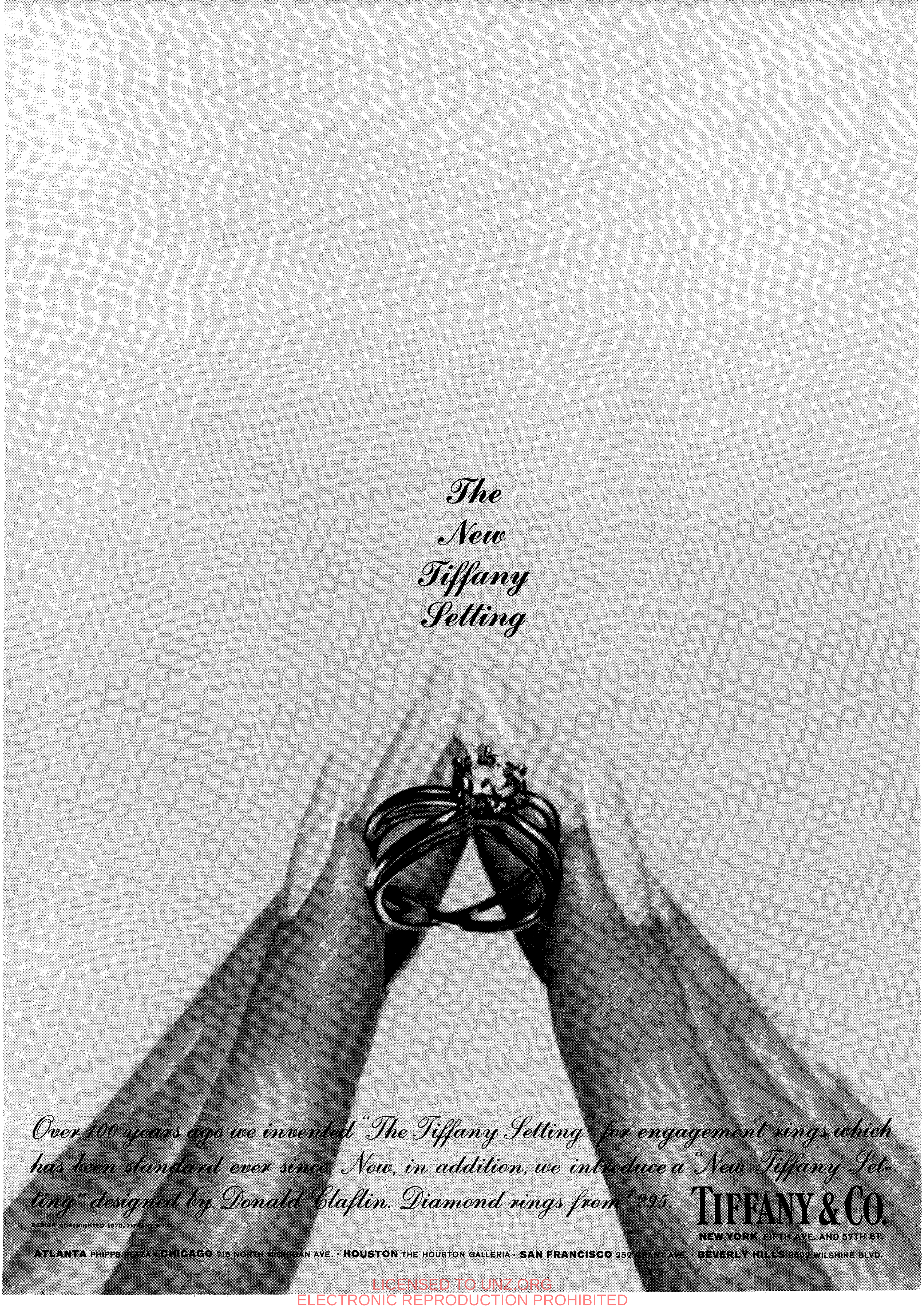
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 41, November 28, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



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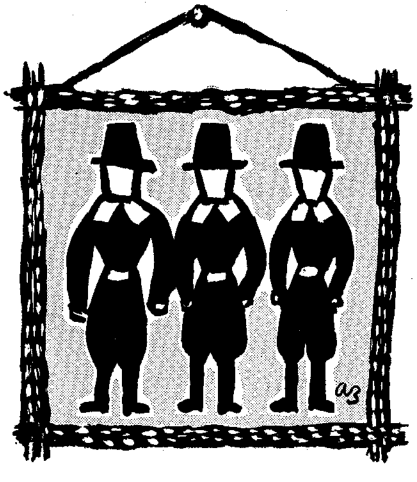
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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by Shelley Winters. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Orlando Furioso**—More curioso than furioso, and all the better for it. An Italian cast shouting Italian in a production as violent as pro football. (Bryant Park Bubble, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. 594-4340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 6; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

**Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN**, made leaden where it ought to have been light. Starring Colleen Dewhurst. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 19.)

**Saved**—Edward Bond's searing, witty, and horrifying comedy of English working-class life, which was briefly banned in London five years ago, is here given the good production it deserves. The actors do very well, but the play's the thing. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Sleuth**—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**Story Theatre**—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**Sunday Dinner**—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Final performance Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

**Trelawny of the "Wells"**—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **CHILD'S PLAY:** A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. With Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## MUSICALS

**Applause**—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Company**—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**Golden Bat**—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Light, Lively and Yiddish**—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

**The Me Nobody Knows**—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Mexicans Are Coming!**—Mexican folklore in a revue with about seventy dancers, singers, comedians, and instrumentalists. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

**The President's Daughter**—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

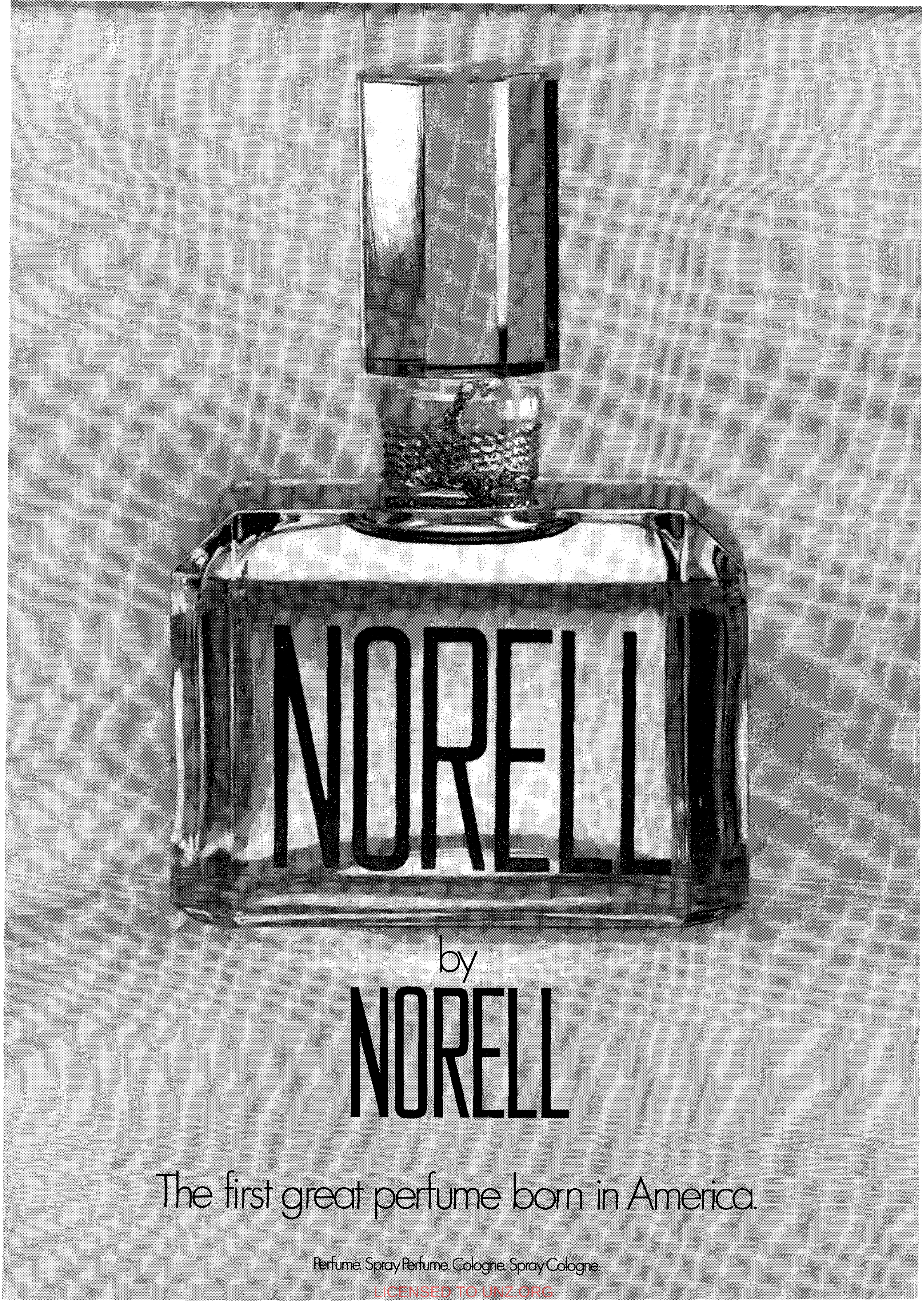
**Purlie**—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**The Rothschilds**—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Touch**—A folk-rock musical about communal living, performed by a group called the Plowright Players, from Warren County, Pennsylvania. The book is by Kenn Long and Amy Saltz, the music by Mr. Long and Jim Crozier, and the lyrics by Mr. Long alone. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Two by Two**—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —It is indeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups. —Taste it, sir, she said. He drank at her bidding. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —If we could only live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —Are you a medical student, sir? the old lady asked. —I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Tony Roberts and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks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### BALLET

**New York City Ballet**—Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Agon," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 1:15: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "In the Night," "Dim Lustre," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Agon," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Suite No. 3" (première), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," and "Episodes."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:15: "Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

**Kathakali**—Three programs of dance-drama by the all-male Kerala Kalamandalam Company from India. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Bitter End,** 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comic Milt Kamen, folk singer Don McLean, and a rock group called Jo Mama will be in this minimally comfortable room through Monday, Nov. 30. Folk singers Brewer and Shipley start Wednesday, Dec. 2. Tuesdays are different, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. Through Sunday, Nov. 29, from eleven to three, Hal Galper will be on electric piano and Herbie Lewis on bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy plays, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, from whose piano so many blessings flow, is back in her element (life after dark), accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass, and it's a proper element, for this restaurant belongs to Barney Josephson, inventor of the memorable Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown. Eight to one, but not on Sundays.

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**Guitar,** 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous axe is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) Jim Hall, working with a bassist, is doing his usual exemplary job. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Infra-Mason-Dixon dining.

**Half Note,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, who, when he is in there swinging, blows one of the most inventive tenor saxes around, leads a quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29, singer Maxine Sullivan will join in. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.

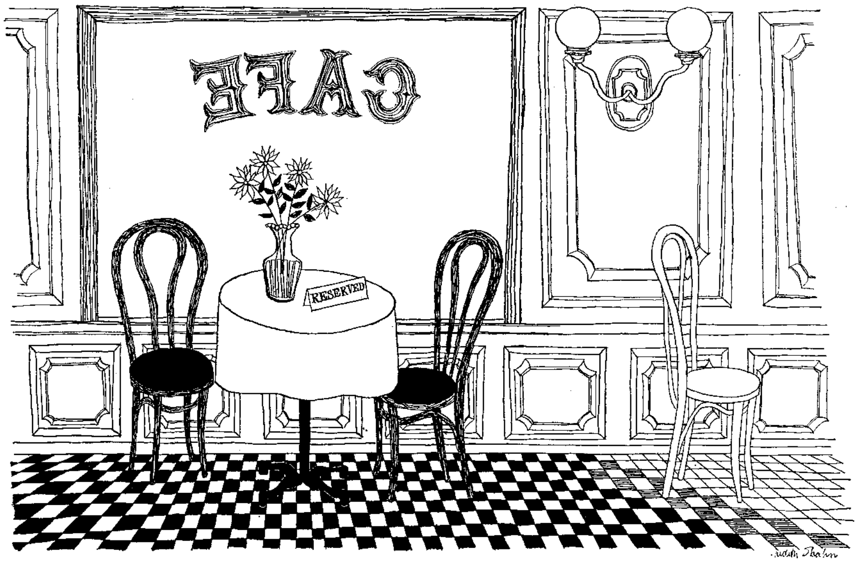
**Jacques,** 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Jazz piano as it was and still can be, played with skill and fervor by Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants. His able aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, Thompson plays alone. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Hungry? Try some fresh-popped popcorn; it's about all there is.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Red Garter,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo palace. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus*, movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band lives it up. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the cheery, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

**Slugs',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town that can get pretty lonesome. Larry Coryell's guitar work, be it jazz or be it rock, has taken him far and may well take him farther. He leads a quartet. On Tuesday, Dec. 1, drummer Chico Hamilton will bring in a quartet. Music from nine until closing. Closed Mondays.



**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Bill Evans trio plays its shiny, expert jazz, except on Mondays, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: A rock-and-folk policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Wednesday, Nov. 25, Silosophy; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 26-29, the Clancy Brothers and Raun McKinnon; Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 1-5, NRBQ and Randall's Island. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Through Sunday, Nov. 29, Rahsaan Roland Kirk will display his considerable talents on reeds, leading a quintet. On Sunday, Nov. 29, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present another one of its specials, this one dedicated to a ten-man band led by trumpeter-arranger-singer Sy Oliver, who did a lot for the Jimmie Lunceford band in times gone by. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2, the Joe Farrell quartet will perform, and on Thursday, Dec. 3, the Herbie Hancock sextet moves in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

**C'est Moi,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

**Directoire,** 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from nine-thirty to three or four). Closed Sundays.

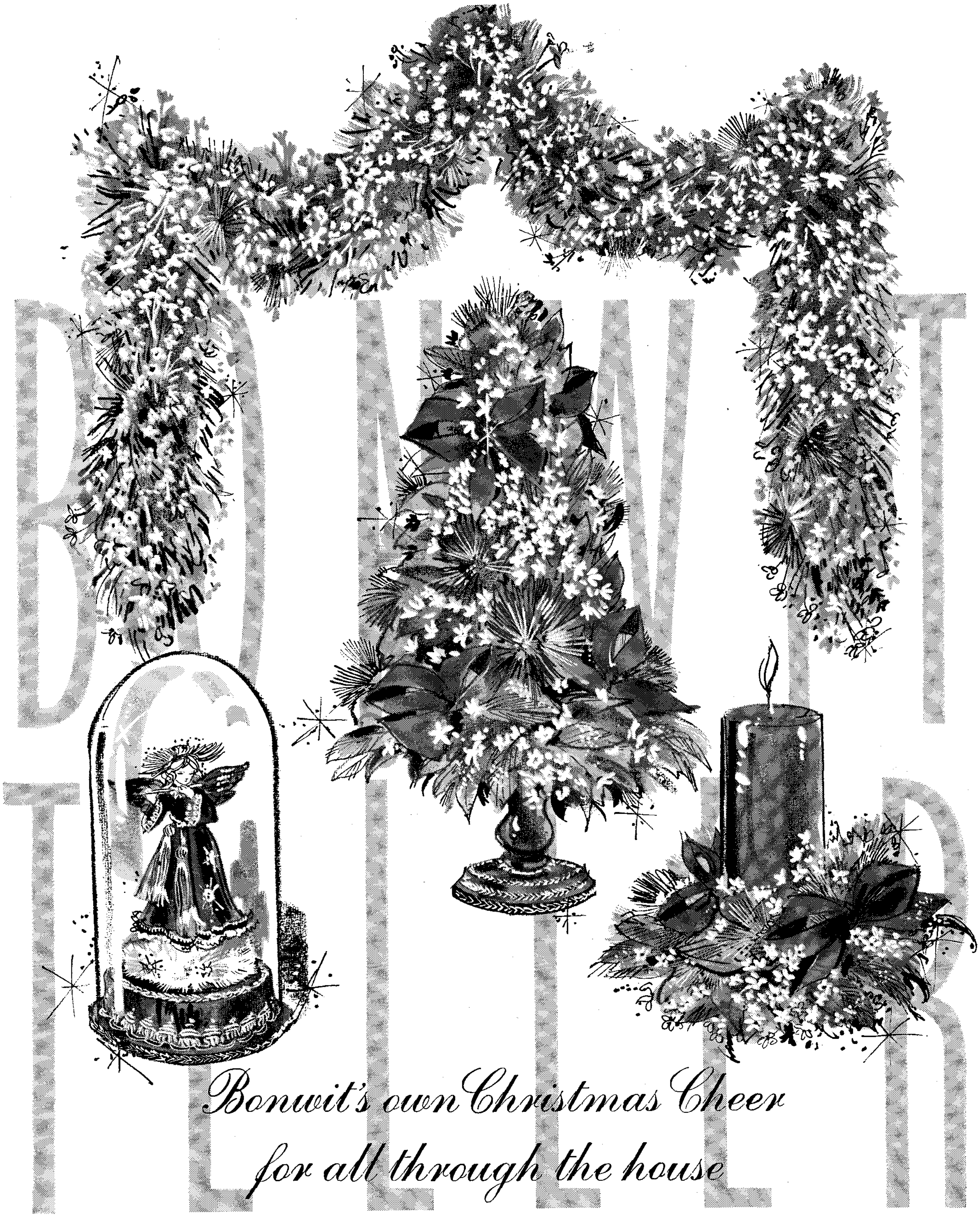
**Hippopotamus,** 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

**L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Campbell than Cocker—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by some rather slick pop performers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Thursday's 24,** 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A new house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

**Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily ap-



From top: Garland of snowflowers and ferns interspersed with gold and silver color pompons, 9′ long, 23.50 Musical Tree on a pedestal: a combination of snowflowers, ferns, gold and silver color pompons and red velvet bows, 20″ high, 31.00 Musical Angel in clear dome: green velvet with gold color accents, 11″ high, 25.00 Candle-Holder Centerpiece to use with or without candle: a combination of snowflowers, ferns, gold and silver color pompons and red velvet bows, 9″ diameter, complete with wide red candle, 18.00 All Prince Decor designs done exclusively for Bonwit's in polyethylene and rayon velvet. Mail and phone. Please add 1.35 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area. No c.o.d.'s. Add sales tax where applicable. In our famous Gifts and Antiques Bonwit Teller New York and all Bonwit Teller stores

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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pointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the hearty sound of Emmis. Closed Mondays.

**Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Alpine Cellar,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. All hands lay off Sundays and Mondays.

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—On Friday, Nov. 27, the Royal Box will reopen for show business as usual by bringing on Tony Sandler, a sufficiently deft European singing and speaking amuser, whose wish it is to work with a very, very straight man. Dinner and supper is the deal for them; Lee Evans' orchestra, always an item of note, begins early and keeps going. Closed Sundays.

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, or the Boys from Barcelona, are in full fig, full cry, and one can see what the Boys in the front room are having (a ball, as sentimental but as stimulating as can be) every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **Château Disco** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tape (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Long after the kings and the captains (not to mention the waiters) have departed, the vivid image of Jack Jones, nodding his head like a metronome as he sings, remains in the retina. Since he's on every night, the retina gets quite a workout. His final expositions take place on Wednesday, Dec. 2; the following evening, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons begin their joint Copa caper of song and gymnastics. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is appropriate music, night after night, by characters calling themselves the Blue Notes and the Dunhills.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Hear, hear! Which can, to a certain extent, be done while the Third Rail, without electrocuting itself, is electrifying the atmosphere with its rocking and rolling. Closed Sundays for cooling out.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the band run by Burt Farber, which has been rebuilt to let in more light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Tradition here calls, too, for soprano interludes in the midst of dinner and supper; these are the work of Patti Page. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933): The old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals, an art form so juvenile that it cannot be parodied, is paradoxically parodied, and pilloried, by "Dames at Sea," which is all in fun and by the ton. Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the exemplary cast; Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the justifiably proud perpetrators; Baldwin Bergersen is at the well-tempered entr'acte clavichord. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at seven and ten, Sundays at four and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The rooftree of Manhattan. Beneath its eaves lie a refectory, a dance floor, and a piano, the last of which is plied—during dinner and supper—by Peter Nero, soloist, who began life as a jazzman and now explores other ideas, too. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

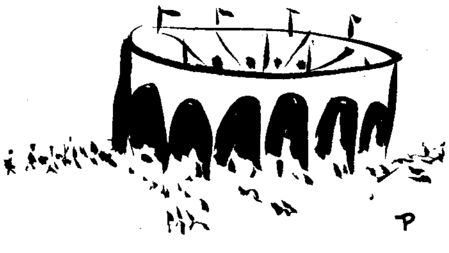
**Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—On Monday, Nov. 30, the ten-man band run and orchestrated (tautly, tersely) by Sy Oliver comes back. Leonard Gaskin, Britt Woodman, and Harold Johnson are still with it, and very much With It; so, too, is Mr. O., who sings at his work, and winningly, assisted by Buddy Smith and Candy Ross. Six until two, except on Sundays. The dining is skimpy.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a houseboat on its way down the Danube to Vienna and its cuisine, clings to dance music that remains as American (the Bob Thomas band) and as Latin (the Peppi Morreale quartet) as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is designed for sedentary diners, Ray Hartley, pride of Australian drawing-room pianists and a ranking pianist in this country, will end his stay on Saturday, Nov. 28. Other music will begin on Monday, Nov. 30.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

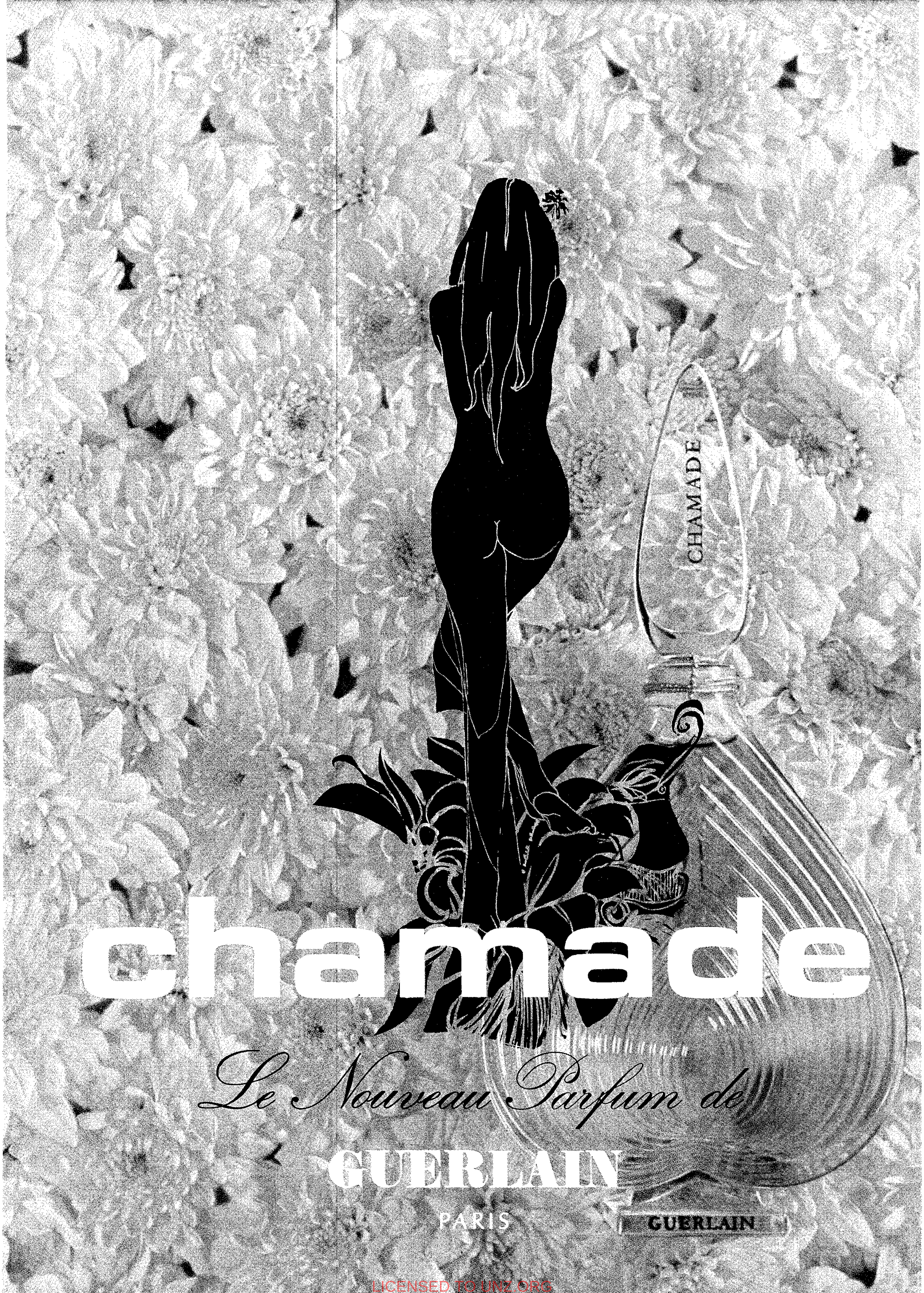
**Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Those were the days, and Bobby Short, whose literate arias go back to the distant peacetime, pastime world, makes all that happy hedonism seem lush, lyric, and (as it truly was) laughable. This great retrospective is enhanced by his piano and his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by Athenian musicians intent upon persuading everyone to dance, and by liberal helpings of song. It happens every night. . . . **Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Among the other players is Ron Eliran, whose tenor speeds along in the Israeli vernacular from Wednesday through Sunday every week. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Early settler Ernie Warren is keeping fairly late hours with his dance band (until midnight, one, or two) in the local restaurant. He starts off at seven during the week, at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and takes only Sundays and Mondays off.



### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**Iperbole,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **Café Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Another decade, another world, which turns out to be Vienna circa 1900. *On y danse* every night, between courses, to a band that sets to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Except for these two days, it's run by reliable old Phil Wayne. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. On Tuesday, Dec. 1, the planned expansion of the Café, overflowing into a room called La Forêt, should take place, and if it does the Waynes will move in, on their current schedule. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the heavily travelled roads to Rome. Among the strollers is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many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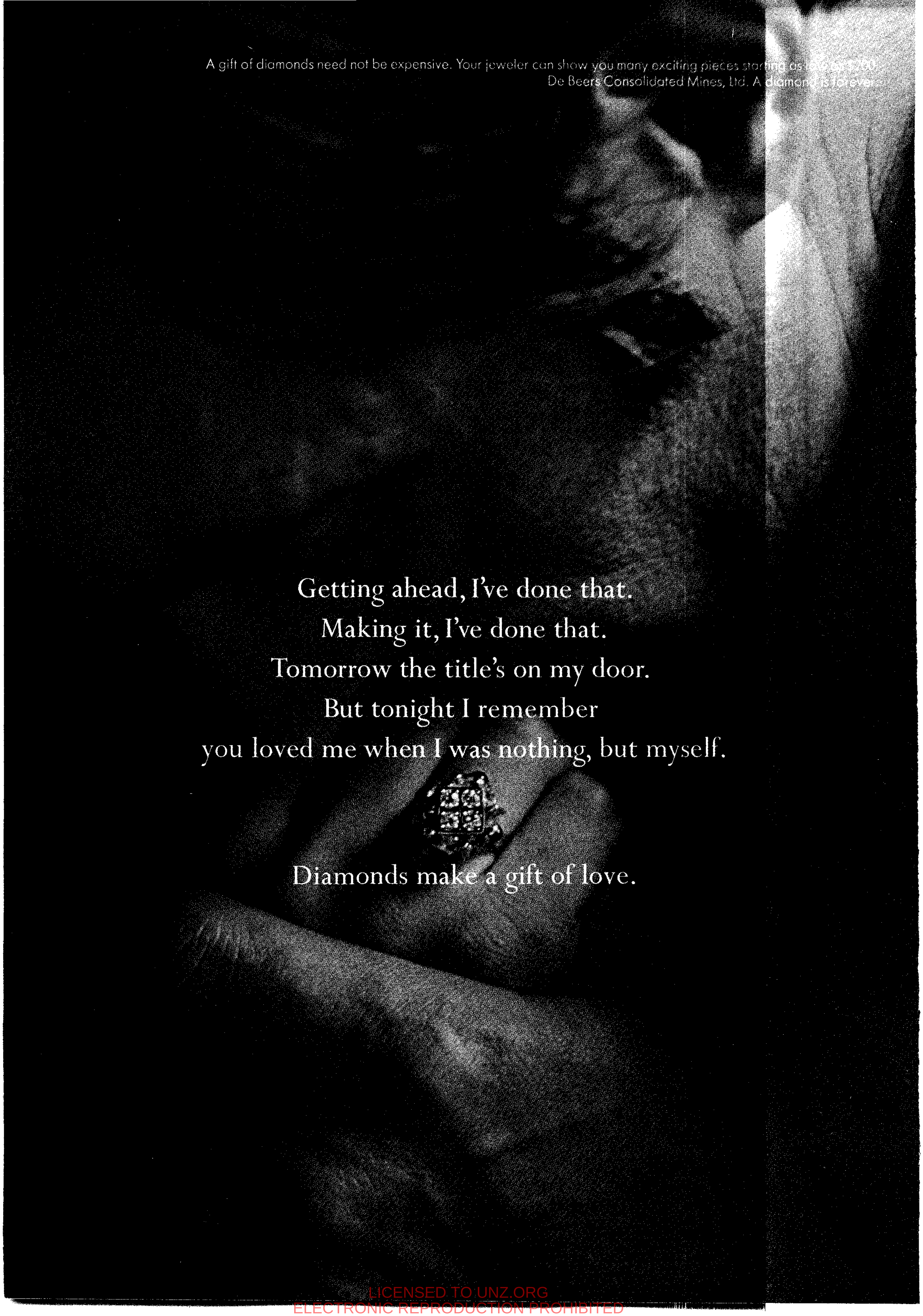

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until midnight every evening but Sunday.... **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Buddy Barnes reminiscing at his piano, with all the proper relish, about the great days of songwriting. He sits up fairly late. Closed Mondays.... **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village, villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck.... **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): On Sunday and Monday, Nov. 29-30, the Talbot Brothers do their last musicales before shipping back to Bermuda. Six to ten Sunday, seven to eleven Monday. Dancing.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

### GALLERIES

**ABE AJAY**—Constructions of geometrical shapes in complex modular arrangements; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**DARREL AUSTIN**—Animals and landscapes with symbolic overtones; through Dec. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**MILTON AVERY** (1893-1965)—Drawings of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**WALTER DARBY BANNARD**—Color-area paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 3. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RUDOLF BAUER** (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ARNOLD BELKIN**—Paintings of figures in series; through Dec. 12. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALAN BERMOWITZ, SHARON BRANT, AND JOHN SALT**—Programmed colored lights by Mr. Bermowitz, Abstract paintings by Miss Brant, and paintings of automobile interiors by Mr. Salt; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

**LOUIS BOUCHÉ** (1896-1969)—Thirty-six landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and figures in interiors by a prominent realist; through Dec. 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**ANTOINE BOURDELLE** (1861-1929)—Bronzes, many of them portrait busts, by a French sculptor; through Dec. 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BENNETT BRADBURY**—Marine paintings; through Dec. 5. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

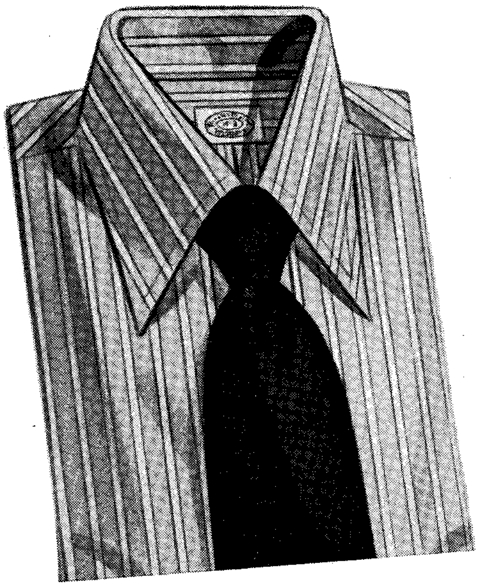
**WARREN BRANDT**—A ten-year survey of this artist's abstractions, figure studies, and still-lifes in oil, gouache, and watercolor. Also drawings and photographs. Through Monday, Nov. 30. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, from 10 to 7.)

**CLAUDIO BRAVO**—"Hyper-realistic" paintings of packages and still-life drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ROBERT BREER**—Plastic objects in various shapes and sizes that move imperceptibly; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LARRY CALCAGNO**—Sectional abstractions based on nature; starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

**ALEXANDER CALDER**—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions,



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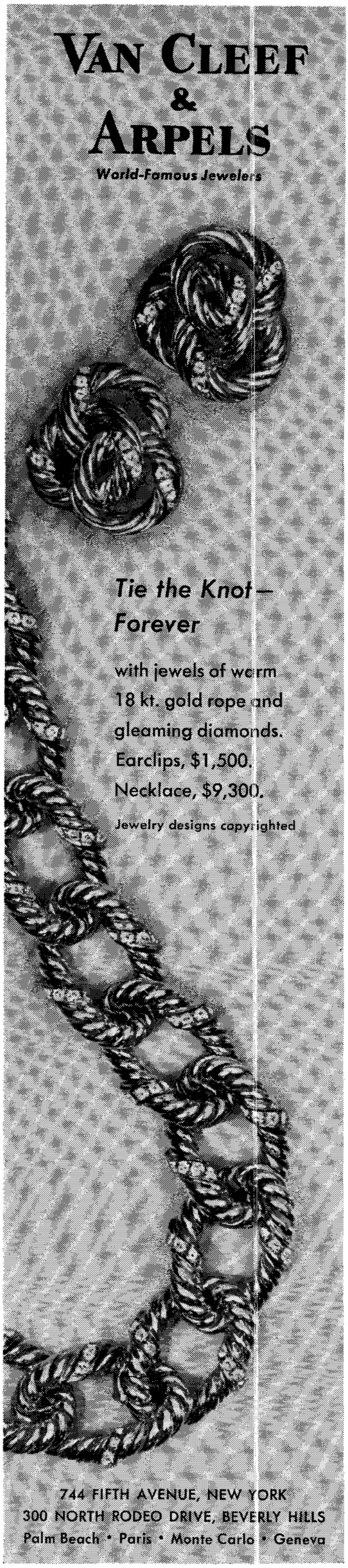

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and mobiles, including some early ones; through Dec. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Enrique Castro-Cid**—Figure and still-life studies on canvas and paper; through Dec. 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Robert Dash**—Landscapes of eastern Long Island; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Max Ernst**—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this Surrealist; through Dec. 19. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Fred Eversley**—His first one-man show in New York of Lucite sculptures in simple forms; starting Saturday, Nov. 28. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Herbert Ferber**—Large sculptures, together with models of projects; through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Dan Flavin**—Several new compositions in neon dedicated to Barnett Newman; through Dec. 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Sam Francis and Sam Richardson**—A representative selection of oils and gouaches by Mr. Francis, an Abstract Expressionist, and fragments of "made" nature in plastics by Mr. Richardson; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**Robert Freiman**—Scenes of Nantucket, New York City, and Paris; through Friday, Nov. 27. (Price, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Peter Gee**—Experiments in color by a Briton; through Dec. 19. (ApoGEE, 504 LaGuardia Pl.)

**Sidney Goodman**—Figurative oils, watercolors, and drawings suggesting emotional situations; through Dec. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Balcomb Greene**—Semi-abstract figure paintings by a New Yorker; through Dec. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Grillo**—Geometrical paintings; through Dec. 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Duayne Hatchett**—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Friday, Nov. 27. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

**David Hockney**—Etchings illustrating Grimm's fairy tales by a well-known British artist; through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gary Hudson and Alan Sonfist**—Lyrical color paintings by the former and demonstrations of biological, chemical, and physical processes by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

**Robert Kaupelis**—Paintings and drawings based on the figure; through Thursday, Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Kipniss**—Paintings, drawings, reliefs, and lithographs of landscape themes; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Leon Kroll**—Paintings from 1908 to 1929; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Alfred Kubin** (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; starting Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Loren MacIver**—Landscapes by a veteran New York painter; through Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Walter Meigs**—Romantic landscapes; through Thursday, Dec. 3. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jack Nelson**—Sculptural constructions made of canvas, wood, and plastic; starting Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

**Isamu Noguchi**—Fifteen recent sculptures, mostly in marble and granite; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Doug Ohlson**—Three huge Abstract paintings; through Dec. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jerry Okimoto**—Hard-edged paintings attached together in such a way that, when seen at a distance, they resemble chairs, tables, boxes, and so on; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

**Claes Oldenburg**—Large outdoor pieces and smaller sculptures, models, and drawings of comically handled everyday objects; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**Philip Pearlstein**—Nudes and some portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Leslie Powell**—Watercolors of subjects encountered on trips in this country and abroad by a veteran New York artist; through Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Walcott-Fields, 14 Fifth Ave., at 8th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 9.)

**Robert Rauschenberg**—Twenty new drawings in color, and collages; through Dec. 16. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 25-27.)

**Man Ray**—A retrospective of photographs and "Rayographs" commemorating the artist's eightieth birthday; through Dec. 19. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Reid**—Numbers and letters of the alphabet in landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

**Jay Rosenblum**—Color paintings; starting Saturday, Nov. 28. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Mark Rothko** (1903-70)—A major exhibit of twenty-one paintings, dated from 1947 to his death; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—An exihibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Georges Schreiber**—Recent watercolors; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Richard Segalman**—Figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alan Shields**—Paintings by an artist who experiments in various mediums; through Dec. 16. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leon Polk Smith**—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hyde Solomon**—Abstract seascapes; through Dec. 10. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Margot Stewart**—Paintings of oversized flowers; through Dec. 10. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Storrs** (1885-1956)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the twenties and thirties; through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Turku Trajan** (1887-1959)—Painted sculptures of the figure, also paintings and drawings; through Dec. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Rogers Turner**—Paintings by an artist who aspires to the realism of eighteenth-century still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Wickersham, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Robert Vickrey**—Realistic figure paintings, also landscapes; through Dec. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Max Weber** (1881-1961)—A large selection of this New York Cubist's lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

**Group Shows**—At the ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by leading twentieth-century Americans; through Dec. 12. . . . CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . DORSKY, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works in various mediums; through Monday, Nov. 30. . . . FEIGEN, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Rousseau, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 31. . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten of the gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Pol Bury, and Jorn; through

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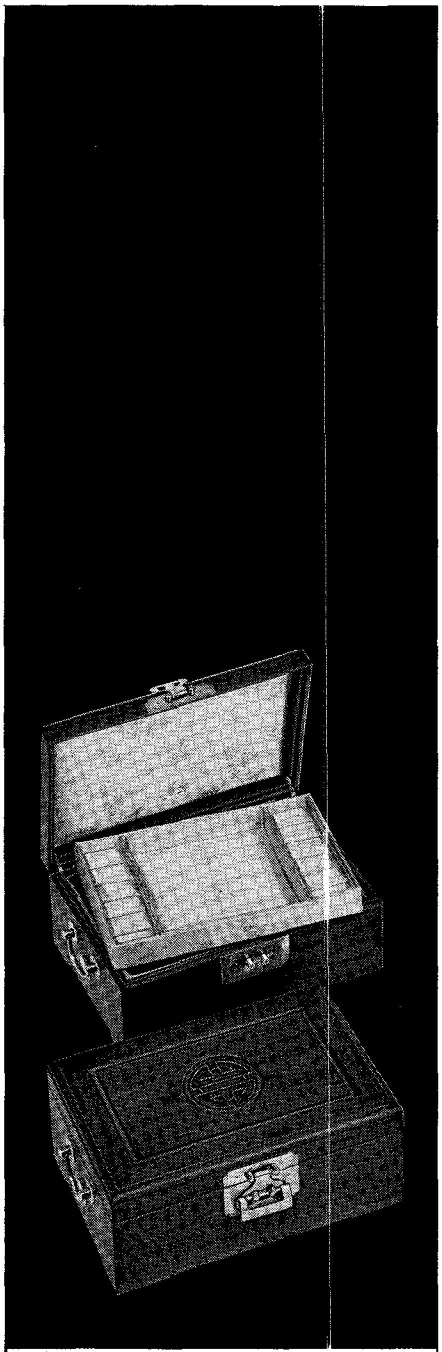

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GUMP'S

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Dec. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by thirteen younger California artists who work in color effects; through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; through Saturday, Nov. 28.... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists of the late nineteenth century inclined toward symbolism—Moreau, Redon, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Ryder, LaFarge, and a number of others; through Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Works in black and/or white by twelve artists (Arman, Lichtenstein, Reinhardt, Stella, Warhol, and Wesselman, for example); through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a famous British collection of Italian master drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; through Saturday, Nov. 28.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3.... ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14.... ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968 (some visible on request only), plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ On Thanksgiving Day at noon, the Museum will show "In the Company of Men" (1969), a documentary film on the attitudes of hard-core unemployed and company foremen.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6.... ¶ Thirty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper responding to war and crisis by Dix, Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, Léger, Marc, Mondrian, and others of the First World War generation; through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading realist of the nineteenth century; through Sunday, Nov. 29.... ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sunday, Nov. 29.... ¶ Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Louise Nevelson, including large walls, bronze reliefs, movable terra-cotta figures, Plexiglas sculptures, boxes, and early paintings; through Dec. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-six paintings by such artists as Lee Krasner, Benny Andrews, and Ben Cunningham, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 13. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III. About one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**CHINA HOUSE**, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, an Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17.... ¶ Works by Julia Pearl—paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers; through Jan. 17.... ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, printed music, and portraits; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Man Ray, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 10.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic

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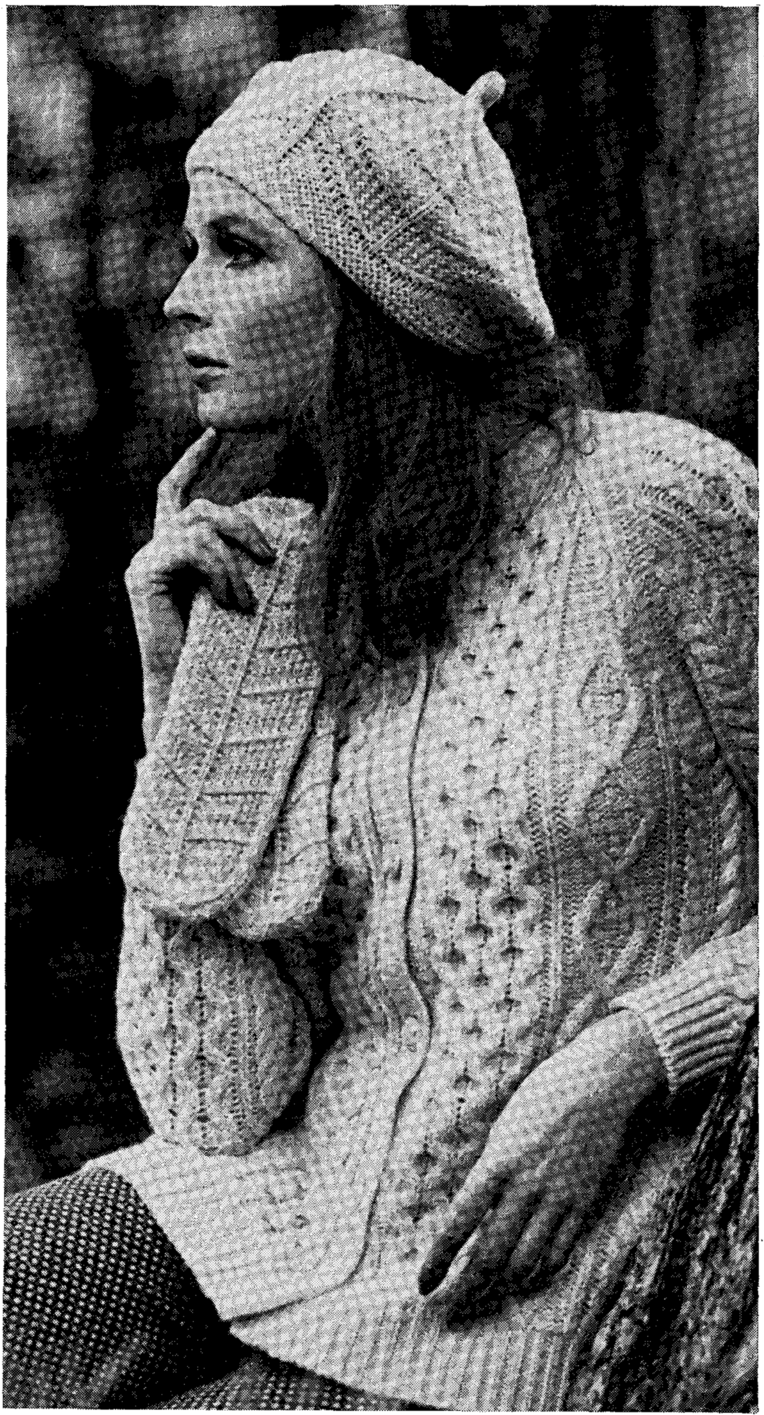
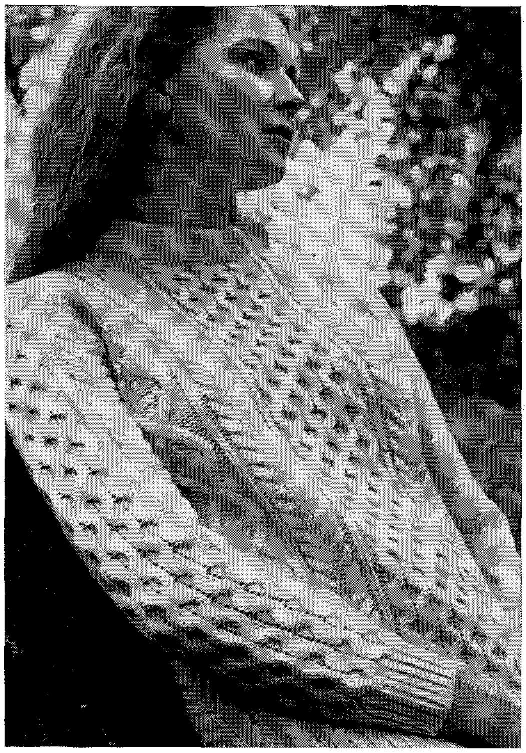
**Right!**



Winter wonderfuls—the fisherman knits. A cozy cardigan in S-M-L sizes, 20.00 The beret/mittens combo, 9.00 All in natural wool.



Crew neck fisherman knit pullover. Of wintery warm wool. In natural. S-M-L sizes, 17.00*
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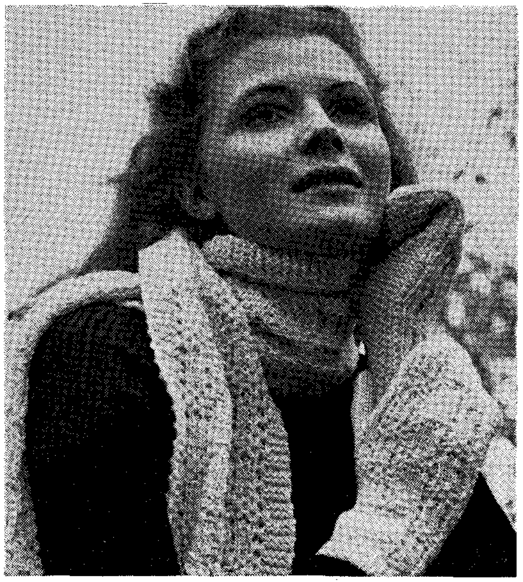

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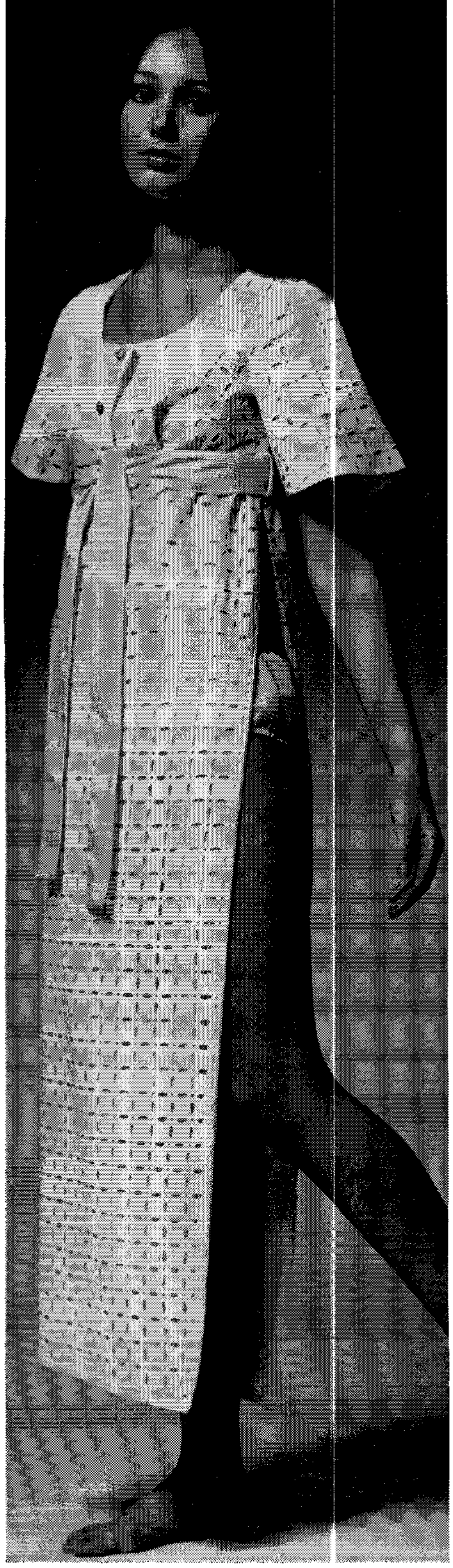

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, William Dooley, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, Helge Brilioth, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Christa Ludwig, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Alfredo Kraus, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 30, at 7: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, William Dooley, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, William Lewis, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Alfredo Kraus, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Roberta Peters, Lili Chookasian, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Ursula Schröder, Regina Resnik, Helge Brilioth, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Placido Domingo, and Mario Sereni.

## ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall—Dean Dixon conducting an all-Beethoven program on Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 27, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 30, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin). . . . ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program on Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 4, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 7, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:15.)

**American Symphony**—Gunther Schuller conducting, with Reri Grist, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

**New and Newer Music**—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Juilliard Ensemble in the first in a series of five concerts at which, additionally, five contemporary composers will conduct some of their own works. The man of parts this time will be Henri Pousseur. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

**Benefit Concerts**—Paul Makanowitzky conducting an orchestra, with violinists James Oliver Buswell IV, Jaime Laredo, and Pinchas Zukerman. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting an orchestra composed of musicians from the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8. Tickets are on sale at the rectory, 460 Madison Ave.)

## RECITALS

**Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose**—Piano, violin, and cello, in four in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 25; Saturday, Nov. 28; Wednesday, Dec. 2, with Alexander Schneider, viola; and Saturday, Dec. 5. all at 8:30.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:40.)

**Vladimir Krainev**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

**Ravi Shankar**—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

**Eden and Tamir**—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

**Itzhak Perlman**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2:15.)

**Chloe Owen**—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

**Agi Rado**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

**Rosalyn Tureck**—Conducting the International Bach Society Orchestra in "The Art of the Fugue." The last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

**Daniel Barenboim**—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, and Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

**Sylvia Marlowe**—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

**Alexis Weissenberg**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

**Daniel Barenboim and Jacqueline du Pré**—The second of two concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of works for piano and cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

**Guy Lumia**—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

**Ruben Varga**—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

**Note**—Albert Fuller will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 30, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Jefferson Airplane, Buddy Guy-Junior Wells Band, and Glenn McKay's Head Lights**—Plus, at the late show on Friday and Saturday, a Marcel Marceau film. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.)

**Richie Havens and Kathy Smith**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8.

**Sly and the Family Stone, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Rare Earth, and 61X**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8.

**Jacques Loussier Trio**—An all-Bach program, with present-day improvisations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

**Bobby Timmons, Barry Harris, Cedar Walton, and Walter Davis, Jr.**—With others. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

**Incredible String Band**—Fillmore East. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 6 and 9.

**7th Century**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.

**Virgil Fox**—"Heavy Organ," an all-Bach concert. (Fillmore East. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

**Johnny Cash and the Tennessee Three**—With June Carter, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

**Kinks, Black Sabbath, and Quartermass**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

**Neil Young**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at midnight.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

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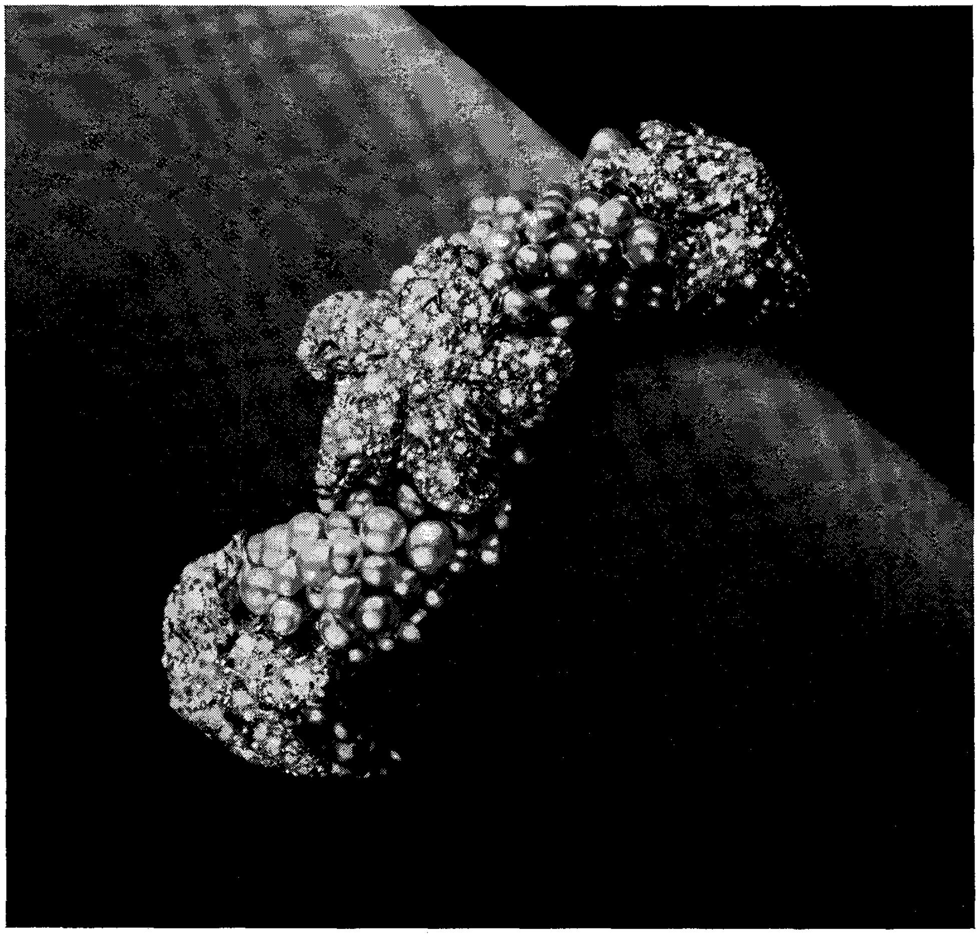

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Garden—Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8: Knicks vs. Buffalo.

**BOXING**—Bobby O'Brien vs. Danny McAloon, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—Saturday, Nov. 28: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:20. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Jets vs. Minnesota Vikings. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 1.)

**HOCKEY**—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 28, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Pitttsburgh. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis.

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 7. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Remsen, Friday, Nov. 27; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 28; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays; last day Thursday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 1 on Wednesday, Nov. 25; after that it will be 12:30.

**TROTTING**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS FOR CHILDREN**—The final programs in a series of weekend shows. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moon Walk," a rock musical. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moonrock #10," a British animated short film; "Baron Munchausen," a Czechoslovakian film; and Tom Glazer, ballad singer. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thanksgiving Day at 2:30, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 27-29, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Golden Melon." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **CAMI HALL**: "Pay the Piper." (165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29, at 3:30.) . . . **DRAGON MARIONETTES**: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Nov. 29, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Peter Pan." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE**: "Sleeping Beauty," Wednesday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ "Gabriel Ghost," Thursday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Friday, Dec. 4. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "The Littlest Clown." (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 11 and 1, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PLAYERS REPERTORY THEATRE OF PRINCETON**: Benefit performances of "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Marsh King's Daughter." (Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 3:30, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 1:30. For tickets, call 225-2391.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Rip van Winkle." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 27, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

**NOTE**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 12.

## ET ALIA

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**POETRY READINGS**—Allen Ginsberg and Louis Ginsberg reading from their own poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 2: English and Continental silver, belonging to many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 2: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by such artists as Calder, de Kooning, and Warhol, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Modern prints by Chagall, Matisse, Picasso, and others; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 28.

**FILM LIBRARIES**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "The World Changes" (1933), with Paul Muni. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Anthony Adverse" (1936), with Fredric March. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 11:30: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 3 and 5:30: "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (1936), with Paul Muni and Josephine Hutchinson. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Captain Blood" (1935), with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 1:30: "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (1936). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3:30: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6 and Dec. 1 at 2: "Night of Love" (1927), with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "The Nuer: Life in the Dry Season" (1970), directed by Hilary Harris and George Breidenbach. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), with James Cagney and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Dawn Patrol" (1938), with Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8: "Bus Stop" (1956), with Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—"The Titan: Story of Michelangelo" (1950), directed by Robert Flaherty, narrated by Fredric March. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**NOTE**—On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue between 51st and 79th Sts. is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. Most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

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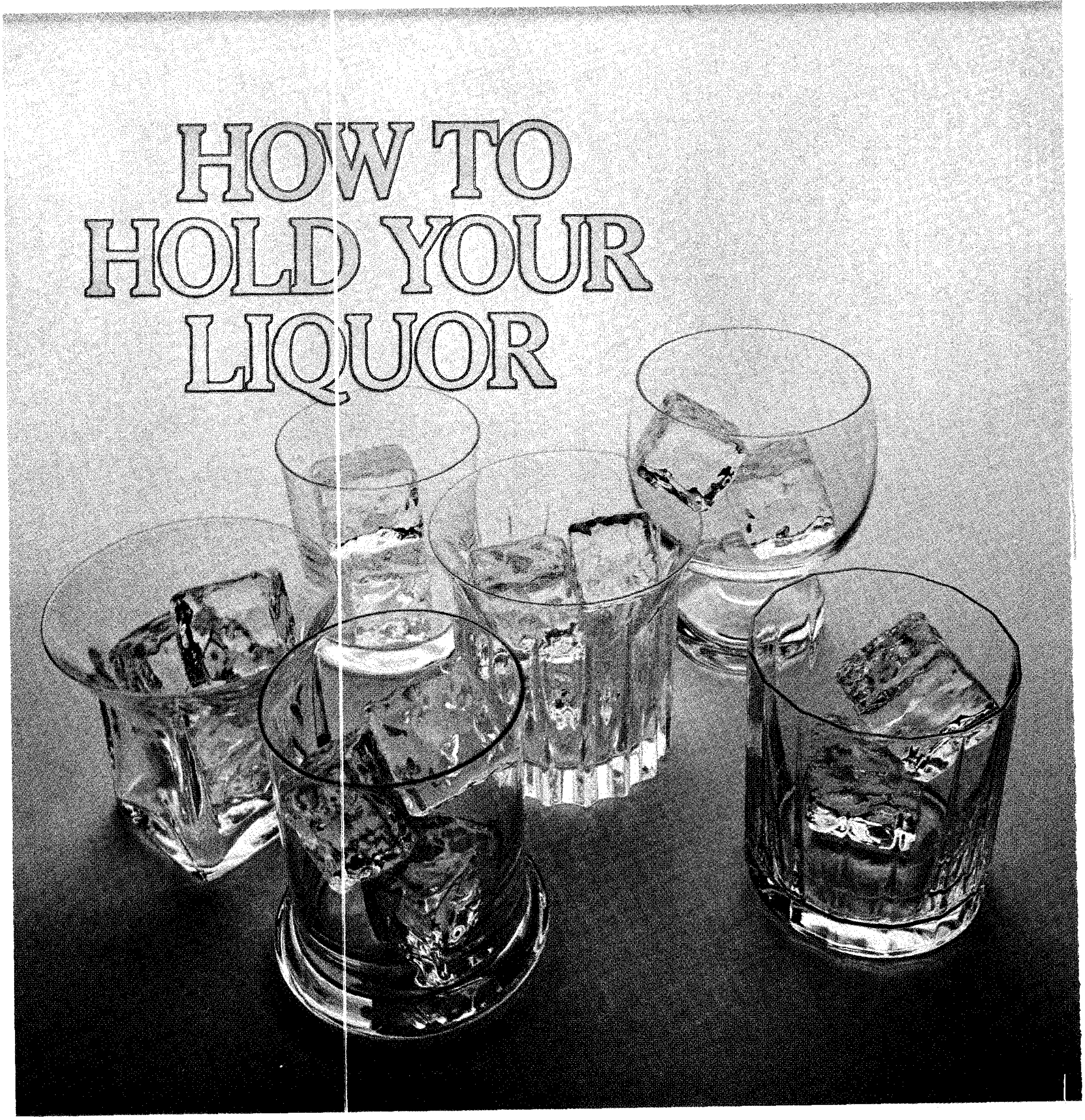

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | | |

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fantasia."

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Sterile Cuckoo" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

**Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 1: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."
From Dec. 2: "The Sterile Cuckoo" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Gone with the Wind."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Act of the Heart."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Five Easy Pieces."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Pizza Triangle."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Cromwell."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Singin' in the Rain."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "The Great White Hope."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Where's Poppa?"

**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Twelve Chairs."

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Lovers and Other Strangers."

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Five Easy Pieces."

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Threesome."

**Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 1: "Dirty Dingus Magee."
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Chappaqua."

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 1: "WUSA."
From Dec. 2: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 1: "Borsalino."
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 26: "Winter Light" and "Monika."
Nov. 27-29: "The Virgin Spring" and "Shame."
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Devil's Eye" and "Three Strange Loves."
Dec. 2-3: "The Silence" and "Dreams."

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

**Cinerama**, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Scrooge."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Ryan's Daughter."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "I Never Sang for My Father."

**Cinema 57 Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Five Easy Pieces."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Bombay Talkie."

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 3 (tentative): "Tristana."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Homer."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The McKenzie Break."

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 1: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "The Silencers."
From Dec. 2: "Something for Everyone" and "The Boys in the Band."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 26: "Mother" and "Floating Weeds."
Nov. 27-29: "Earth" and "The Life of O-Haru."
Nov. 30-Dec. 2: "October" and "The End of Summer."
From Dec. 3: "Companeras and Companeros."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 1: "The Lion in Winter" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From Dec. 2: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Life, Love, Death."

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 26: "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight."
From Nov. 27: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Babes in Arms."

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 1: "Borsalino."
From Dec. 2: "Start the Revolution Without Me."

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**The Act of the Heart**—With Genevieve Bujold and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Paul Almond. (Murray Hill.)

**Babes in Arms** (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Thalia; starting Nov. 27.)

**The Ballad of Cable Hogue**—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Charles; through Dec. 1.)

**Bombay Talkie**—A film about an Indian movie star, with Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer Kendal. Directed by James Ivory. (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**Borsalino**—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. The spoof falters. In French. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Dec. 1.)

**The Boys in the Band** (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 2.)

**Catch-22**—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

**Chappaqua** (1967)—Conrad Rooks stars himself in this hokey account of a spoiled rich boy's drug cure. Robert Frank shot the footage, which has been stunningly edited, but Rooks' acting consists mainly of shuffling around in his nightie. A psychedelic turn-on, *mostly about the fun and glamour of addiction.* (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**Companeras and Companeros**—Cubans rap in this political documentary. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 3.)

**Cromwell**—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Fine Arts; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**The Devil's Eye** (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

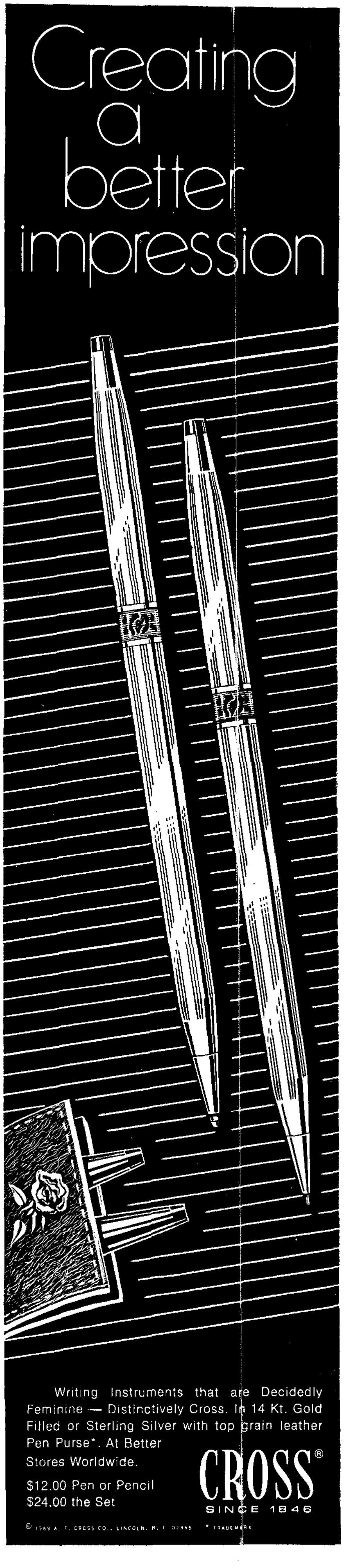
**Diary of a Mad Housewife**—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Beekman.)

**Dinner at Eight** (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Thalia; through Nov. 26.)

**Dirty Dingus Magee**—A comedy Western directed by Burt Kennedy. With Frank Sinatra and George Kennedy. (86th St. East; through Dec. 1.)

**Dreams** (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Elgin; Dec. 2-3.)

**Earth** (1930)—The specific subject is collectivization, but Dovzhenko's masterwork is a passionate lyric on the continuity of man, death, and nature. The theme is perhaps most



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startlingly expressed in a sequence about a man who has just celebrated the arrival of a tractor. He starts to dance—for sheer love of life—on his way home, and as he dances in the middle of the moonlit road he is suddenly struck by a bullet. (Voted as among the ten greatest films of all time by an international group of critics.) (New Yorker; Nov. 27-29.)

**The End of Summer** (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

**Fantasia** (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art.)

**Fellini Satyricon** (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Symphony; starting Dec. 2.)

**Five Easy Pieces**—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (U. A. East and Cinema 57 Rendezvous. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**Floating Weeds** (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Nov. 26.)

**Goin' Down the Road**—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

**Gone with the Wind** (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Kips Bay; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**Goodbye, Columbus** (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Charles; starting Dec. 2.)

**Grand Hotel** (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the current Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia; through Nov. 26.)

**The Great White Hope**—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Baronet; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**Groupies**—A documentary about the young girls who follow rock stars around the country. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

**Homer**—With Don Scardino and Tisa Farrow. Directed by John Trent. (Paris.)

**I Never Sang for My Father**—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Festival; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 1.)

**Joe**—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu.)

**Life, Love, Death** (1969)—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and, finally, executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch, whose serious intentions are undermined by his penchant for photographing through windshields and rear-view mirrors. In French. (Symphony; starting Dec. 2.)

**The Life of O-Haru** (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took the grand prize in Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 27-29.)

**The Lion in Winter** (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony; through Dec. 1.)

**Little Fauss and Big Halsy**—Michael J. Pollard and Robert Redford as buddy-buddy motorcycle racers in a crass attempt at a raunchy youth picture. Sidney J. Furie directed this disastrous bucolic wheeler. (Cinema I.)

**Lovers and Other Strangers**—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**The Loves of Isadora** (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony; through Dec. 1.)

**The McKenzie Break**—Brian Keith in a competent adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Cinema Studio.)

**Meet Me in St. Louis** (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tottie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Thalia; starting Nov. 27.)

**Monika** (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 26.)

**Mother** (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all time. Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaia plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors, in his interest in acting) himself plays the officer who interrogates her. (New Yorker; through Nov. 26.)

**October** (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a

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chief example of his "dialectic" montage. Also called "Ten Days That Shook the World." (New Yorker; Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

**THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT**—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

**PERFECT FRIDAY**—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

**THE PIZZA TRIANGLE**—A comedy with Marcello Mastroianni and Monica Vitti. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

**RYAN'S DAUGHTER**—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**SCROOGE**—With Albert Finney and Alec Guinness. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Music Hall.)

**SHAME** (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 27-29.)

**THE SILENCE** (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin; Dec. 2-3.)

**THE SILENCERS** (1966)—Crude but good-natured super-spy nonsense with Dean Martin (as Matt Helm) and Stella Stevens. Their best sequence together has been lifted from the 1948 "Julia Misbehaves." With Cyd Charisse, Daliah Lavi, and Victor Buono. Phil Karlson directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 1.)

**SINGIN' IN THE RAIN** (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecile movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden-and-Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Plaza.)

**SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE**—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 2.)

**SONG OF NORWAY**—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. He should be hired immediately to do the musical version of "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**START THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME** (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Midtown; starting Dec. 2.)

**THE STERILE CUCKOO** (1969)—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Charles; starting Dec. 2.)

**THIS MAN MUST DIE**—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**THREESOME**—An English-language film, made in Denmark, about a frigid American girl who gets involved in the usual porny-picture encounters. (Orpheum.)

**THREE STRANGE LOVES** (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

**TORA! TORA! TORA!**—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2:30, and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**TRASH**—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

**TRISTANA**—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anti-clericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**THE TWELVE CHAIRS**—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Tower East.)

**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 2.)

**THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY**—Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (Charles; through Dec. 1.)

**THE VIRGIN SPRING** (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 27-29.)

**WHERE'S POPPA?**—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the whole thing gets too crazy. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming new comedienne, Trish Van Devere. (Coronet; through Dec. 3, tentative.)

**WINTER LIGHT** (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 26.)

**WUSA**—A garish example of liberal exhibitionism. Stuart Rosenberg over-directed this overwritten (by Robert Stone) story of a right-wing political plot in New Orleans. Joanne Woodward has a scar on her face, Paul Newman drinks because he can't face himself, Tony Perkins is quietly going mad, and Cloris Leachman is a crippled newsy. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 1.)

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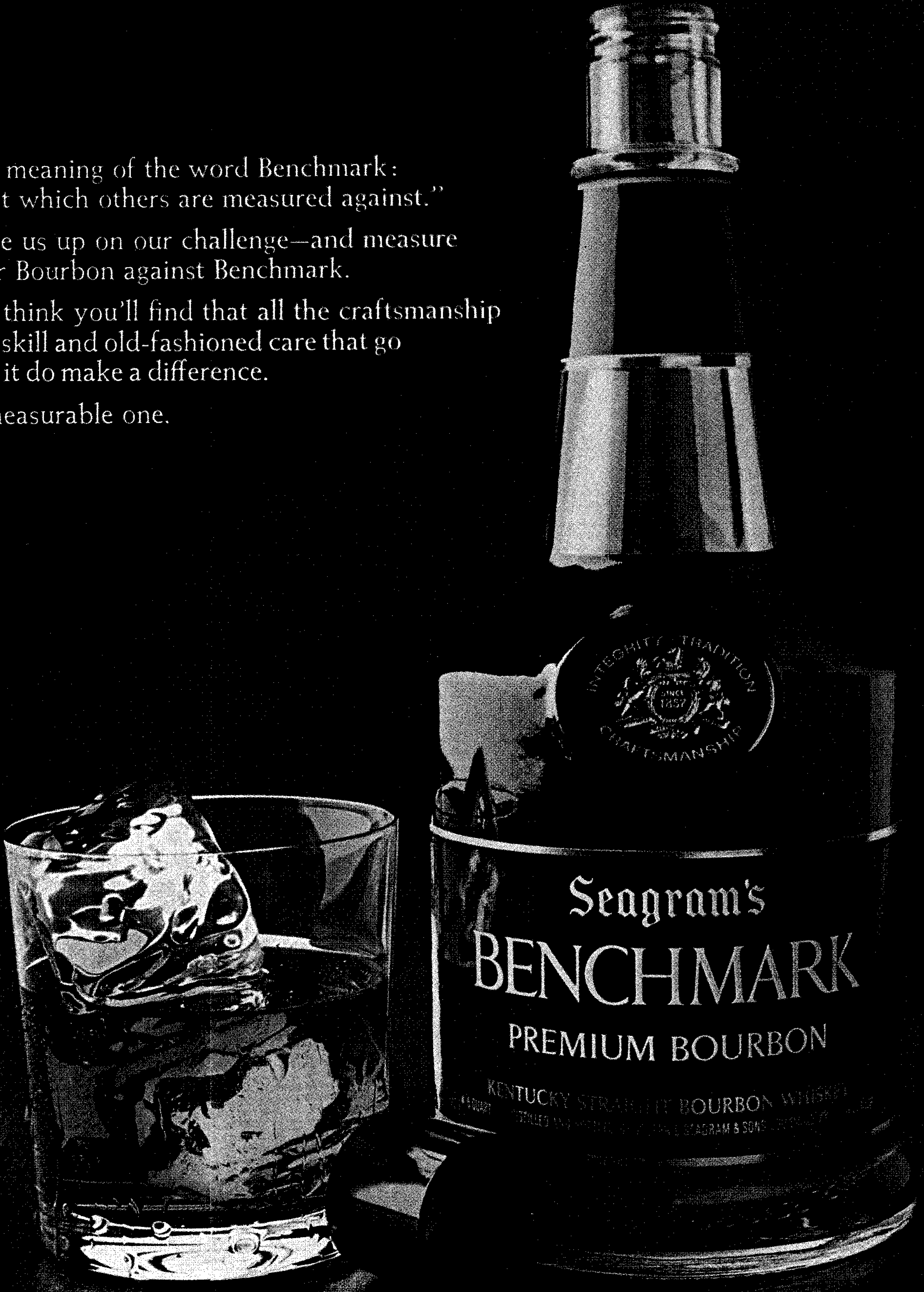
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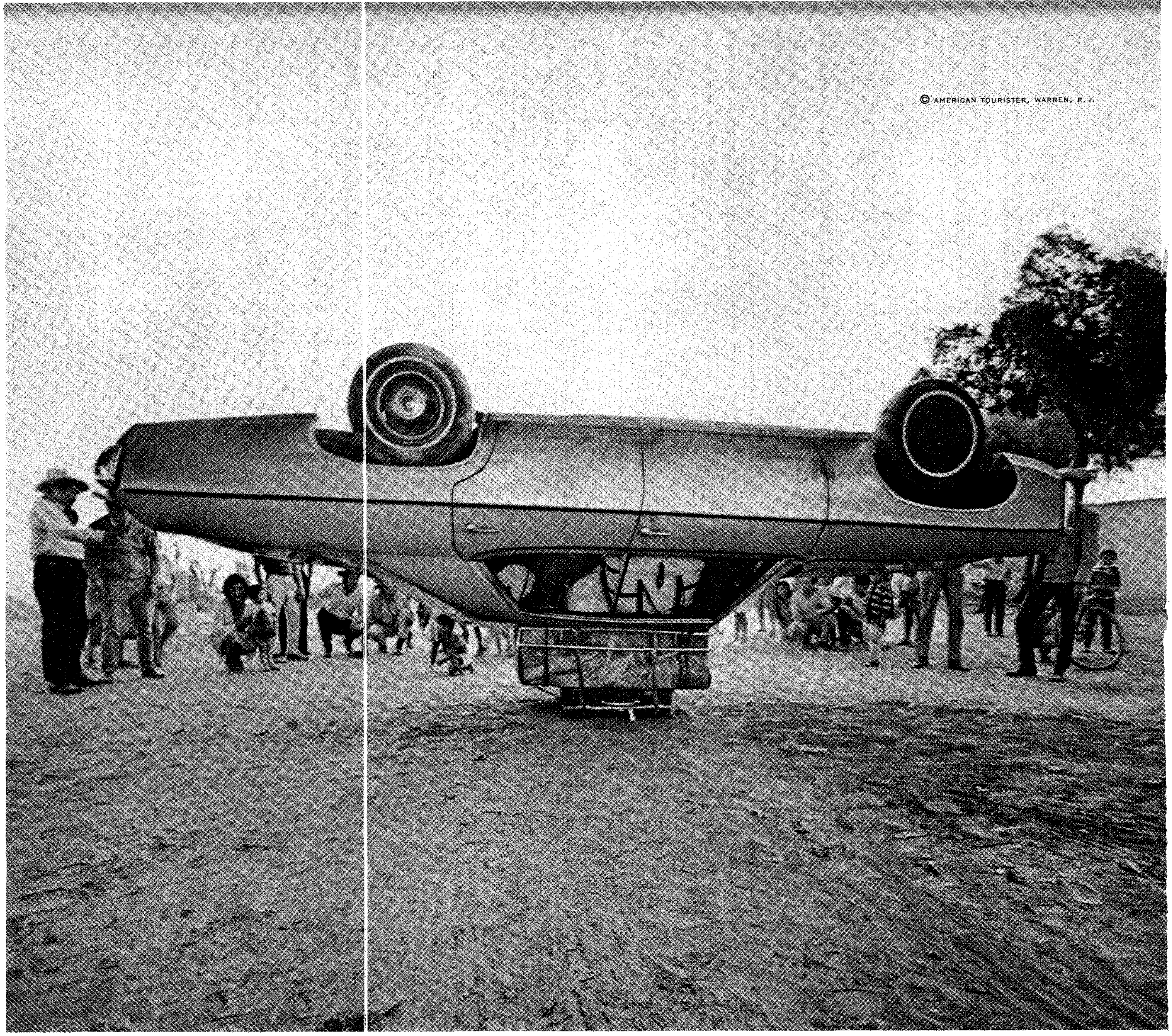

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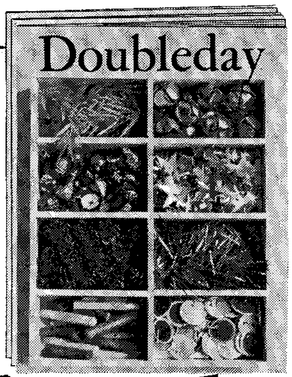

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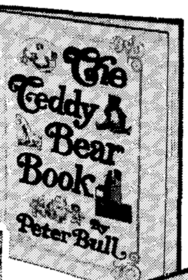

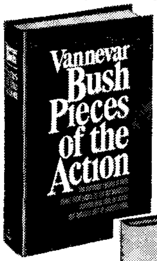

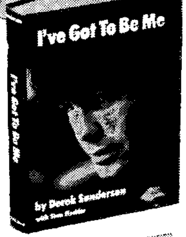

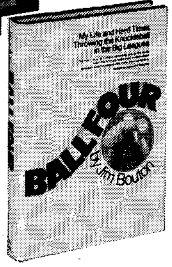

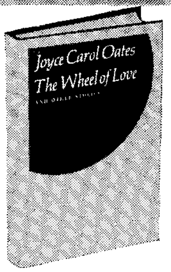

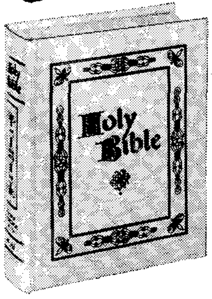

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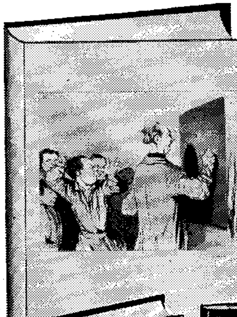

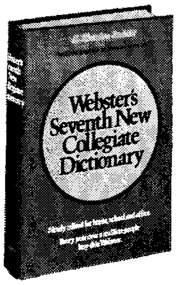
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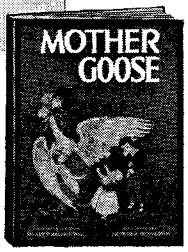
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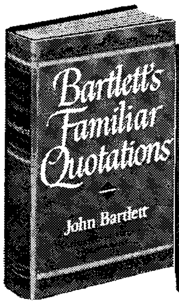
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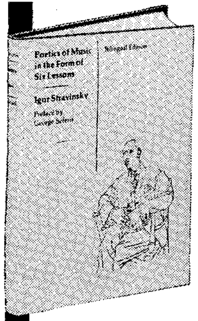
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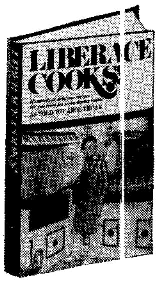
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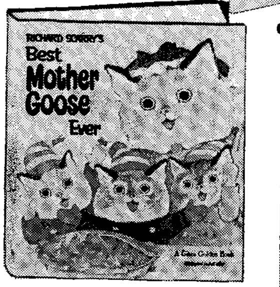
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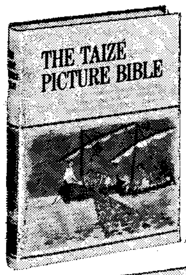
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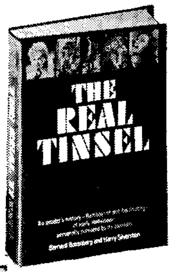
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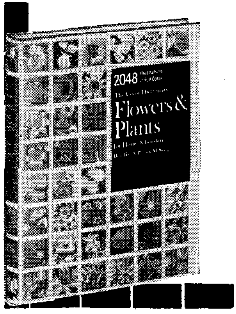
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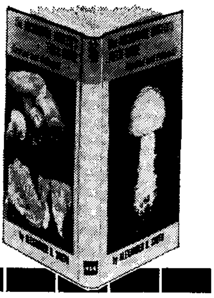

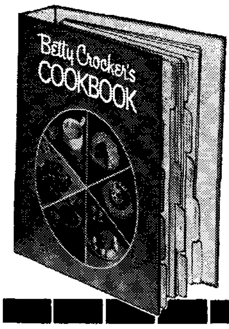
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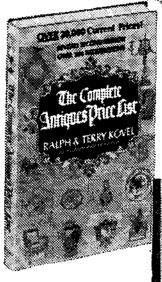
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# Even where it wasn't in the will, there was a way.

The will was clear.

Mr. B. (we'll call him) left his entire estate to his family. It included stock in a closely held corporation. In addition to a sugar processing plant, the corporation also owned the houses the mill workers lived in, the town's hospital, school and church, three ships, and a ship's propeller (that was on a pier in San Francisco).

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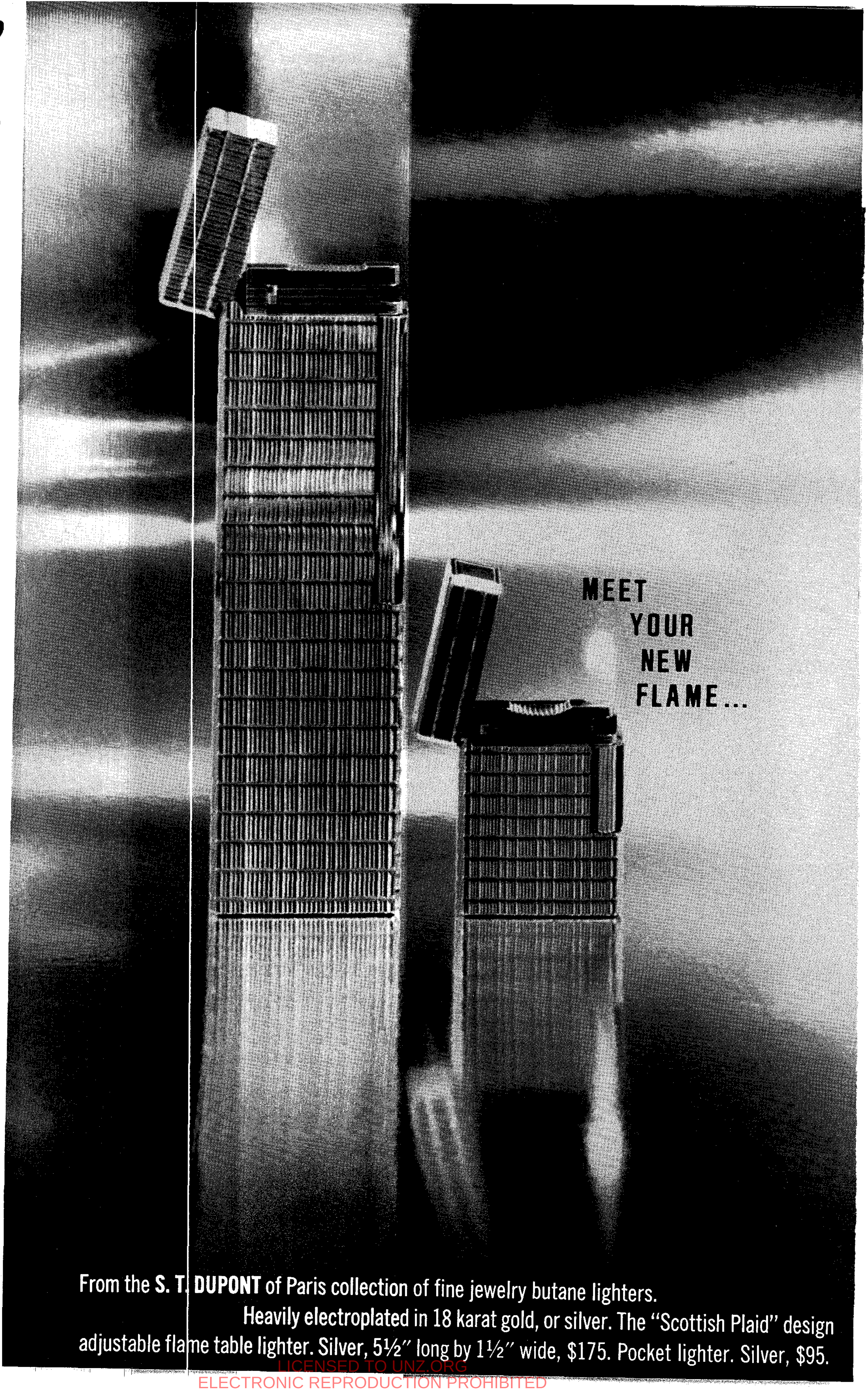

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

DURING the last election, there appeared to be a powerful centripetal force at work in the nation, which tended to drive candidates of all persuasions in a single herd toward what was reputed to be the "mainstream," or the "middle of the political spectrum." Most of the candidates set out in a determined search for "Middle America," which was supposed to be worried primarily about crime, student unrest, and black people, and not so much about the war in Vietnam. Accordingly, few candidates had anything to say about the war. But Middle America proved to be an elusive quarry. For the Republicans, at least, when it was all over, the election results had dispossessed this entity from its home in the Middle West, where the Democrats scored heavy victories, and had left it to settle down in such states as Tennessee and, of all places, New York and Connecticut, where its inveterate enemy the "radical-liberal" Eastern Establishment was supposed to reside. Yet in truth Middle America never had a real home except in the minds of politicians eager for power. It *is* true, of course, that candidates for political office have always been prone to court the "middle" of the electorate, since that is where most of the votes are presumed to be. Denunciations of the "extremes of both left and right," but particularly of the left, have long been a required litany for candidates. Still, even with the "extremes" excluded from consideration, there was until recently quite a wide range of political opinion between the respectable liberal position and the respectable conservative one. Now, however, both the liberal and the conservative positions have come into disrepute. These positions are themselves increasingly regarded as "extremes," and one of the most striking developments in this election campaign was the candidates' reluctance to describe themselves as anything but moderates or middle-of-the-roaders. We remember watching Adlai Stevenson III—a liberal if there ever was one—strenuously denying a reporter's suggestion that he might in fact be a liberal. He said, "Let me say exactly what I am. I think this gets to the heart of what we're talking about. I'm committed to the vital center in our politics." After the election, he was asked whether he could perhaps be described as a "hardboiled egghead," and he replied that he could be more accurately described as a "hardhat egghead"—a phrase that, along with evoking the peculiar picture of an egg wearing a helmet, suggested that any interior dialogue in his mind might be visualized as a kind of street fight. And when James Buckley, who ran on the Conservative ticket, gave his acceptance speech, he said that the election results had shown "moderate-conservative" opinion to be gaining strength in New York. But if Buckley is not an out-and-out conservative, then who is? The voters themselves appear to be entirely confused about the traditional designations of political philosophy. When, in a survey sponsored by the *Times*, a sampling of New York State voters were asked whether they considered themselves liberals, moderates, or conservatives, twenty-two per cent called themselves liberals, thirty-seven per cent called themselves moderates, and thirty-two per cent called themselves conservatives. And when they were asked whether they considered Governor Rockefeller a liberal, a moderate, or a conservative, the percentages broke down in almost exactly the same way. When the voters looked at this candidate, they saw a mirror, casting back their own reflection.

With both the liberal and the conservative positions increasingly in disrepute, there seems to be a danger that the spectrum of politically tenable positions will be narrowed to one, the "middle" position, and thus will no longer be a spectrum. (The only advantage of that would be that we might hear less of the word "spectrum.") And, as happened in many races during the last campaign, instead of having candidates who take different positions, we will have candidates who all claim title to the one position that the polltakers and political analysts have judged in advance to be most popular. Men who get themselves elected in this way may hold important offices, but they will not be leaders. Instead of calling them national leaders, we would do better to call them national followers.

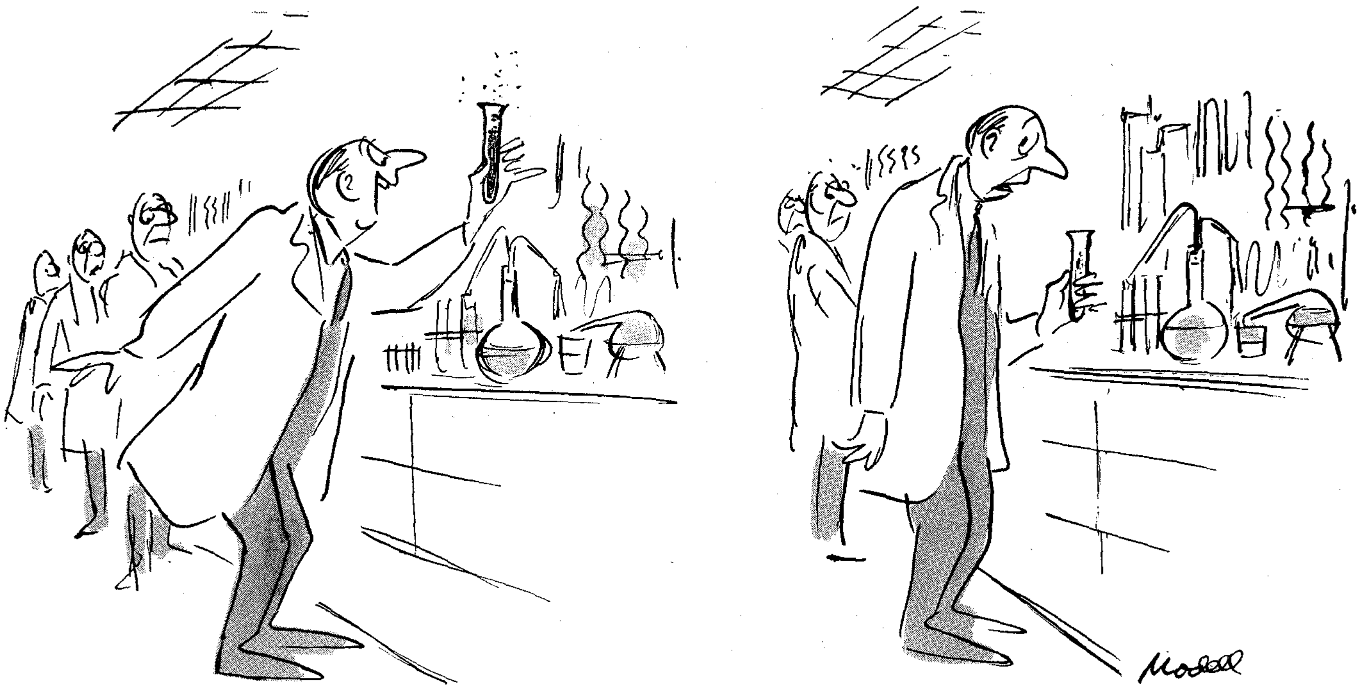
However, polls such as the *Times* poll we have mentioned indicate that the most popular position—that is, the "middle" position—may not be a position at all. It may be a big, safe nothingness. It may be an "image" of utter plasticity, like the one that Governor Rockefeller has managed to build, in which voters of widely divergent views all believe they see an expression of their particular views. Of course, such an image is political gold for a candidate, and there are signs that many candidates have been consciously trying to engineer similarly flexible images. If political campaigning continues to move in this direction, we may have to speak not of candidates as "projecting" their image toward the public but, rather, of the public as "projecting" *its* various images onto a candidate, who will become a magic screen that changes its appearance in accordance with what each voter wants to see. In Ten-

nessee this fall, William Brock's principal campaign slogan was ‘Bill Brock believes in the things *we* believe in,” but in most of his advertising there was no mention of what it was that we believed in. The message here, if there was any message, was entirely subliminal. In our own neighborhood, the political slogans were equally devoid of content. For Nelson Gross, in New Jersey, it was “You'll know he's there.” For James Buckley, here in New York, it was “Isn't it about time *we* had a Senator?” For Charles Goodell, it was “Senator Goodell, Yes.” For Richard Ottinger, it was “Make Ottinger *Senator* Ottinger.” The vacuity of these slogans stands revealed if one tries to imagine counter-slogans; for example, “Gross. You won't know whether he's there or not,” or “Make Ottinger *Mr.* Ottinger.” Political campaigns have often been empty, but this one was a triumph of studied emptiness; the slogans were interchangeable blanks, to be filled in by wistful voters.

SOME years ago, when Charles de Gaulle was still President of France and had undergone a serious operation, he responded to a question about his health by assuring a gathering of correspondents that he was feeling well. “But rest assured,” he added. “One of these days I shall not fail to die.” Then, as always, de Gaulle was seeking to exploit what he knew or conceived to be the inevitable, but it was the detachment, the irony, and, especially, the solitude implicit in those words that reflected the essential character of the man. For, almost alone among the important leaders of our day, de Gaulle appeared to welcome being by himself, and, time and time again, he seemed to derive strength from solitude. In 1934, as a lieutenant colonel in the French Army, he chose the solitude of dissent by writing a book called “Vers l'Armée de Métier” (“The Army of the Future”), in which, in direct opposition to virtually the entire French High Command, whose members had pinned their hopes on the Maginot Line, he proposed the immediate creation of mechanized armored units capable of quick maneuver and attack. In 1940, following the defeat of France, he chose the solitude of exile in London and of continued struggle against the Nazis in preference to accepting the ignominious peace terms imposed upon his country by Hitler. And in 1946, at the age of fifty-five, disgusted with the bickering of his politically divided countrymen, he relinquished the Provisional Presidency of France and chose the solitude of a twelve-year retirement at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, where he wrote the first three volumes of his memoirs and waited with extraordinary assurance for the nation to call him back into service. The fact that history brought into actuality the awful future he envisioned during his periods of solitude and exile—military defeat, the political collapse of the Third and Fourth Republics—must have given him no more than a bitter sense of triumph, but since de Gaulle was a man who excelled most of all when others failed, it was perhaps inevitable that the inevitable he continually sought to conjure up and to exploit was almost always a vision of a disastrous future. Indeed, his skepticism about men and events might well have been unbearable to him if it had not been equalled in intensity by his mystical and romantic vision of France and of himself. “All my life I have thought of France in a certain way,” he wrote at the beginning of “L'Appel” (“The Call to Honor”), which is the first volume of his memoirs. “This is inspired by sentiment as much as by reason. The emotional side of me tends to imagine France, like the princess in the fairy stories or the Madonna in the frescoes, as dedicated to an exalted and exceptional destiny. Instinctively, I have the feeling that Providence has created her either for complete success or for exemplary misfortunes. If, in spite of this, mediocrity shows in her acts and deeds, it strikes me as an absurd anomaly, to be imputed to the faults of Frenchmen, not to the genius of the land. But the positive side of my mind also assures me that France is not really herself unless she is in the front rank; that only vast enterprises are capable of counterbalancing the ferments of dispersal which are inherent in her people; that our country, as it is, surrounded by the others, as they are, must aim high and hold itself straight, on pain of mortal danger. In short, to my mind, France cannot be France without greatness.”

The French, of course—or, for that matter, any other people—could hardly have been expected to come up to such expectations. Yet there were moments—particularly in his call to the nation from London in June, 1940, and in his appeal to his countrymen during the Algerian crisis of June, 1958—when, like a demanding maestro conducting, orchestrating, even improvising upon an intricate score of his own composition, de Gaulle seemed close to evoking the response of greatness he so fiercely wished for. Curiously, though he achieved front rank himself both as a military man and as a politician—his chosen vocations—his most lasting influence may well be as a writer, of vision, eloquence, and elegance. Certainly it is in his writings—particularly in his book of essays entitled “Le Fil de l'Épée” (“The Edge of the Sword”), which he wrote in 1932—that one can determine the quality of the man, including the intransigence that provoked friend and foe alike, and the standards of conduct and leadership from which he rarely deviated. “Every man of action has a strong dose of egotism, pride, hardness, and cunning,” he wrote in an essay called “Of Prestige.” “But all those things will be forgiven him—indeed, they will be regarded as high qualities—if he can make of them the means to achieve great ends. Thus, by satisfying the secret desires of men's hearts, by providing compensation for the cramped conditions of their lives, he will capture their imagination, and, even should he fall by the way, will retain, in their eyes, the prestige of those heights to which he did his best to lead them.”

Aloofness and prestige for himself, greatness for France—this was the equation by which de Gaulle sought, with varying degrees of success, to raise up his country from defeat, despair, and political mediocrity. In later years, when he lost touch with the French people, it was surely because his private vision of the heights, which he had nurtured so long in solitude, no longer co-



*"Eure-e— Sorry, false alarm!"*

* * *

incided with the aspirations of many of his countrymen, for whom his intense nationalism had become antiquated. There remained, however, the magnitude and the quality of his dream, which, even when it evoked opposition and disapproval, created awe in people all over the world. Awe tends to make assessment difficult, and perhaps this is why, in these days immediately following his death, no one seems to know where to place Charles de Gaulle in the context of his love for France. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, upon being asked by a television commentator whether de Gaulle was not a father figure for France, replied that he was much more her lover. President Pompidou implied that de Gaulle was his country's husband. Many people (including de Gaulle himself) likened him to Joan of Arc, France's savior. But perhaps it is in his description of himself in London in 1942, which is contained in the last paragraph of "The Call to Honor," that de Gaulle is best placed in relation to his country. There he wrote, "Poring over the gulf into which the country has fallen, I am her son, calling her, holding the light for her, showing her the way of rescue. . . . Ah! Mother, such as we are, we are here to serve you."

## *Auction*

THE air was thick with superlatives as we edged our way into the main auction room at the Parke-Bernet Galleries last Wednesday evening. The *biggest* auction crowd in several years had turned out *en* glittering international *masse* for the *most important* sale of contemporary American art ever held there, in full expectation that *world-record* auction prices would be paid for works by such *top* living artists as Jasper Johns, Willem de Kooning, Frank Stella, Claes Oldenburg, and Roy Lichtenstein. Organized by Parke-Bernet's James Mayor, a Londoner who, at twenty-one, is the *youngest* contemporary-art expert in—well, anywhere—this sale, of fifty works from several private collections, had drawn collectors, dealers, and museum men from all the art-struck metropolises of this country and Europe. Grave issues trembled in the balance. Would the lofty prices of certain American artists hold up in a period of tight money and business uncertainty? Would the results spell a victory for Pop Art or for color-field painting, the two dominant (and rival) trends of the nineteen-sixties? Would hearts cease to beat from the aesthetic and/or fiscal strain?

The auction, which lasted for an hour and a half, left us confused. Very high prices indeed were paid for some items—$75,000 for Lichtenstein's "Big Painting No. 6" (a ten-foot image of a painter's brushstroke), $60,000 for Clyfford Still's "Indian Red and Black 1946-H," $45,000 for Oldenburg's "Stove" (a stove, with plaster foodstuffs on it). A total of $1,179,450 was realized, a Parke-Bernet spokesman announced afterward, and that made the auction the first million-dollar sale of American art. On the other hand, Jasper Johns' "Two Flags" and Mark Rothko's "No. 16—1960," each of which had been expected to bring more than $100,000, failed to meet the minimum price set on them and were returned to their owners, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull. Johns' "Tennyson," the pre-auction betting favorite for top money, also failed to meet its reserve, and went back to *its* owners, Donald and Lynn Factor. There was a rumor that many other works had suffered a similar fate, and that most of the Pop Art masterworks that did sell had gone to a German dealer named Rudolf Zwirner. (The Germans, it appears, are the big buyers of American Pop Art these days.) A number of exquisitely clad people left before the sale was over, and none of them looked pleased.

"It was a very mixed sale," the youthful Mr. Mayor said afterward. "People expected the major things to go higher, but they also expected the minor ones to go lower. I think, on the whole, the average was rather good." Mr. Mayor, a slender chap whose smile made us think of Arlo Guthrie's, confirmed that Zwirner had bought Lichtenstein's "Big Painting" and Oldenburg's "Stove," and also Andy Warhol's "Liz" (a portrait of Elizabeth Taylor). "Rather too many" of the evening's major purchases were going to Europe, he observed, but he noted that most of the color-field paintings seemed to be staying here.

Leo Castelli, the dealer, whom we encountered as we were leaving, told us that "Big Painting" had been bought by Zwirner for the Kunstsammlung Nordrhein-Westfalen, in Düsseldorf. "I'm certainly sad to see it leave the country, but what can one do?" he said. "Our museums are laboring under very difficult conditions just now. The European museums have more money, and they can make very fast decisions. And American private collectors, for one reason or another, have been most disappointing lately."

We don't know quite what sort of trends we are dealing with here, but we intend to keep giving them our *utmost* attention.

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OVERHEARD on a D train that had been stalled for some time between the Thirty-fourth and Forty-second Street stations, one woman bearing a Bloomingdale's shopping bag to another:

FIRST WOMAN: You think this is bad? Yesterday I was on one that got stuck forty-five minutes in the Brooklyn tunnel. The signals broke down or something.

COMPANION: Well, you know how it is. It's human nature. You can't change human nature.

•

THE Hawk Patrol of Boy Scout Troop 43 in Bethel, Connecticut, has changed its name to the Dove Patrol.

## *Going Tubeless*

AN invitation came to us last week in a telegram: "YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO A DEMONSTRATION OF RCA'S SHOWCASE '70 A FUTURISTIC HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTER WITH FIVE TV SCREENS AT LIBERTY MUSIC STORE MADISON AVENUE AND 50TH STREET."

Outside Liberty, when we got there, a bunch of people were looking at a window display of Showcase '70, the Entertainment Center, which was a Plexiglas box a little bigger than the first fancy hi-fi set we bought at Liberty, in the late nineteen-fifties. It had one twenty-five-inch screen showing a picture in color and four nine-inch screens showing pictures in black-and-white. "Gomer Pyle" was in color. "Gomer Pyle" (again), two soap operas ("Another World" and "Dark Shadows"), and "Sesame Street" were in black-and-white. Every few seconds, the small screen with "Sesame Street" switched: first to "The Rifleman," with Chuck Connors; then to the cartoon "Magilla Gorilla;" then to a game show; and so on. At the top of the Plexiglas, over the little screens, was a digital clock. It read, "Time: 4:03." Next to it we read, "Temp. 78." The observers outside were completely silent, apparently mesmerized by the simultaneous viewing, without sound, of the gamut of 4 P.M. television programs. In the window, a tall young man with sideburns, and with a tufty beard and a brush mustache that were unconnected to each other, was gesticulating toward the five screens. He was talking with obvious enthusiasm and spirit but, to the people on the outside, without sound.

We went inside and joined him in the window. He wore a name badge on his lapel: "RCA. Wayne W. Evans." He told us he was a design engineer, stationed in Indianapolis, where R.C.A. does a lot of its research and development for consumer products.

We asked Mr. Evans whether Showcase '70 was for sale.

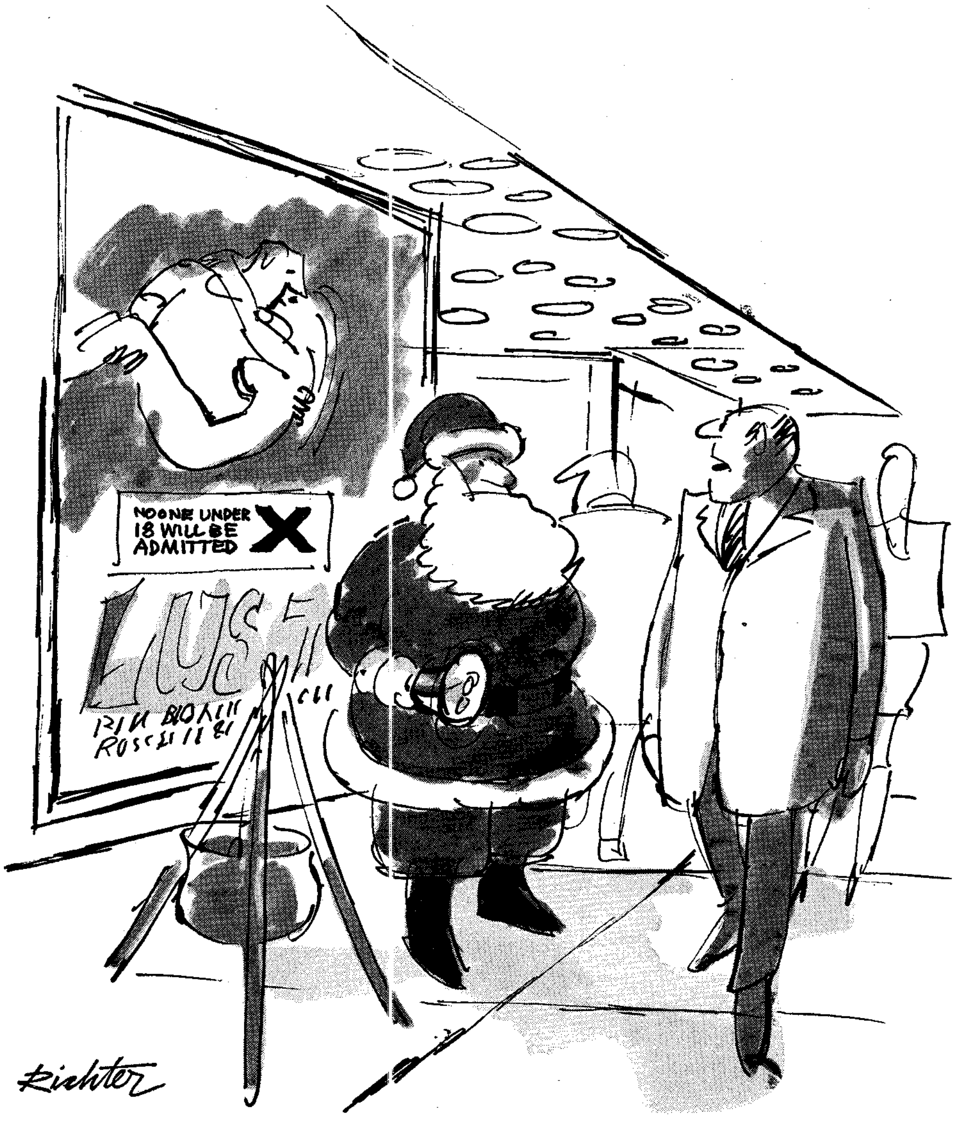
"Let's put it this way. No," said Mr. Evans.

We asked him why.

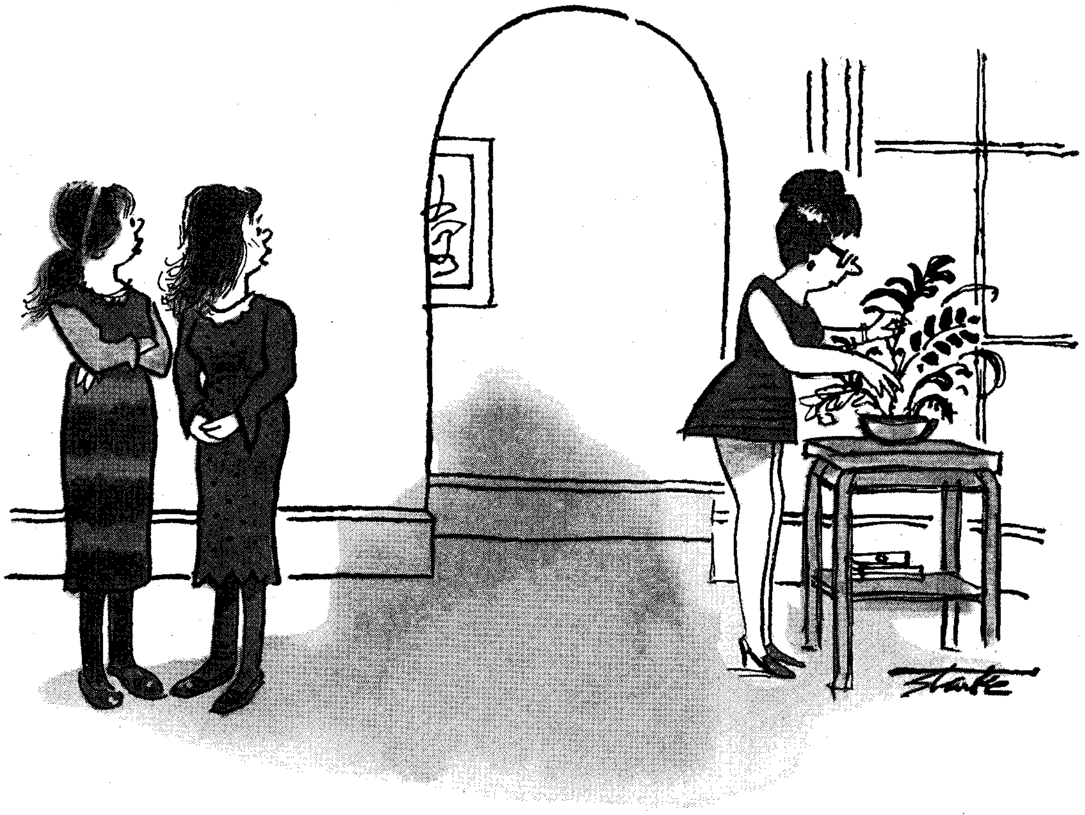
"What you see here is a prototype," he said. "It's the one and only. It's an electronic television digest. It's got five brains, functioning at the same time. The name of the game is: Virtually no moving parts. Everything here is controlled by two computers and five electronic tuners. No tubes, except for picture tubes. All this comes straight out of the space program. This is a first attempt to use the most sophisticated equipment devised for the space module in consumer products. *Voilà!*" He bowed to the five screens.

"What's it *doing*?" we asked.

Mr. Evans gave us a happy look. "It's letting you watch four different programs at the same time," he said.



*"Don't you think you might do better in front of a G-rated movie?"*



"I wish Mother would do something about herself."

• •

"On the big screen, it's giving you a color picture, which you can change to any one of the other programs, if you like, by simply pressing a button on the remote control. Three of the little screens are permanently tuned in to major-network stations. The fourth is our scanner. If there's a program you want to watch but you want to finish watching what you're watching *first*, it would be possible for you to just push another button and instantaneously record the other program, for watching later on at your own convenience."

Three burly, conservatively dressed, businessy, unhappy-looking men who were holding highball glasses came over and looked at a sign near us that read, "A BIT OF HAPPINESS WE DON'T EXPECT YOU'LL BUY. RCA'S $250,000 TV." All three men looked at the sign unhappily.

"Marty," one of the men said to another, "shake hands with Dick. Tell him *my* figures. Not *your* figures."

The man designated as Dick shook Marty's hand and shrugged. "I don't want to hear *anybody's* figures," he said.

His two companions regarded the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar TV bleakly, and the three men agreed to go back upstairs, where a party for Showcase '70 was going on.

Mr. Evans, the happy engineer, was booming away. "Tubeless! All solid-state!" he said, placing one finger carefully on top of the Plexiglas case.

A young man came downstairs from the party holding a stalk of celery. "The remote control is digital, with integrated circuits, right?" he said, waving the celery at Mr. Evans.

"All the adjustments, all the tints—everything is done by computers," Mr. Evans said, with vitality. "The name of the game in a nutshell is: Get rid of the tubes! Go all solid-state! Once you get rid of the tubes, you get rid of the click-click. Once you get rid of the click-click, you get rid of the grind-grind. All you see is the blink-blink. Nothing wears out. Life expectancy is infinite. Within five years, every major manufacturer will be going tubeless. The name of the game is: Pushing solid-state electronic tuning systems like heck."

"How come you made this set if you're not going to sell it?" we asked.

"If people could buy it, you bet we'd build it," Mr. Evans said. "For the time being, its existence has been justified if it just points the way. That's *worth* two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

A lady in a purple dress came down from the party and looked at Showcase '70. "Oh, that's what President Johnson had when he was in the White House," she said.

"He didn't have anything like *this*," Mr. Evans said. "He had a bunch of different sets, that's all. This is the real McCoy. It's not just an Entertainment Center. We call it an Information and Communications Center. The remote control is composed of memory modules and computer circuits. With this, you can plug in a closed-circuit system and have a surveillance system in your own home. You'll be able to see what little Johnny is up to in the back yard. You can't really call this a set. This is a *program*. The name of the game is: A feasibility study. An industrial-design-and-engineering feasibility study. If you go upstairs, you'll see R.C.A.'s Trans Vista Solid State Color Television set, the G-2000. It's the first practical spin-off of *this*."

We followed the lady in the purple dress upstairs, where the party for Showcase '70 was going strong. We bumped into Marty and Dick in a small room with a buffet table. They looked a little happier.

"Try that shrimp," Marty said to us.

"Taste the tartar," said Dick.

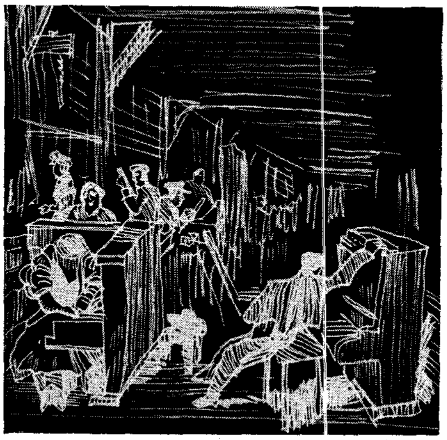
"Where's the G-2000?" we asked. "The Trans Vista Solid State Color TV?"

Dick and Marty shrugged, but the lady in the purple dress said she would take us to it. She led us to a nearby room, where a Liberty man, a Mr. Roberts, said he had one G-2000 left. It was in a cabinet with white side panels and a rosewood top. "It's a prestige item," Mr. Roberts said. "It's meant to give you the feeling of the year 2000. And, also, R.C.A. made only *two thousand* sets. And it costs *two thousand* dollars. It's not plugged in, but I guarantee that it gives you the most dazzling picture you've ever seen. All solid-state. Except for the picture tubes."

"What's the party for, actually?" we asked.

"We're celebrating the nucleus of a completely new electronic system," Mr. Roberts said. He didn't look festive.

# THE PIANOFORTE FACTORY REVISITED



1. *Interior of a Pianoforte Factory.*

### A Question:

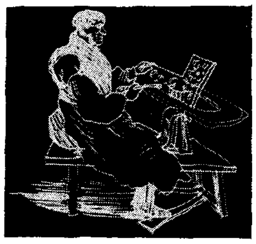
THOSE of us who recall with deep nostalgic pleasure the charming if somewhat tedious essay "A Day at a Pianoforte Factory," from the 1848 "Guide to Knowledge,"[*] may ask ourselves from time to time, "What has happened to the old pianoforte factory in the intervening one hundred and twenty-two years?"

### What Has Happened to the Old Pianoforte Factory in the Intervening One Hundred and Twenty-two Years:

THE pianoforte factory is not what it used to be. There are cobwebs everywhere, and transistor radios tuned too loud; everyone listens to a different station. Morale is terrible. Fret-cutters are impossible to find. They can get more money elsewhere. Ed, the last remaining fret-cutter, mumbles to himself. He is thinking of getting a job as a digital-computer operator. It would mean working in a nice, clean, sunny place. "Simple systems tend to be linear," Ed whispers to himself, "with only one feedback loop." He cuts a fret, then adds, "Complex systems are non-linear and involve many feedback loops." Ed will be leaving soon.[†]

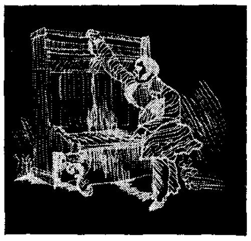
### Testing the Instruments:

ONCE a year, in September, MacNamee and Uzzle come to the pianoforte factory to select new pianos. MacNamee and Uzzle are the famous piano team, whose keyboard artistry is so popular. The team moves quietly through the dim factory. (One member of the team is very strange, while the other man only pretends to be strange, so as not to call attention to the first. Since it is difficult to remember which one is authentically peculiar, people in the pianoforte factory treat both men with caution.) Now the manager of the factory shows the team the new pianos, dusting the stools for them with a silk handkerchief. Soon the air is filled with the famous four-hand arrangement of "Frenesi." Suddenly, MacNamee stops. "No, no, no!" he cries. He kicks the pedals. "You call this piece of junk a pianoforte?" he demands. He knocks over his stool. (MacNamee may very well be the peculiar one.) "What do you think, Uzzle?" he asks.



2. *Fret-cutter at Work.*

Uzzle looks thoughtful. "Speak . . . more . . . slowly," he says. (In times of stress, Uzzle pretends not to understand English.[‡]) They move on to the next pair of pianos. The manager smiles privately. Although the team does not know this, the manager is not showing them the very finest pianos in stock. This is because they have not yet paid for the last pair of pianos.



3. *The "Action," or Internal Mechanism, of a Cabinet Pianoforte.*

### Hostility Among Employees:

DEIRDRE, a real looker, is new in Hammer-Felting, yet her picture has appeared a number of times in *Arpeggio*, the house organ. Some of the ladies in Hammer-Felting have been keeping a record of the pictures that appear in *Arpeggio*, and how often. This is the score (through Labor Day):

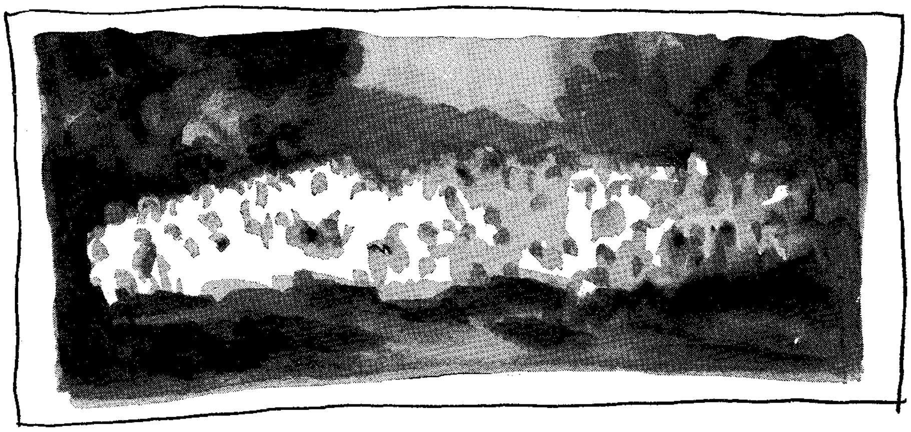
| | |
|---|---|
| The president | 2 |
| Scenic views of the town | 1 |
| The oldest employee | 1 |
| Crowd at the bloodmobile | 1 |
| Beethoven | 1 |
| Group photo of company picnic | 1 |
| The new air-conditioner | 1 |
| Deirdre | 17 |

### Staff Changes:

MARSDEN, who was in charge of Public Relations and Community Affairs, has been replaced by a three-man committee. Marsden, a squat, morose man, is thought to have done little for the company image during his twenty-seven years at the factory. Some think that he lacked the delicate sensitivity needed for this type of work, what with his natural reluctance to be pleasant, apologetic, or civil. Marsden's last months at the factory were spent largely in leaning out his third-floor window and hailing passersby below. Upon catching their attention, he would leer, and categorize them in a loud, mocking voice. ("Weirdo" was one of his favorite appellations; also "Freak," "Yo-Yo," and "Creep.") This name-calling, especially when paired with sweeping, vulgar gestures, undoubtedly cost the company something in good will.

### Examination and Tuning Room:

THE final room in the pianoforte factory is the Examination and Tuning Room. There every instrument is carefully checked. The key-counter counts the keys, and if there are not *precisely* eighty-eight the in-



4. *1952 Outing (not as much fun as 1949).*

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[*] "The Guide to Knowledge, or Repertory of Facts; Forming a Complete Library of Entertaining Information in the Several Departments of Science, Literature, and Art." Embellished by several hundred engravings.[1] Edited by Robert Sears. Twelfth edition. New York: Edward Walker, 114 Fulton Street. MDCCCXLVIII. (Needs dusting.)

[1] See Illustrations 1, 2, 3.

[†] The strange thing is that Ed used to dream of becoming a fret-cutter, believing that once he was cutting frets on a full-time basis everything would be all right.

[‡] On second thought, perhaps Uzzle is the strange one.

strument is rejected and sent back through the factory for a completely new keyboard. "Here comes another goddam eighty-seven!" yells Herb, the burly key-counter, giving a piano a terrific shove. The piano rumbles back through the building, screeching along on its casters until it reaches the Keyboard Department. Here George, the keyboard man, glares at the instrument as it strikes the wall. He is surly and approaching retirement age,* and refuses to believe he has erred. With one finger he counts the keys: "One, two, three, four . . ." When he reaches eighty-seven and there are no more keys, he merely shrugs. "Big deal," he snarls. "Only fruits use that top key, anyway."

The tuner for the pianoforte factory is Mr. Faber. He is a neat, scholarly-looking man with a small mustache, and a flower in his buttonhole. He comes in on Wednesdays. He stands in the doorway, pulling off his gloves and gazing at the gleaming new pianos. He speaks to no one; he seems to be whistling quietly. He *is* whistling quietly, in fact. At home, just before leaving for the pianoforte factory, Mr. Faber follows a rigid routine. He dresses, then steps over to his piano and strikes middle C. He whistles the note, then strikes the C again, to confirm that he is whistling the precise note. Then he takes a huge breath, hits C, whistles it, and races out the door and down the street and takes the bus to the pianoforte factory, softly whistling C all the way. Once he has tuned middle C on the first piano of the day to the precise pitch of his whistled C, he stops whistling and is able to relax.† (A sad sidelight to this is that Faber has lost confidence in recent years, and has come to believe that he is whistling D flat en route to the factory, or B flat. Thus, on Wednesdays, one can now see Faber dart out of his house, run down the sidewalk, skid to a stop, run back to his house, and dash in. Then, a moment later, he comes flying out again, hurtles down the street, stops, goes running back, etc., over and over again. It makes the neighbors terribly nervous, and sometimes Faber does not actually reach the factory until four in the afternoon.)

—JAMES STEVENSON

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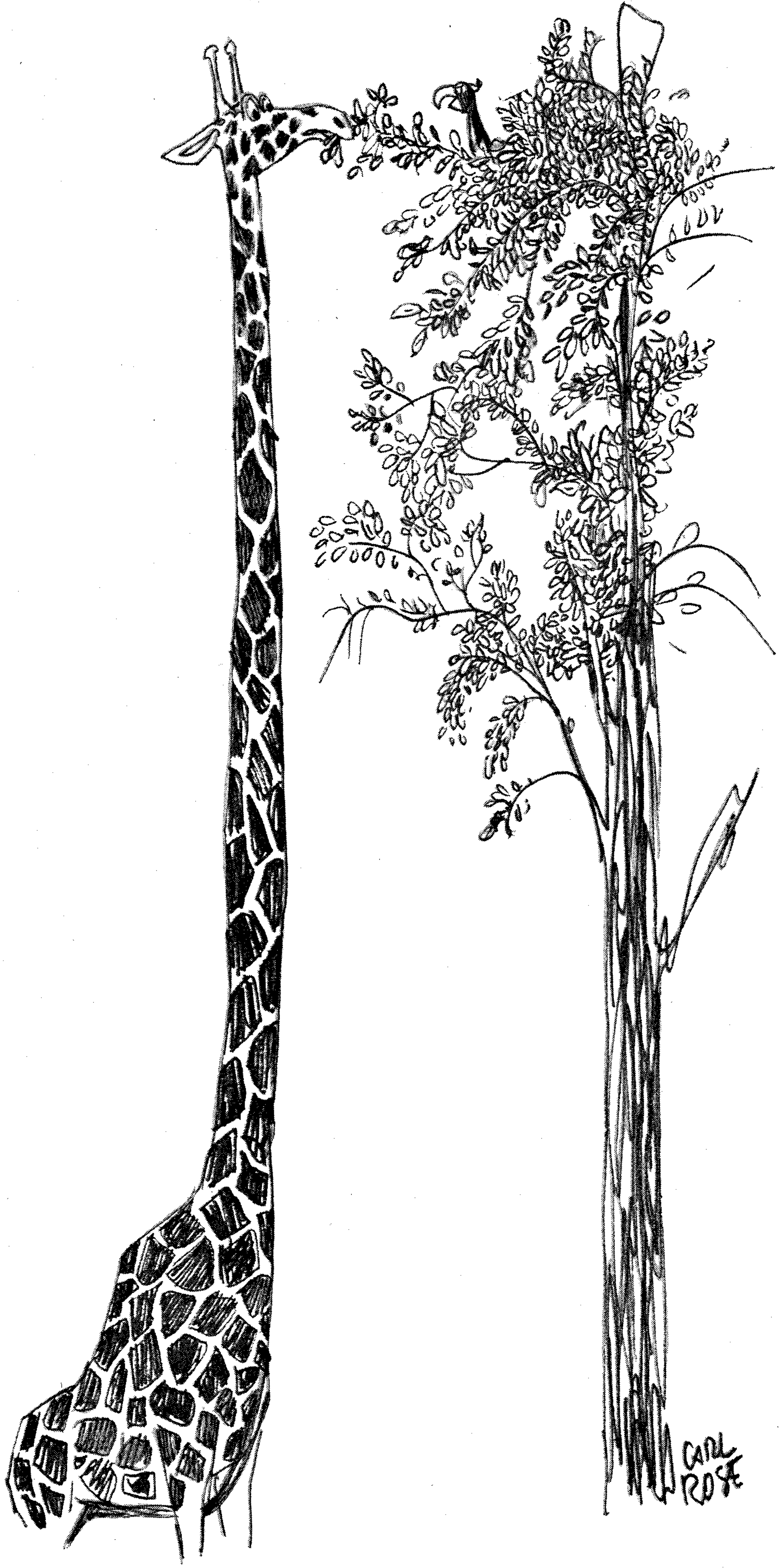
* He is disturbed by the thought of retiring, since his heart is in keyboards. "What the hell am I gonna *do*?" he demands suddenly, often directing the question at whoever is nearby. They do not know what he is talking about. (He should seek professional help.)

† It is curious that Faber does not use a tuning fork, but the truth is that Faber lost his tuning fork some years ago, possibly at the company picnic in 1949, which was voted the best outing ever by the whole gang. See Illustration 4.



"*Watch where you're eating, Buster.*"

# HOLIDAY HOME

THE train stopped at Droskovo, and Nina Petrovna Orlova, having staggered onto the platform with her suitcase, looked round for help. There was no one in sight, so she picked up the suitcase and slowly, a few steps at a time, carried it to the cloakroom. She had been told the way to the Holiday Home in advance—turn to the right when you get out of the station, skirt the covered market, and go straight on till you come to a signpost at the edge with the words "To Rosa Luxemburg Holiday Home" painted on it.

As Nina Petrovna skirted the market, a fawn-colored dog with a tightly coiled tail snarled at her from the shelter of the fence. Farther on, a great black dog chained to a post got up on its hind legs and barked savagely; the first dog, as if suddenly reminded of its duty, now hurled itself into the road, its shrill soprano floating above the hoarse yelps of the watchdog. But as soon as Nina Petrovna turned toward the signpost at the edge of the woods both dogs slunk back with low grumbles. She had no difficulty finding her way to a clearing in the woods, where a gravelled sweep encircled a bed of peonies and rosebushes on its way to a three-story house complete with pillars, balconies, and wings.

Nina Petrovna climbed a flight of stone steps to a massive door from the handle of which hung an enamelled sign enjoining the public in letters three inches high to be quiet please, it was the rest hour. The door was not locked, and she entered a spacious lobby furnished with leather couches and chairs against the walls, an office desk catercornered at one end and a walnut radio set at the other. The sound of her steps brought into the hall a young woman in a surgeon's smock, with a white kerchief tightly knotted at the nape of her neck. There was an expression of naïve hospitality on her rosy face, which she was obviously trying to change to one of official courtesy; smiling radiantly, she said the director would be in his office at five, and asked Nina Petrovna to come upstairs with her.

At the first landing she turned and cried out as if Nina Petrovna were half a mile away, "Don't hurry, Babulya! It's two more flights to your room. I'll wait for you at the top—I simply can't learn to go slowly upstairs. Hold on to the railing, Babulya. Here, let me take your bag!" When Nina Petrovna did not give up her handbag, the girl vanished around the turn of the staircase. She was waiting for Nina Petrovna on the top landing, and the moment her head appeared the shrill young voice rang out, "Here I am, Babulya! Don't hurry, I'm waiting for you!"

"And you don't shout," said Nina Petrovna. "I thought it was supposed to be the rest hour."

"Oh, I pay no attention to that," the girl said merrily. "That's for the guests, not for the staff. Besides, there's hardly anyone here yet, and they're all in the woods—such fine weather."

Three beds stood out stiffly into the middle of the floor in the room she showed Nina Petrovna. On one of the night tables was a book, on another a glass of water, through which could be seen the tender pink-and-white undulations of a double set of dentures. Nina Petrovna understood that two beds were already occupied. "Can't I get a room to myself?" she asked. "Surely all the rooms aren't occupied yet?"

The girl laughed heartily. "They're almost all empty. You're almost the first."

"Well then, why not put me in one of the empty rooms?"

The rosy face became grave. "You'll have to ask the director."

"I don't suppose he'd object, would he?"

"Even if he doesn't, the matron's gone home."

"But if the director allows it the matron won't object, will she?"

"The sheets will have to be moved."

"And is that so difficult?"

"It's not that, but you see my shift's over. I was just going home when you came."

A new idea passed through Nina Petrovna's head. "Aren't there any empty rooms on the ground floor?"

"The top rooms are always allotted first."

"And supposing a person's old. Or ill. Going up and down stairs is hard for such people."

"Almost all our guests are old. We don't take children, so the families can't come, either. You'll be one of the youngest guests."

"Very well, then why put us upstairs before the downstairs rooms are filled?"

"We're not ready yet. Only the top rooms are ready for sleeping in."

"You should have begun with the downstairs rooms, and if any younger ones come later they can be put upstairs."

The girl looked pityingly at Nina Petrovna. "Cleaning always begins from the top," she said, with devastating simplicity. "You'll be very comfortable here, Babulya. The other people in the room are such nice old ladies. Fanya Borisovna—those are her teeth in the glass, she only puts them in for meals—she's nice; and Maria Mikhailovna Goncharova, she's ever so nice, too, though she does cough rather in the night."

Nina Petrovna sat down on the chair next to the third bed. She felt a deathly exhaustion. Her shoes reminded her of their newness by a vicious tweak. She slipped her feet out of them and felt better at once, well enough to ask the rosy maiden what her name was.

"Me? I'm Katya—just Katya."

"Very well, Katya, and I have a name, too. My name is Nina Petrovna Orlova. People ought to use each other's names."

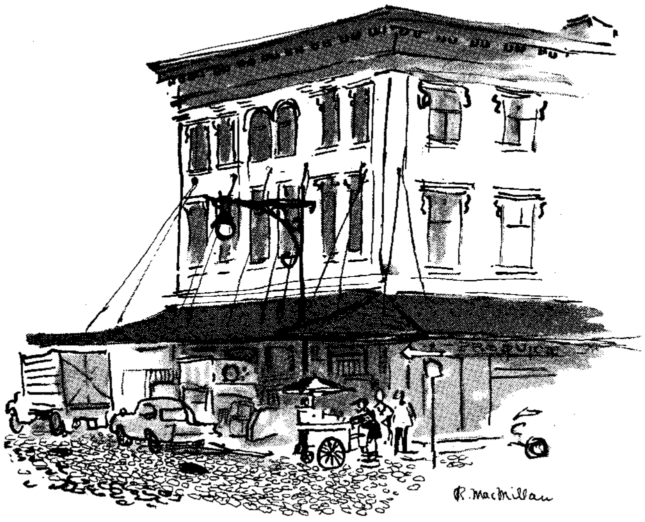
"For me you're Babushka, Babulya, and that's what I shall call you."

Nina Petrovna gave up the struggle. "Isn't there anybody who can go to the station for my suitcase?"

"I'll fetch it myself. I'll bring it first thing in the morning. You can do without it just for one night, I suppose."

"Indeed and I cannot. I must have it as soon as possible." Nina Petrovna had only one thought in her mind for the moment—to unpack her bedroom slippers.

"You shall have it," Katya said soothingly. "Give me the



receipt and I'll go for it this minute."

"I don't like to think of you carrying it all that way. Isn't there a man for that sort of thing?"

Katya flung out a sturdy pair of arms, and her ringing laugh was like the very voice of health and youth.

*"You don't think it's too motley?"*

THE director listened attentively to Comrade Orlova's request for a room to herself, at least till the house filled up. He didn't advise her to take a room on the ground floor; it was always noisy with comings and goings, and there was nothing to prevent the guests from using the radio till midnight. On the second floor there was a consulting room and a library and a telly set. The third floor was the quietest of all. The staircase was not steep, she could go up slowly, resting both feet on each step—the doctor actually considered this to be good for the heart muscles. He was so persuasive that Nina Petrovna left the office with a sense of satisfaction; to sleep on the third floor now seemed almost a privilege.

When she entered the dining room for supper, it seemed to her at first that there was nobody at any of the tables. But then she noticed, right at the end of the room, vague figures seated at a round table. The windows were curtained, and the only light came from a single bulb in an elaborate glass-and-wood chandelier. As she got nearer to the round table, she saw that the company consisted of three or four aged ladies. Later she made out two men at another table; they seemed pretty old, too. A waitress with a pleated-linen tiara over a lofty hairdo approached Nina Petrovna and showed her to a seat next to the men. One of them, glancing from the newcomer to the waitress, said, "Klavochka, why are we kept in the dark like wolves?" Nina Petrovna felt that the remark was aimed more at herself than at the waitress—an old stager was apologizing for the defects of the house. She smiled into space and wished everyone a good evening. A polite laugh was heard, and the waitress, laying a place for Nina Petrovna, said loudly, as if answering for all, that the electrician would come the next day and screw in some more lamps and it would then be quite light.

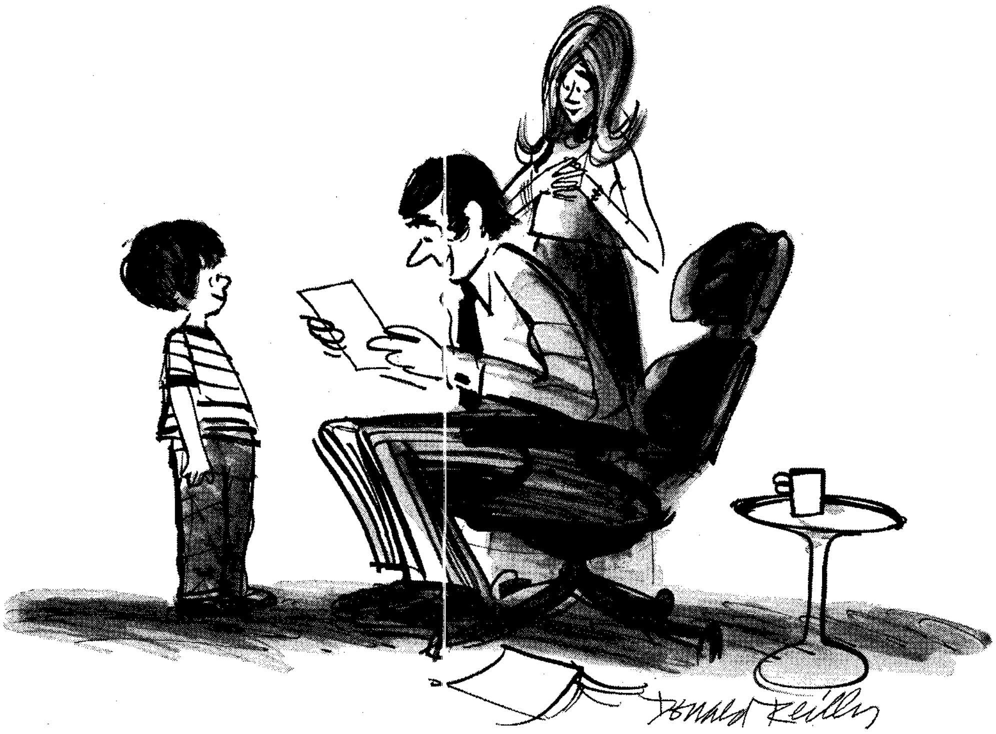
After supper, the guests stood about in front of the radio in the lobby, but Nina Petrovna went upstairs firmly resolved to move into an empty room. She found one that was not locked and went in. Here, too, stood three iron bedsteads, but there were not even mattresses on them. She stepped lightly to the room Katya had shown her and picked up the coat she had left on the unoccupied bed, together with blanket, sheets, and pillow; these she took to the new room and flung onto the bedstead next to the window, and went back for the mattress.

Hardly had she made up the bed when steps sounded in the corridor, and Katya's resonant voice filled the silence. "Petrov-na!" When she found out what Nina Petrovna had done, she put down the suitcase and whispered, "Does the director know?"

"No," said Nina Petrovna. "You tell him, Katya, and see what he says."

Katya was gone and back again in a few minutes. "The director says, 'All right, all right, I'll speak to Matron in the morning.' "

Nina Petrovna began unpacking her suitcase, arranging her clothes on the shelves and hangers inside the capacious closet. There would soon be claimants to some of this space, and she was determined to enjoy possession while she could. On the night table she laid out everything for what she was sure would be a sleepless night—her watch, her volume of "The Forsyte Saga," the tube of Nembutal, the vial of digitalis drops. It was too early for her usual bedtime—the hands of her watch stood at a quarter past ten—but she was tired. The brief but intense foray she had carried out so successfully had left her pleasantly excited but at the same time exhausted, and she went straight to bed. After reading for about half an hour, she switched off the light and lay down, closing her eyes. She awoke two hours later with a sense of obscure uneasiness, and it was not till she turned the light on that she remembered with a short laugh she was not in her own room at home. The degree of darkness showed her that it was still night, that this was going to be one of her bad nights—two hours of wakefulness after three or four hours of sleep, then a short doze before dawn, and waking up as if she had not slept at all. At home she would wait after a night like this till the door had opened and shut four times—after her son, her daughter-in-law, her granddaughter, and (very loud) her grandson left for work and school; then she could turn over on her side and enjoy two hours of sound, sweet sleep. The telephone and the front-door bell might ring their heads off; nothing would disturb her till she woke up with a guilty feeling of having slept while the world around was alive and working. But here in the Holiday Home the dining room would be closed at ten, and she would have to be up



*"Just look at this report card! 'Accommodates enrichment data, inputs easily, and is generally self-programming.'"*

• •

and dressed in time for breakfast. "And a good thing, too," she told herself. "Why should I sleep the best part of the day and miss the morning sunshine in the country?" But the feeling of anxiety with which she had awakened returned with still greater force. Nina Petrovna tried to remember what was worrying her. It was connected with home, of course, but what was it, what was the matter? The children? Oh yes, the children. A day or two before her departure, Irochka had had a positive reaction to the Pirquet test and had been sent for an X-ray. The result ought to have been ready the next day, but Sonya had not had time to go for it, though she knew how anxious her mother-in-law was. She told herself over and over again that it was no good worrying, that she could send a telegram after breakfast and get an answer by the evening; she repeated, smiling, the proverb in the English textbook, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." The X-ray was sure to be all right, but even in this consolation there was a drop of poison—who cared about her worrying? There was no one to think of what *she* went through. If there was anything wrong, she might think they were trying to shield her, but they wouldn't hurry to let her know if it was all right. The wound to vanity was deeper than the anxiety about her grandchild's health. At last, fatigue overcame worry and Nina Petrovna slept and only just waked up in time to dress for breakfast; the fear of missing it demanded priority over spiritual suffering.

After breakfast, Nina Petrovna sat outside and gave herself up to the calm observation of her fellow-guests, quite forgetting that she had meant to send a telegram. Two women ran out of two separate doors and met on the terrace. "Where have you been?" cried one. "Why didn't you wait for me? I was beginning to get quite nervous." The word "nervous" stung Nina Petrovna, and she jumped up and ran into the house. In the office she was told that telegrams were sent out when the postman brought the day's mail, and she sat down at a table to write her message. But when she discovered that she would get an answer in twenty-four hours at the best, she gave up the idea and bought a colored picture postcard of a Holiday Home in Odessa, on the blank space of which she jotted down, in her rapid but distinct handwriting, (1) that she had arrived safely, (2) that she had managed at least for the first days to secure a room to herself, and (3) that everything would be fine if she weren't worrying about Irochka's X-ray, which prevented her from resting properly.

She knew it would be at least three days before she could get an answer—four perhaps—and then only if they wrote the moment her postcard arrived, which was unlikely. People come home from work tired and hungry, perhaps they don't even have an envelope. It might be nearly a week before a letter arrived, and she had almost persuaded herself that it would be a consoling one—the writing of the postcard had done her good. She would go for a walk in the woods.

THE house filled up gradually, and nobody had yet been put in Nina Petrovna's room. She looked eagerly at every female newcomer, hoping each time it wouldn't be this one that would share—no, shatter—her privacy. Not this one with the empty glance, or that other with the fussy expression and flabby purplish cheeks. Not that disagreeable-looking old thing in a shawl. None took her fancy, least of all the girlish old things, well over fifty, who dyed their hair and hitched transparent stockings over pitifully veiny calves, and never stopped chattering and giggling. There were, of course, some who had not been prematurely overtaken by age and at the same time did nothing to stave off its approach; these stuck to the simple clothes and hairdos they had always preferred, and their eyes showed that most of their lives had been spent in mental activities. Nina Petrovna, who had begun as a proofreader in a publishing firm, belonged to this, the smallest, group. But looking around she thought, Just the same, we're all old. Later on, younger guests made their appearance and monopolized several tables in the dining room. A pale man who looked under forty and his young and dressy wife attracted general attention—he so grim in the face, she so lively and provocatively dressed and made up; she changed her clothes so often that there was always somebody heard to say, "I should like to know how many suitcases she brought." The youngest guests were a newlywed couple, never seen apart from one another, and so closely linked that from a distance they looked like a single person with two heads, and these heads were always turned toward one another, so that it was a wonder they never stumbled; at table they hardly spoke, ate everything placed before them, and when there was nothing left on their plates started up and hastened to the door in single file till they got to a place wide enough for them to link up again and continue some never-finished conversation.

Nina Petrovna strolled about the woods and even walked as far as the village once or twice. Her new shoes had almost stopped hurting. She had bought them at a second-hand shop on Gorky Street the day before leaving. They were as good as new and seemed to have been made for her, but of course new shoes had to hurt at first. Her daughter-in-law had squealed over them ecstatically and said, "Well done, Mama!" Fifteen-year-old Irochka followed suit, and a neighbor who had run in for a moment to return some wineglasses, and who had been standing in the doorway for ages preventing Sonya from finishing her evening stint of work for her degree, squealed, too. "How lovely! What did you give for them?" Every time Nina Petrovna thought about the new shoes, she was carried back to 1921, the year of the famine. It was then that she had seen for the first time well-groomed women wearing horn-rimmed glasses and square-toed tan shoes—Americans from the A.R.A., in Russia to help distribute supplies to the starving peasants. Till then, Nina Petrovna and her friends had considered gold-rimmed pince-nez and shoes with narrow toes and high heels the hallmark of elegance, but they realized how old-fashioned these were, like illustrations to Maupassant, as soon as they set eyes on the convincing smartness of the American women, and knew they must procure at any price horn-rimmed glasses, snub-toed tan shoes. And now narrow toes and high heels were in again, and though they didn't suit Nina Petrovna's sensitive feet so well, she was gratified to be the possessor of shoes that won approving glances from other women.

Nina Petrovna always looked eagerly into the pigeonholes in the hall where the mail was put, but every day that brought no letter seemed to bring nearer the moment when an envelope addressed to herself would suddenly appear under the letter "O" in the cubicled board hung up beside the dining room. When five days passed with no letter for her, anxiety and hurt feelings took possession of her mind. And when a whole week and then an eighth day passed and still no letter, Nina Petrovna went about like one possessed. She set foot on the floor of the lobby on the ninth day with a firm resolve—if there was nothing for her today, she would go straight to the post office after breakfast and send a telegram. But, as if in answer to her despair, this time there was a telegram under the letter "O." She seized the little packet and forced herself not to tear it as she peeled off the scrap of Scotch Tape that nipped the edges together, spread it open, and read, "Dear one, darling, everything all right, written you twice, kisses from all, Sonya." Nina Petrovna took her place in the dining room and sat down to read the telegram once more. There was a fourth person at the table now—a brisk woman of about sixty, with small features and sparkling eyes. Nina Petrovna had already confided her worries about not getting any news to this neighbor, and she showed her the telegram and said, "I shouldn't have worried, you see."

But Julia Andreyevna only glanced at the telegram and said, "It's not for you. It's for that woman over there," and she pointed to an old lady with a strong likeness to a tortoise, seated two tables behind them.

Nina Petrovna examined the telegram again—it was signed not "Sonya," as she had taken for granted, but "Tanya." Besides, when had Sonya ever addressed her as "Dear one, darling"? It was not the style of the house. Thin cymbals clashed in the top of Nina Petrovna's skull, but she managed to get up and take the telegram to its rightful recipient. "So far, I've been the only 'O' in the alphabet," she explained with apologetic smiles. But in her heart she called herself an old fool.

And in the evening there really was a letter from home. Sonya wrote that everything was all right, the X-ray had shown nothing wrong and the next Pirquet test had been negative, that they had been glad to have her postcard and only put off writing till they had news for her, and everybody hoped she was having a good rest. And, by the way, Vanya was trying to get her stay at the Holiday Home extended, so that she could be another month out of the dust and stuffiness of Moscow. Nina Petrovna was intensely relieved to hear that Irochka was not in danger, but her spirits did not rise as they ought to have; after the false reassurance of the telegram she had somehow not worried about Irochka anymore.

NINA PETROVNA had enjoyed the privacy of a room to herself for a whole fortnight, but she knew another contingent was expected any day and wondered with trepidation what sort of woman her roommate would be. There had been a moment of hope when she discovered at the very end of the corridor a tiny room, the merest closet, with, however, a bed, a chair, and a small table in it; there was no wardrobe, only a few hooks on the door, and nowhere to wash—whoever lived there would have to go to the bathroom for that—but daylight streamed through a fair-sized window, and Nina Petrovna cursed herself for her lack of enterprise. Why

had she not looked about her instead of blundering into the first empty room? How happy she could have been in this bright closet all by herself! The bed was already made up and the mandatory carafe of water and glass stood invitingly on the table. Even now, perhaps, it was not too late to make a bid for the tiny room. Might there not be some woman who would prefer the conveniences in the other rooms to solitude without any conveniences whatever? Another visit to the director destroyed Nina Petrovna's dream—the tiny room was being kept for a woman from Leningrad, a writer who needed a room to herself more than Nina Petrovna did, because she brought a typewriter with her. All the director could promise Nina Petrovna was to leave her room to the last; he would try to put only one woman in beside her, and would himself choose a nice, quiet person.

A few days after this conversation, Nina Petrovna went up to her room to wash her hands before dinner and was almost knocked down by a strong whiff of cosmetics, a kind of potpourri of face powder, scented soap, cheap perfume, and the overpowering smell of pears—nail polish, of course. She closed the door gently and sat on the side of her bed for a moment. Looking around, she saw on the table beside one of the other beds the upright back of a heart-shaped mirror and knew that she no longer had a room to herself. In the dining room she tried to guess which of the newest arrivals was her roommate, but they were spread in units and couples all over the room, and she gave up. After dinner she hurried back to the third floor, hoping for time to be lying down for the afternoon nap before the stranger came in. The room was empty, but a maroon-colored dressing gown hanging over the footrail of the bed at the other side of the room and a pair of gaping felt slippers on the floor showed that the enemy had already entrenched herself in the citadel. Nina Petrovna was sure she wouldn't be able to sleep, but she had hardly got halfway through the first chapter of "The Dark Flower" when her eyes closed. She opened them to find that she had slept for over an hour, and the sound of regular breathing told her that she was no longer alone. The mound of a body under the counterpane on the other bed and a fluff of golden hair on the pillow (the face was hidden by the mirror on the table) helped Nina Petrovna to form an image of the sleeper. Vulgar, stout she had to be; the drugstore smells, the mound under the counterpane pointed to that. Young she could hardly be; would a young woman come by herself to a dull, all but suburban Holiday Home and possess so frumpy and dingy a dressing gown, such squalid slippers? The sleeper moved restlessly and sat up in bed, turning toward Nina Petrovna a short nose with capacious nostrils, densely black eyelashes, brows impeccably arched over good hazel eyes.

The eyes opened wide, encompassing Nina Petrovna with a glance of almost tender kindliness. "Olga Vasilievna Smirnova," said the stranger. "We're roommates, so let's make friends."

Nina Petrovna introduced herself.

The new acquaintance prattled incessantly, and Nina Petrovna had to look into her face to answer questions so good-humoredly phrased that it would have been impossible to ignore them without being ungracious. Olga Vasilievna, talking all the time and not in the least embarrassed by the presence of another person in the room, pushed herself off the mattress and peeled a pink nylon nightdress over her head. Then, groaning heavily, she sat up and began to stuff her feet into the disgraceful

## E. P. IN HIS SILENCE

Not strength nor sweetness pardons us
but long the wait for instruments
of grace, the music's right peculiar
sway that makes all decorous
and plain, that speaks of self-possession;
how constellations, veering slowly,
are brother atoms to the body
and smallest muscles cohorts of the heart.

Wavering soul, the search for heroes
leads to the sun-eyed hawk at hover
high in his home of the glidings; leads
to friends like the friends of lions, kites
and weasels; leads to wind, to surge
of sea; and still you sang aright
as if the inward fruit should know
its instant's change toward ripening
the all-renewing impulse of your song

who now have chosen this, this most deep
silence.
This image of the age the age
demands.

The god will medicine his own. His chosen.
The road invent itself beneath the mist.
From the gold
burgs of chivalry will come
the youths who wreathe the harpist's brow
with laurel.

May there be
fine mornings where you are,
as tawny as the Lion
of Judea.

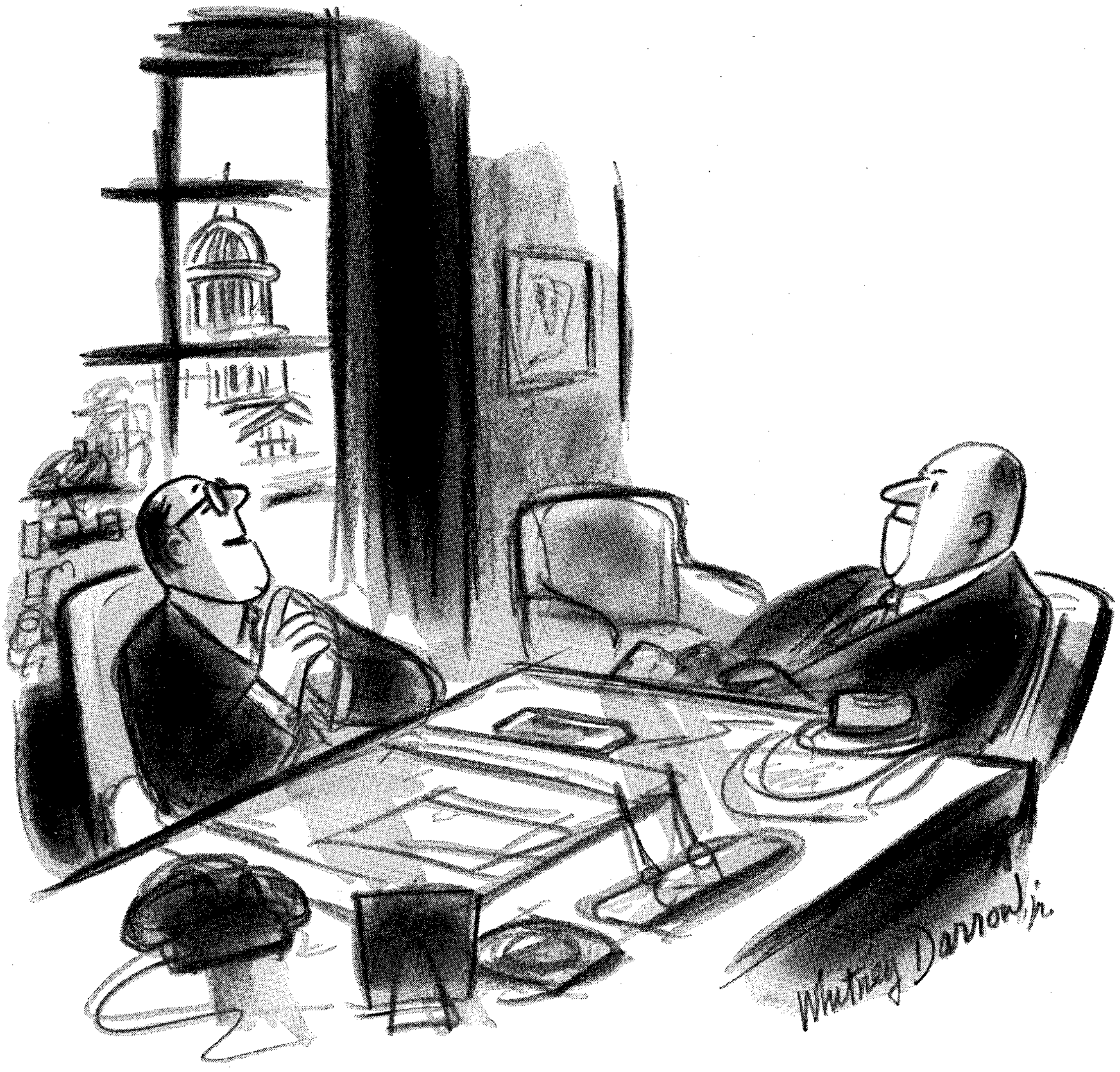
Hawkhead Ezra, brain held forth,
lantern searching its missing part,
wherein was peace contained, and principle
of tides;

may the changing world
give evidence
for song.

—Barry Spacks

• •

slippers. Nina Petrovna realized what had made these lose their shape when she saw the swollen, hammertoed, and bunioned feet they scarcely contained. She turned her face to the wall while the process of washing and dressing went on, accompanied by short grunts and sighs. When Nina Petrovna heard her roommate hobble to the door and close it behind her, she got up herself and was ready to go down for the tea break in a few minutes. To her dismay, Olga Vasilievna was waiting for her at the head of the stairs. Fully dressed, she didn't look quite so fat, and Nina Petrovna connected the grunts and sighs she had heard with the fastening up of bra and girdle. The spreading stomach had been strapped into the shape of a football under a tightly stretched skirt, and the floppy breasts were lifted in firm outline beneath nylon ruffles in the V of her jacket; the terrible feet were squeezed into high-heeled shoes. In fact, the corpulent figure was quite trim.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"It's not that I don't want to help you. It's just that I'm incorruptible."*

"We must be friends," Olga Vasilievna said, tripping down the stairs beside Nina Petrovna, and she added, with an intimate chuckle, "For a month, at least." As if pleased with the definition, she repeated it: "Yes. Friends for a month." Something in Nina Petrovna's expression made her add, "Of course I mean the sort of friendship that is only shown in mutual forbearance. Civilized people ought to be able to share a room without interfering with one another—as if each of us were alone." Nina Petrovna agreed eagerly with sentiments that suited her so well, but Olga Vasilievna had something more to say that showed that their ideas of non-interference were very different. "And we need never be bored," she said. "I brought a nice little transistor with me; we can have as much music as we like."

They had reached the lobby, and Nina Petrovna stopped on the mat at the foot of the stairs. "What?" she cried. "In the bedroom? That's not allowed, you know."

"And who's going to raise any objections? Everybody likes music, I think."

"I am," Nina Petrovna said firmly. "Besides, next door to us—well, not exactly next door but quite near—there'll soon be a writer. She's sure to object."

"A writer! A woman writer! This is a Holiday Home. Let her go to a writers' rest home if she wants to pound on her typewriter. But if *you* object I won't so much as take the transistor out of my bag. Unless, of course, you should want to hear some music once in a while. I said 'mutual forbearance,' and mutual forbearance is what I mean to practice. Only I can't quite see why it's wrong for me to do something you don't like, and right for you to deprive me of something I like." But she laughed cheerfully, and they passed into the dining room like old friends.

THE next day, the woman writer made her appearance in the dining room—a massively built, elderly woman with short, iron-gray hair, very blue eyes, and a wrinkled, weather-beaten face. At table and on garden benches she was talked about freely, not merely because she was the latest arrival but because there were people on the staff of the Holiday Home, and even a few guests, who knew quite a lot about her. Her name was Ludmilla Ivanovna Polenova—common Russian names, but a grave, elderly man who used the Russian language in a manner Nina Petrovna recognized as exquisite, and, more surprisingly, an elegant young married couple, never pronounced these names without a kind of fervent respect. Amidst the usual Holiday Home chatter of blood pressure and the menu and the girl who changed her clothes three times a day, a guest could be heard telling her neighbor that the writer was a poet, none of whose verses had been published during the last twenty years, that she had been "sitting" (that is to say, in camp) under the Stalin regime, and that certain influential members of the Writers Union had managed to secure a tiny pension for her and even hoped someday to get a discreet selection of her early poems published.

Olga Vasilievna took a great interest in all this, partly because she took a great interest in practically everyone and partly because she remembered having seen some of Polenova's poems in typescript on her son-in-law's desk and even hearing them read aloud to an admiring circle of young people. She couldn't remember anything about them, because she had been chiefly occupied in concocting a supper in the kitchen.

This reminded Nina Petrovna that her daughter-in-law spent evening after evening typing out poetry after a hard day at the office. Nina Petrovna had tried to read a page or two, but it was evidently part of a long poem and the lines didn't rhyme, and anyhow it was a long time since she had read any long poem, except for occasionally dipping into "Evgeni Onegin" and trying to get her grandchildren to listen to some of the easier passages.

Olga Vasilievna broke into Nina Petrovna's reverie by wondering aloud why Polenova should make such a sight of herself—cotton stockings, sneakers, and that straight curtain of gray hair! Surely she could have afforded to get a perm before coming to a Holiday Home—everybody tried to be as smart as she could in public. It wasn't as if she were plain; she had good features, clear expressive eyes. "I always say," said Olga Vasilievna, and said it again, "I always say a woman ought to make the most of herself at all ages. You, too, Nina Petrovna. You have lovely hair. Why shouldn't you—not dye it, of course, it's hardly gray at all till you look close, but just have it tinted to bring out the natural shade. It would take ten years off your age if you were to have it nicely waved and buy yourself a lipstick. You don't need even to buy a lipstick, I've got an extra one I've only used a couple of times that would just suit your complexion, and really, Nina Petrovna, many a young woman would envy you your complexion and your figure. And I've never seen such straight toes on anybody. Why don't you wear those nice new shoes you keep in the bottom of the closet?"

"They hurt my feet," Nina Petrovna said.

"New shoes always hurt your feet. You have to break them in gradually."

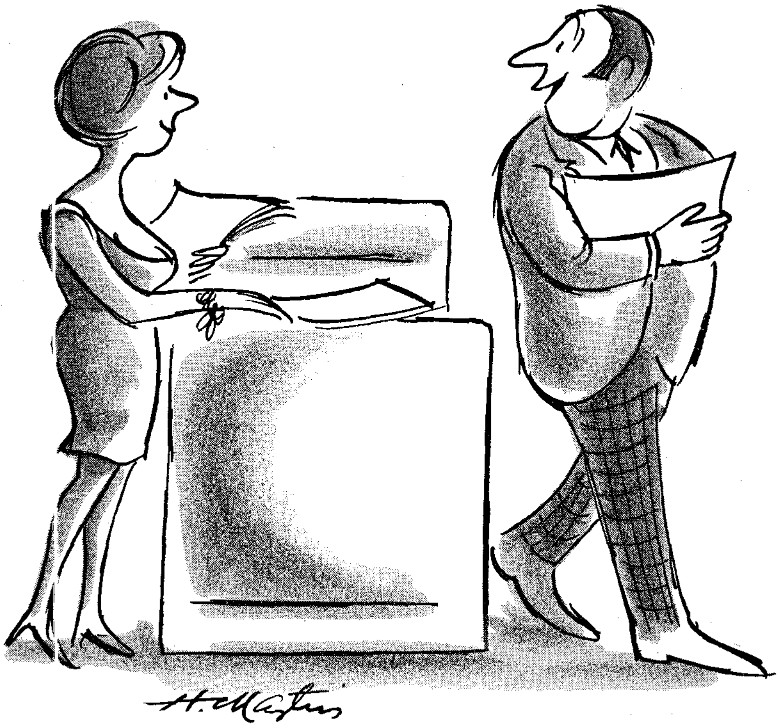
AFTER all, living in the same room with a stranger of quite another level of culture had turned out not to be as bad as Nina Petrovna had feared. The liveliness and imperturbable good humor of Olga Vasilievna and her complete freedom from affectation acted like a tranquillizer on the suppressed but perpetual irritability of Nina Petrovna's nerves. Besides, she had soon discerned behind the unpromising vulgarity of her roommate's façade a limitless expanse of natural tact that was better than any mere correctness. "You can't upset me," she told Nina Petrovna, who had been afraid her bedside lamp would keep Olga Vasilievna awake in the night (Nina Petrovna could never sleep without reading for at least an hour in bed). "Read all night if you want to. I'll just turn my back to you and shut my eyes. There's nobody I couldn't live with. I've lived for fifteen years in the same room with my daughter and then with her and her daughter, too, and I may say we've never had so much as an argument. We both know very well that people can't live so close without getting on each other's nerves sometimes, and we made a resolve simply never to speak when that happens."

"But isn't it hard to suppress your feelings all the time?"

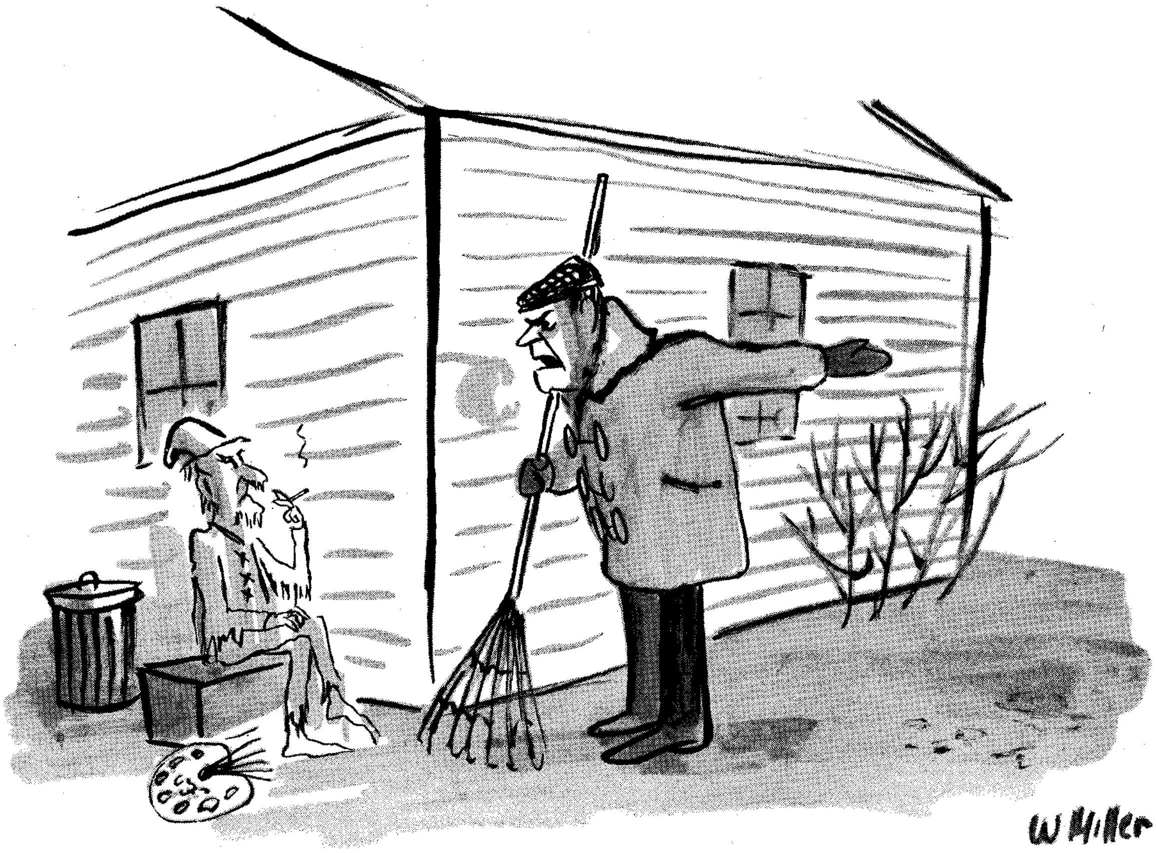
"It may be, but anything's better than coming out with something you might regret for the rest of your life."

And thus two weeks passed in Olga Vasilievna's month of friendship. The roommates strolled in the woods or visited the village shop, and the couple that looked so ill-matched, like two birds of different species—a modest brown-coated thrush and a pompous iridescent-breasted pouter pigeon—seemed inseparable. Olga Vasilievna could somehow talk about herself without being a bore, and Nina Petrovna was never tired of listening to the long tale of another's life. After a while, she found herself confiding sorrows to a sympathetic ear, a thing she couldn't remember ever having done before.

One day when they were resting after their morning's walk on one of the green benches in the garden of the hostel, contentedly observing the return to the house of other walkers, in twos, alone, and in small groups, Olga Vasilievna went back to what they had been talking about in the woods. A letter from home seemed to have disturbed her calm. "If I had a room of my own, I'd never come to a hostel," she said bitterly. The mask of good humor slipped for a moment, and Nina Petrovna caught a glimpse of the grim reality beneath it. Olga Vasilievna sighed—one of those long trembling sighs that seem to come straight from a person's heart. Then the mask settled back into place and she went on in her usual coaxing accents, "We've been lucky. Only the two of us, and we're both what you might call nice people. Sometimes you have to stable with such disagreeable women, and, try as you will to be pleasant, there's no softening them. Last year I was in with two who simply competed to make life unpleasant. One of them was always running to the director to complain



*"And when you're finished with those, Miss Nedley, you can Xerox yourself for me."*



*"I don't mean to rush you, but just when are you going to do that sugar maple in front?"*

of me—I got up early and used all the hot water, or I washed my stockings in the basin. And they each had a transistor, and, believe me, they each tuned in to different stations at the *same* time—they hated each other even more than they hated me."

"You could have complained about that," Nina Petrovna told her. "It's not allowed in the bedrooms."

"I never complain," said Olga Vasilievna shortly. "I'm sure *you* wouldn't go running to the director if I turned mine on."

"I wouldn't have to," Nina Petrovna said softly. "It was quite enough for me to tell you I didn't like it."

"Ah, if everybody was like us, there wouldn't be any wars," said Olga Vasilievna.

"Are you sure?" Nina Petrovna asked her.

In the flood of details she was bursting to communicate, Olga Vasilievna had forgotten what it was she wanted to tell her friend, but Nina Petrovna could see by the slightly confused and anxious expression of her face that she had not yet shaken off certain unpleasant thoughts. When Olga Vasilievna again broke the silence, her words didn't seem to have any direct connection with what had gone before. What she said was, lifting her hand with the letter, "It'll be a relief for them when I'm gone."

"You think like that because you have to live in such unbearable proximity to one another," Nina Petrovna said.

"Not only. You can't help feeling how much easier their lives will be when you're dead. One less person to have to consider."

"That's natural. Everyone lives in the present. And our children have plenty of worries. Of course when we die there'll be one less." Nina Petrovna knew how it rankled with her daughter-in-law that Irochka, just entering the critical years of adolescence, had to sleep with her almost grown-up brother. She disliked it as much as Sonya could, but the question of having Irochka moved into her grandmother's room was never mentioned by either, though continually thought about by both. And the answer was that it would be altogether intolerable, not only for Nina Petrovna but for Irochka, too. Irochka would have a room to herself when her grandmother was dead, a room where she could have friends in the evening, do what she liked. . . .

They fell silent, and took to watching the thickening procession of holiday-makers. Dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour, and most of the guests showed on their faces pleasant expectation of what was a welcome event in the long empty day.

"That's who I envy!" murmured Olga Vasilievna at the appearance in the gateway of two female figures—one tall and slender, the other dumpy. These were never seen apart, and everyone knew, because the dumpy one told everyone at the first opportunity, that they had been living together nearly twenty years, that they were both teachers, though the short one was now on pension and could devote all her time and energy to one sole purpose—that of making life as smooth as possible for her friend. As they approached, a steely ray of light was reflected from objects dangling from the hands of the devoted one; these were soon perceived to be milk bottles full of clear water, which anyone who cared to listen was told triumphantly had been drawn from a distant well. "Isn't the water in the house good enough?" someone asked. At this, the taller lady, who had at first hung back a little, as if taking no interest in the question, moved smoothly ahead and entered the house in advance of her companion, who went on explaining that she would go every day for two bottles of water from this special well till she had accumulated enough to wash her friend's hair, which the tap water in the bedrooms did not suit. And off she scuttled on her short legs.

"Them?" Nina Petrovna asked.

"They have something to live for. They need one another, and age doesn't matter to them."

"I don't *think* I envy them," Nina Petrovna said, but she sighed.

The newlyweds emerged from the wood, he a few steps ahead, both hands deep in his trouser pockets, she hurrying after, and managing with a deft movement to slip her fingers around his arm, inside the elbow. The young man did not take his hand out of his pocket and stepped on doggedly as if he were alone.

"How soon!" said Olga Vasilievna softly.

"They're bored, poor children," Nina Petrovna said.

"He is, you mean," Olga Vasilievna corrected.

"They ought to have gone to the seaside or somewhere where young people go. They have nothing to do here."

"Except—" said Olga Vasilievna, smiling mischievously.

Nina Petrovna frowned. Nobody ventured on a vulgar innuendo in her presence at the office, where she had gone straight from school, and by the time she had become the most respected member of the staff everyone respected her austerity; ribald laughter was checked at her appearance, anecdotes hung in the air unfinished, and now, though she did at first frown, she caught herself sharing a bawdy insinuation with a vulgarian. But just then another figure isolated itself from the crowd—a powerfully built woman, leaning on a stick but not bent, Ludmilla Ivanovna Polenova, the poet, whose typewriter was heard rattling almost every time the guests went out of their rooms into the corridor. In her other hand she held a little way in front of her a wild iris with three sheathed buds just beginning to part from the stem. She passed close by Nina Petrovna and Olga Vasilievna, smiled a gracious, absentminded smile at them, and seemed to extend the flower for their admiration.

"*That's* who I envy," Nina Petrovna murmured as Ludmilla Ivanovna disappeared behind a column.

Olga Vasilievna was sincerely astonished. "Her? You're a hundred times better looking. You could be her daughter. If only you'd listen to me—"

"She's always busy," said Nina Petrovna impatiently. "They say she's working on a sonnet cycle. She says the day isn't long enough for her."

"Why doesn't she go to a writers' hostel?" Olga Vasilievna grumbled. "That's the place for her."

"She goes to one for a month every year. But she says she doesn't like to live long among writers. She says they talk too much."

"It's simply too expensive for her," Olga Vasilievna said sourly. "They give her a month free, and then she comes here."

"Is it cheaper here?"

"The director keeps that little closet for her gratis. They were in Leningrad during the blockade. I believe she was very kind to him. Anyhow, he seems to think the world of her."

"Lots of people do, I think."

"Yes, but not the right ones, or she'd be able to get her poetry published."

"I'm glad I shall be able to tell my children I've seen her," Nina Petrovna said, and checked the galling reflection that in her place Vanya and Sonya would have done more than just *see* their poet.

"I've already told mine," said Olga Vasilievna. "I wrote to them yesterday."

IN two days Nina Petrovna would be leaving the Holiday Home. Olga Vasilievna was in a pitiable state. What would she do without Nina Petrovna? Worse, what sort of new roommate could she expect. Nobody else would be so easy to live with as Nina Petrovna.

"I think you could make anyone easy to live with," said Nina Petrovna.

"Oh, don't say so! One doesn't meet tactful, pleasant people every day. I don't believe I've ever met a woman I could tell the things I've told you."

"I'm sure you've told them to at least a dozen other people."

"I've told you things about myself I've never told anyone else, and never expected to be able to. Most women are so narrow-minded."

Nina Petrovna knew this was true—strange confidences had been exchanged. "Anyhow, you'll soon be leaving, yourself," she said. "The last fortnight passes very quickly."

Olga Vasilievna burst into tears. "They've sent me an extension," she sobbed. "Always writing and saying how they miss me, and now it's worth any money and trouble to keep me away another month."

Not for anything in the world could Nina Petrovna have gone over and put her arms round the weeping woman. Tears chilled her, and she had to admit a mean resentment that she had been for so long cooped up with a person so far from her real interests, one with whom she could not discuss Galsworthy and Iris Murdoch, not to mention such writers as Solzhenitsyn and Paustovsky, for Olga Vasilievna never read anything but the illustrated magazines supplied to the guests of the Holiday Home. Perhaps if Nina Petrovna had not always been seen in her company she might have got to know Polenova and become one of the small circle privileged to hear her poetry read aloud once a week. But that was non-

## HE WHO REMAINS

*you have so much to give* they said
so I gave it now it is gone

I stand with my back to a cliff
where stones lean over
looking down at me they are smooth
they have dragged themselves
a long way to get here

years ago I wrote love letters
to distant water and wore
the desire to travel like a hair shirt

but that is over and regret
was never a friend of mine so I
let him go in search of the others

who departed wearing accidental lives
mocking me calling me *he who remains*

and I remain in the desert
caught in the ropes of myself like
rosaries staying here with penitent
stars whose confessions frighten me

there is no explanation for lights
which move about inside the mountains
and coyotes are all that is left
of a race we once conquered

at night I hear them worshipping
gods with unspeakable names

I have learned to make use of pain
he never fails to take me
into his confidence telling me
more than I wanted to know

and when morning arrives bringing
whatever it can to help I ready myself
for the impetuous revival of sand

if I were to leave this desert
who would cherish transparent
light who would nurse broken stones
who would mother the cold

—RICHARD SHELTON

• •

sense, of course; what was there in her to attract the attention of a poet? “My son got my time extended, too, you know,” she said kindly. “It's only natural. Everybody wants as much freedom as they can get. It's you who taught me to understand that.”

The very next day, returning to the room after their morning walk, the friends simultaneously caught sight of traces of a stranger: on the third bed lay a bulging net bag, beside it on the floor a battered suitcase and a pair of worn shoes. “A new person in the room!” cried Olga Vasilievna.

“We're like Robinson Crusoe seeing man Friday's footprint in the sand,” said Nina Petrovna.

“I shan't have a single night to myself after you've gone.”

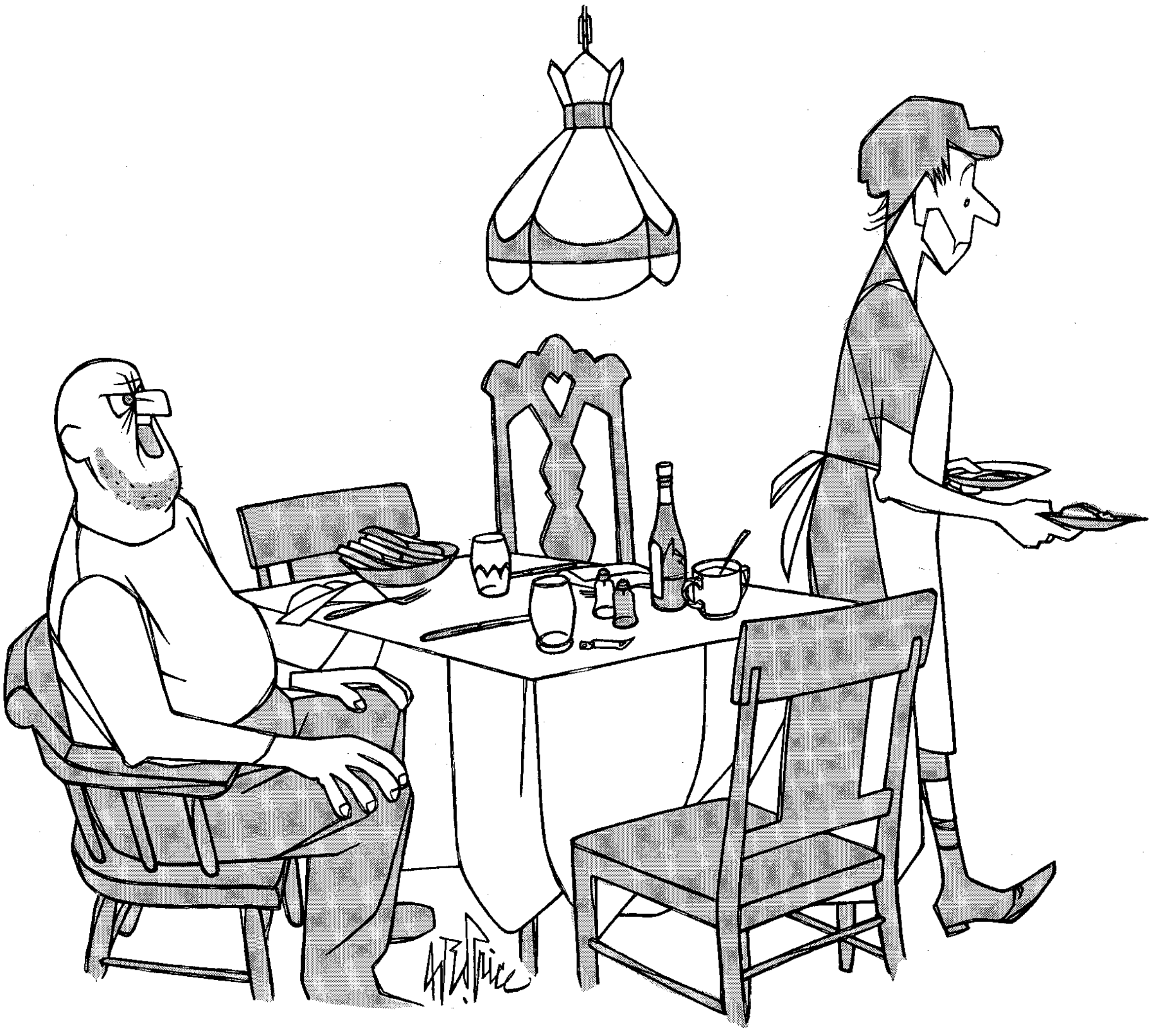
“Perhaps it'll be somebody nice,” Nina Petrovna said consolingly.

“Somebody very shabby, whatever else she is,” said Olga Vasilievna with distaste.

“Well, I'm dowdy enough, but you managed to get over it.”

“As if there could ever be anyone like you again,” said Olga Vasilievna lugubriously, but added more cheerfully, “It's a good thing in a way—I shan't be able to cry in the night with a stranger in the room.”

The newcomer only made her appearance in the bedroom after supper. She was youngish, almost girlish, pale-eyed, with a thin neck and a stringy tail of hair tied at the back of her head. All introduced themselves to one another as cheerfully as they could manage. The third inhabitant of the room named herself dejectedly as Elizaveta Matveyevna. “That's much too long,” said Olga Vasilievna. “I shall call you Liza. You're young enough to be my daughter, anyhow.” The girl smiled dolefully, and Nina Petrovna reminded herself with satisfaction that for all their intimacy Olga Vasilievna had never ventured to call her Nina.



*“And that's the last time I get conned into saying grace over a Tomato Surprise.”*

• •

After they were in bed, and Nina Petrovna had closed her book and switched off her light, a suppressed sob came from the third bed. Olga Vasilievna was out of her own bed in a minute and bending over the newcomer. “Don't cry,” she said. “We know how you feel, all alone with two old women. It's a shame. But don't cry. Tomorrow I'll show you where there's a tennis court, and you can make friends with people your own age. Do you play tennis?” The girl was making obvious efforts, wiping her eyes and giggling nervously, to overcome her tears. She did play tennis, but very badly—nobody would want to play with her, and she hadn't brought a racquet. Olga Vasilievna assured her that racquets were to be obtained, and they'd be delighted to play with her—not many played tennis at all; partners were in great demand.

“What about a little music?” Nina Petrovna said bravely. “Why not get out that transistor of yours, Olga Vasilievna?”

A magic spell of kindness and jazz spread itself in the room, and Nina Petrovna actually fell asleep to the yearning strains of blues.

The next morning, she asked Olga Vasilievna if they had played long. “Till the people next door rapped on the wall,” Olga Vasilievna said demurely. “But I went and asked them if they wouldn't like to come and listen, and they did, so we played Liza to sleep, too.”

“You are a marvellous woman,” said Nina Petrovna with conviction. “Liza, you're going to have a lovely holiday.”

—IVY LITVINOV

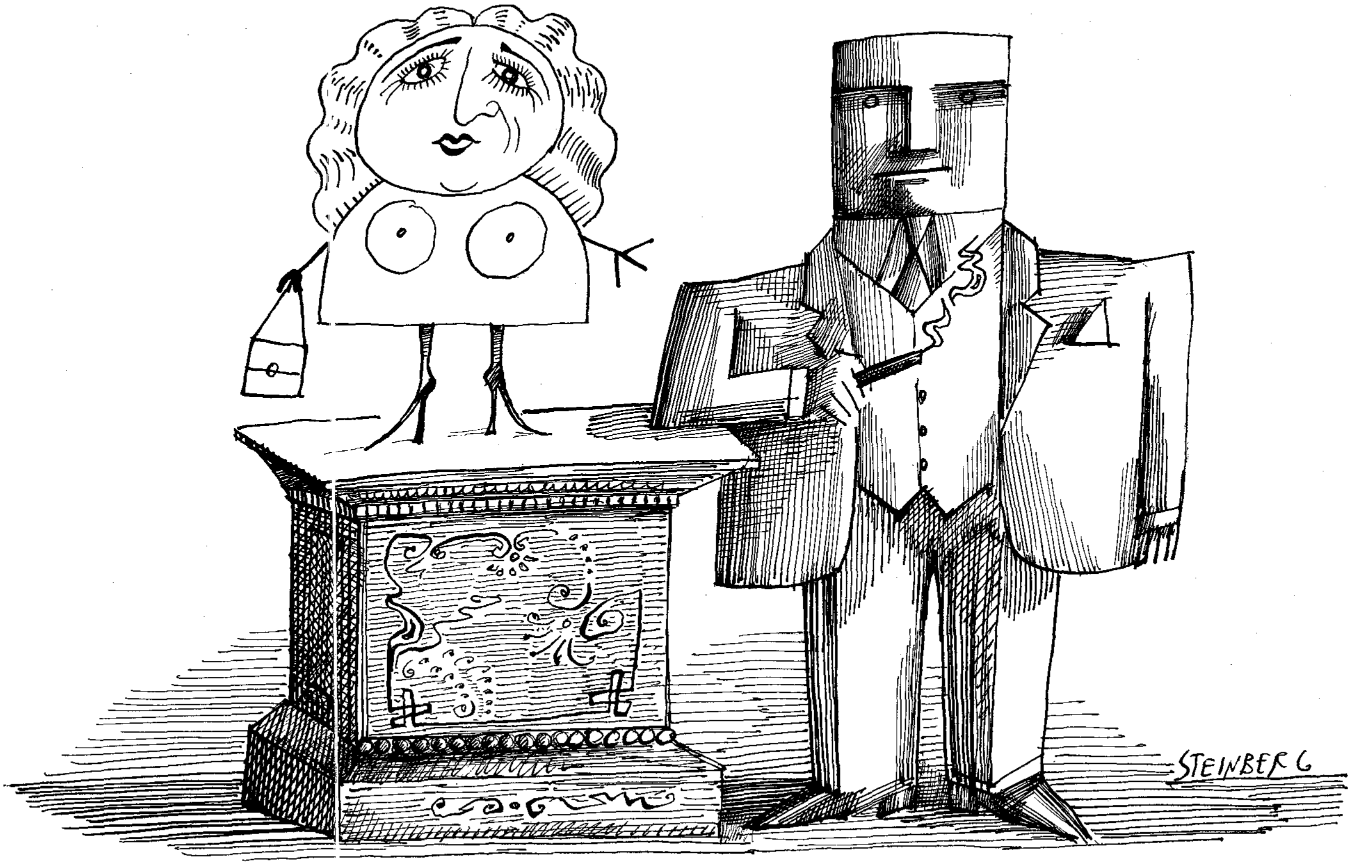
•

In announcing the change in plans, a Planning Board spokesman said the area would be redesigned but that it would be impossible to carry out the project in its entirety until the Coast Guard base is moved. The Coast Guard has not refused to relocate but insists on having its operations near water.—*San Juan* (*P. R.*) *Star*.

It's that old *thing* about water.

# PROFILES

## FOUNDING CADRE



ON a rainy New York evening last winter, four young women called a meeting of friends, friends of friends, sympathizers, and recruits to the resurrected cause of the liberation of the human female. Two of the young women were already well known in the city's new feminist circles—Hannah was writing a book that she liked to describe as "the great seminal work in American feminist theory," and Barbara was responsible for an angry tract on sexuality that had established her among movement cognoscenti as a sort of heroine of the ungratified. Eve, the third feminist, had just started to write about women's issues for one of the papers in the city. Nina, the fourth, was about to divorce her husband; at the moment, she was not thinking about writing anything.

The apartment they had borrowed for the meeting was a tiny studio on the upper East Side, and its one room, which was given over almost entirely to the storage of an exercise cycle, could barely hold the thirty or so women who were sitting on the floor munching on sandwiches and drinking coffee when the four feminists arrived. Some of the women had been coming to meetings like this one off and on for a month now. As a group, they were an unwieldy conglomeration of ages, persuasions, experiences, and personalities, with a weakness for abstractions and a rather non-sequitur quality to their conversation, but Hannah, Eve, Nina, and Barbara, who had first brought them together, had drafted bylaws and a manifesto for the sort of organization to accommodate their differences. Their organization would be known to the male world, as it were, as a single fighting unit, but it would in fact consist of a number of small and independent cells of women, meeting weekly to talk freely and more concretely about their own lives. The feminists called the cells "cadres." They had just incorporated their own cadre. The rest of the cadres—the feminists were here tonight to set them up—would have to get by unincorporated for a year of training and indoctrination, by which time each group would be sufficiently enlightened to sign the manifesto and stage a big "feminist action" as its first official contribution to the revolution.

Hannah opened the meeting with a solemn reading of the new bylaws, which ran for six or seven pages and informed the women that they were going to devote the better part of their year's training to the study of feminist theory, as well as to a therapeutic pursuit called "consciousness-raising." Consciousness-raising, she read, would break down the oppressive distinctions between the private and the public, the personal and the political, that women had been taught to make. Moreover, it would uncork their anger and frustration, direct their energies toward the obliteration of the structures and institutions that had caused their problems to begin with, and in general increase their sensitivity to all the various and subtle forms that their oppression took.

Hannah finished reading, peered out at the women through a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and, answering their first question, announced that the membership in her own cadre was closed. She was a tall girl, with a soft shape and a sharp, critical face, neither of which seemed altogether reconciled to the other. Her long blond hair was coiled precariously at her neck with the help of a few pins. And she was dressed, as she usually was at feminist meetings, in a snug ribbed sweater and a pair of tie-dyed jeans.

"It's a question of going at our own individual rhythms," Nina added quickly. Nina was a small, curly-headed girl who had once been voted the prettiest coed in her suburban high school. She had a job downtown, and had come to the meeting from her office, in shiny patent-leather boots and a tweed miniskirt.

Barbara nodded and said, "It's better this way. Like, this way the new cadres can be formed on the basis of really good compatibility." Barbara's voice was low and stubborn. She was an architectural draftsman, with lank black hair and a sinewy body, and she was wearing bluejeans and an old denim work shirt.

Eve, on the floor across the room, looked up from a cheese sandwich. She had a shy, quizzical face and wavy red hair, and was dressed in slacks and an orange sweater. She had spread out her dinner, like a picnic, on top of an old beaver football coat. "That brings us to the same old problem of finding like minds," Eve said.

"Like minds develop," Hannah told her. "What can *we* do? Go around introducing people?"

"Well, I've been longing for a plan like this," a hefty blonde in hip pants and sunglasses said. She was an opera singer, and she told the women that until tonight the demands of her art and the demands of her feminism had been "almost too conflicting to bear." Now, she said, she was going to solve the problem with an opera singers' cadre.

Another woman said that *she* was going to start a doctors' cadre. And a third, who had gray hair and looked a good deal older than most of the women at the meeting, said that she wanted to start a cadre for women over forty. She added, a little ruefully, that perhaps twenty years of keeping house for a husband and a couple of children had already raised her feminist consciousness.

"We all grow at different rhythms," Eve remarked.

The opera singer raised her hand. "Well, I certainly wouldn't want people with low consciousness in *my* group," she said. "With new people, you're never sure of what they've read."

"Look," Hannah said. "We'll have reading lists. Outlines. A whole guidebook. Besides, if you want good people for consciousness-raising, go out and find them."

"What's this consciousness-raising, anyway?" one of the women asked the feminists.

"It's like group therapy—it brings out emotions," Eve told her.

"Actually, it's more like an old bitch session," Hannah said.

"It's *very* moving," the opera singer said. "You discuss things like fidelity. You bring up the subject, and everyone tells her own experience with it."

"It helps you understand yourself," a woman standing near the door called out. "You find out that you're not peculiar. You're just *taught* that you're peculiar."

"It's because women have been victims of privatization for so long," Hannah cut in.

"Priva—what?" the woman asked her.

"Privatization. Like the fact that you don't discuss your love life. Well, the fact that your love life is called private is a very political thing."

"Everything we do now is political," Eve said. "There's this television producer who wants to do a show on us. He means well, but even so we told him definitely no unless he sent a woman reporter. So now he's hired one."

"Don't you believe it," one of the older women said. She was a critic, and was known in feminist circles as a militants' militant. "Bitch at them until they send a crew that's *all* women," she said. "They need *us* for their story. Who the hell needs them?"

"Maybe *we* do," a girl with fluffy brown hair and a droll look about her said, laughing. Her name was Beatrice, and she was teaching school while she studied for a doctorate in medieval literature. Last night, by telephone, the founding-cadre women had invited her to join them.

"What we need is a clause in the by-laws about relations with the media," the doctor said. She was knitting a sweater and had just cast off the stitches for an armhole.

"And another one that—"

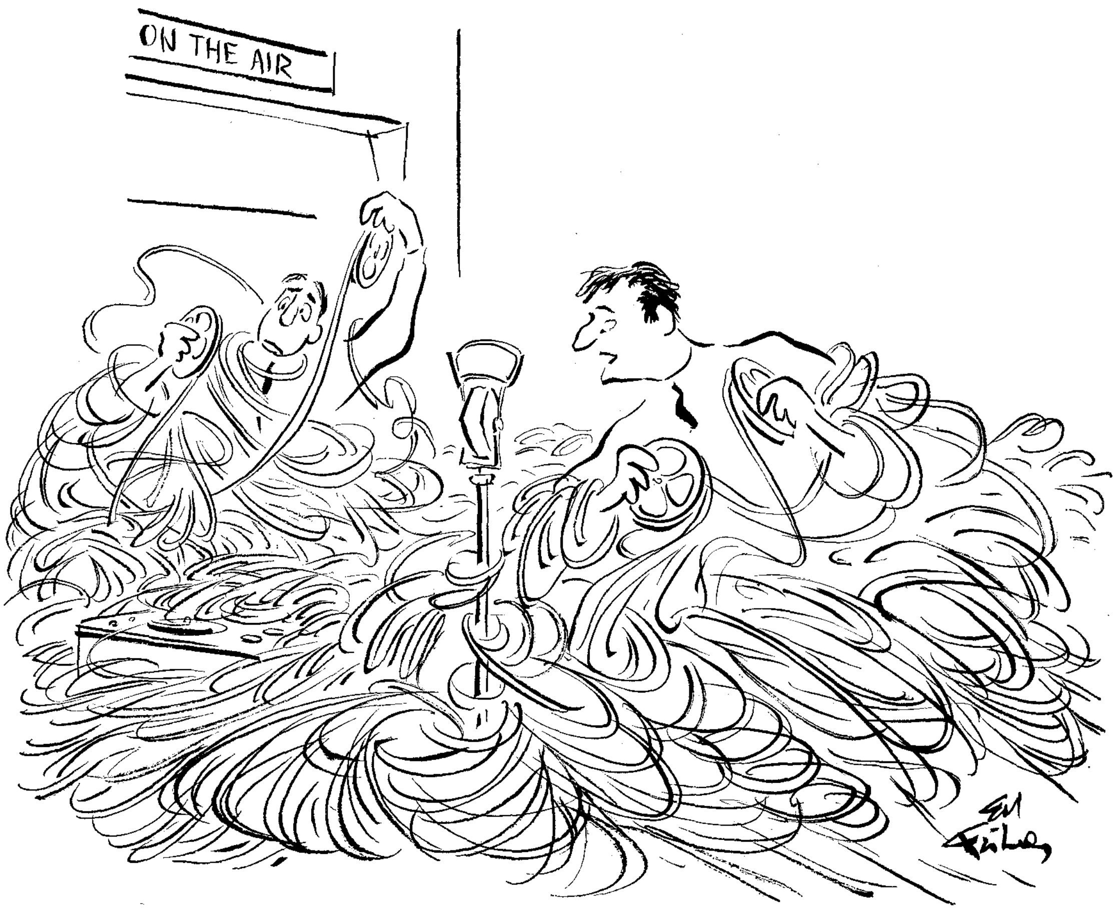
Barbara waved her hand. They could talk later, she said. First, she was going to read the manifesto, which was about the "sex class system" and how it reinforces male supremacy.

The women did begin to talk as soon as Barbara put away her papers.

"Why do you define the conditioning of women in the manifesto and not of men?" one of them asked her.

"Yes—do you mean that men are *born* bad?" a girl who described herself as a Marxist feminist said. "This power that men have—I say it comes from property relationships."

Barbara looked impatient. "I never said that men are *born* the way they are," she said. "Sure they're condi-



*"Due to technical difficulties, we are postponing our prerecorded program usually broadcast at this time."*

tioned, but the conditioning comes from something much deeper than property relationships."

A slender, blue-eyed girl who was curled up near the cycle smiled ingenuously at Barbara. Her name was Jessica. Like Beatrice, she had just been honored with an invitation from the founding cadre. "What you're saying is true, then?" Jessica asked. "I'm not grounded in history, you see."

"Oh, it is, it is," the opera singer said, but the Marxist feminist shook her head.

Hannah took the floor. "Look, all we wanted was a manifesto people liked," she said. "No one's asking you to sign on the line for the next twenty years."

The women ignored her. "I personally feel that Marx's dialectic is just not deep enough," one of them said. "Even Engels' 'Origin of the Family' isn't deep enough. It is definitely not a feminist book."

"What do you mean, not deep enough?" the Marxist feminist cut in. "I'm not pushing Marxism but it seems to me that *you're* all obsessed with making some big distinction between politics and feminism."

"All we're saying is that feminism *is* politics, and that it's the first politics that we have to address ourselves to," Eve said.

"So why differentiate?" the Marxist feminist asked her.

Eve shrugged.

"There's something else," a girl who was lying on her stomach nibbling on a piece of fried chicken said. "Why do you grace the whole male thing by calling it something as nice as 'ego satisfaction'? Sure, define it, but don't give it *that* much respectability. Why not say 'short-term neurotic ego needs' instead?"

"I agree," Barbara said quickly. "The male ego has a history, too—just as economics or religion does."

"Yes, but you're still assuming that neurotic solutions don't really fill men's needs," the girl went on. "They fill them, all right—very successfully."

"Can't we leave this kind of stupid hassling to the individual cadres?" Hannah said.

"No," Beatrice told her. "A manifesto's an important document. And, anyway, I object to the word 'ego.' "

"And I object to the lack of interpretation of social values," the Marxist feminist said. "Our feelings are a product of our values, and—"

Hannah yawned.

"—and at this point in history those values are economic," the Marxist feminist went on. "Values like marriage and the family."

"Let's cool it," someone called from across the room.

"Well, the family does give women things to do that drive them into a hole," the girl with the chicken remarked. "And men things to do that drive them out of it."

"But why call that economics?" Nina asked her. "That's power."

"You see, we're stuck with the problem of an old vocabulary," Jessica said. "We need to say in the manifesto, 'Look, people, we can't tell you our new dialectics yet. We're here to develop one.' "

Nina nodded. "Like with this politics-versus-feminism thing," she said. "It comes up a lot, but we haven't even begun any real analysis of it. For instance, I used to feel that women would automatically move from politics to feminism—"

"Listen, this manifesto makes a hell of a lot of gut-level sense," the opera singer broke in. "So let's forget this New Left crap, this intellectual nitpicking. I'm sick of it. If I never have to hear it again, I'll be a very happy woman."

"Oh, brother," the Marxist feminist said. "Here comes the old stereotype of women. Women don't have any intellect—just emotions."

"That's a very anti-woman thing to say," Hannah snapped at her. "What's wrong with emotions?"

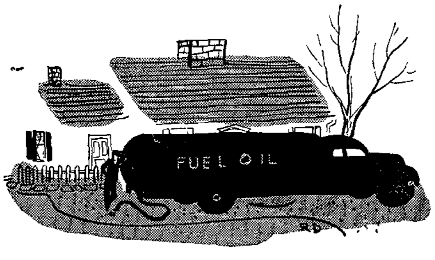
"Nothing's wrong with emotions," Beatrice said before the Marxist feminist could answer. "But that doesn't mean we don't need to be right in what we say. Some of us just want to be on firm ground. I want to be on firm ground about the word 'ego.' I say that 'ego' has come to us with very specific connotations. It's culture-bound, and we have to be very careful how we use it."

"I thought it was a very respectable word," the woman with twenty years of housekeeping said.

"So was 'democracy,' " Beatrice told her.

"We just need one little sentence to the effect that this manifesto is not necessarily the last word on the problem," Jessica said sweetly.

"Well, I insist on a sentence about the male power drive," the girl with the chicken said. "I want us to say that we recognize it not as a basic need but simply as a neurotic or inefficient solution."



Nina threw up her hands. "Look," she said. "What's the point of all this talk? Are you new people coming into the group or not?"

"We agree that we have to clarify what we mean by 'history,' and by 'ego,' " Barbara added.

"So let's pass the manifesto—that is, subject to the two changes," Hannah said.

Everyone but the Marxist feminist raised her hand. "You mean we don't even get to approve the changes?" she said.

"Why not look at the manifesto as an ongoing thing," Eve told her. "This kind of movement has never happened before in history, so how can we expect to settle everything in one night?"

"Let's say it's passed as a draft," Hannah said. "That means it can always undergo revisions."

"Right," Barbara said. "The problem solves itself. You can change the Constitution, so why not our manifesto?"

By the time the women left, at midnight, seven new cadres had been formed.

TO unregenerate traditionalists, whom women in the movement like to refer to as the male backlash, the new feminists are as indistinguishable in kind as so many suffragettes parading through an old newsreel. To the feminists themselves, they are as odd and often uncomfortable a crowd as has ever got together for a revolution. There are feminists who call themselves reformers, and by now, as a group, those feminists can probably count on sympathy—if not support—from any woman who has stopped to consider her credentials in a man's world. They have all read Betty Friedan's book "The Feminine Mystique," and since 1966 some ten thousand of them have been formally organized by Mrs. Friedan into an action group called the National Organization of Women. The ladies who have joined NOW follow Robert's Rules of Order, take their platform from a board of directors, and invite their husbands to come to meetings with them. They are housewives, mostly, and professional women. They know their statistics, and on the whole they are an efficient and effective lobby. Holding the system ultimately receptive, they work for equal rights and equal opportunities under the law. "The reformers—they just want a piece of the pie" is what the radical feminists, who

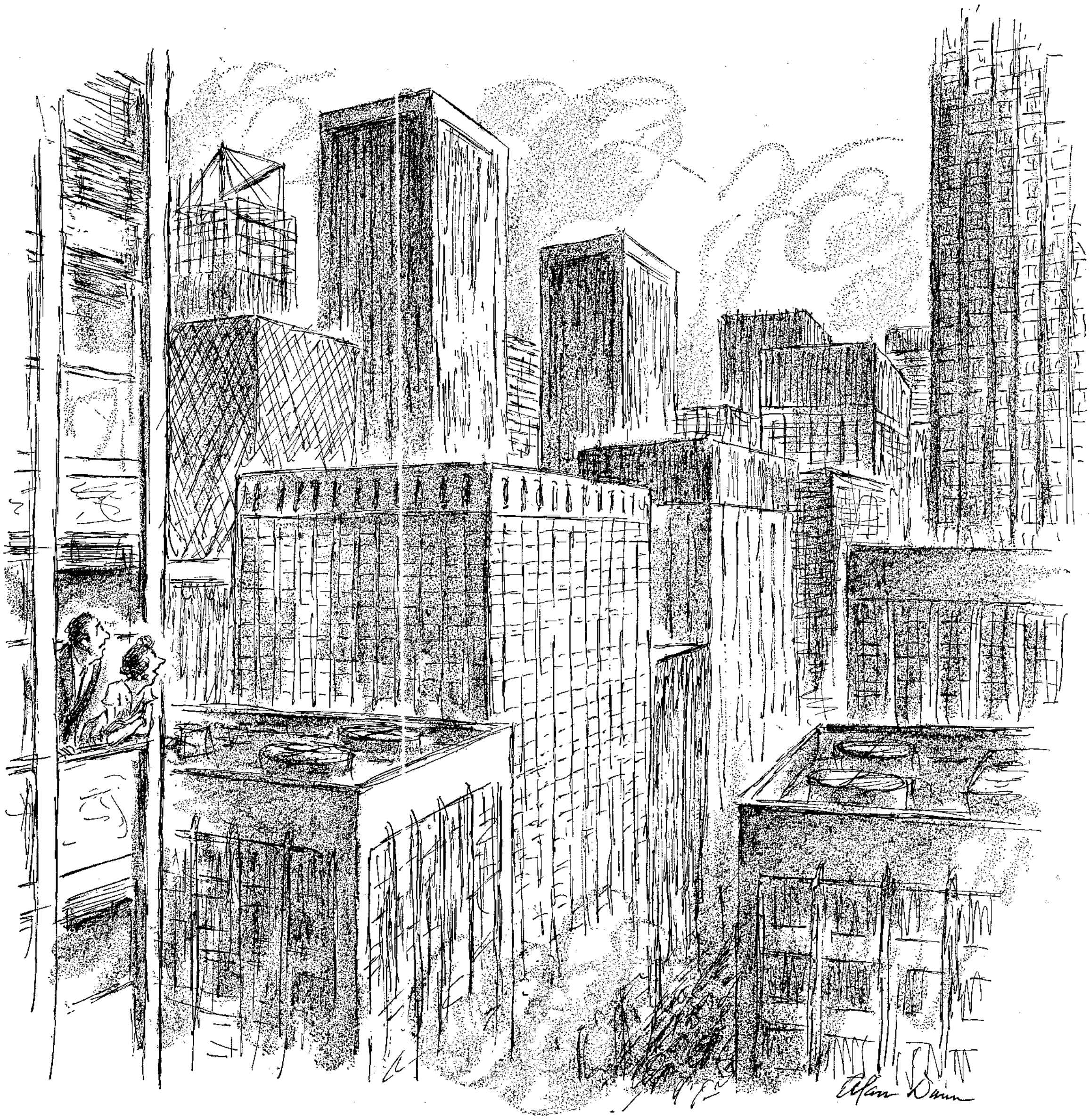
NO PARKING
B TOBEY

*"It means that Santa's coming to town."*

• •

suspect them of "male thinking," say.

The radicals, on the other hand, read Simone de Beauvoir, Kate Millett, and Masters and Johnson. They, too, are concerned with the law—last winter, a good many of the New York radicals were plaintiffs in the joint class-action suit brought by more than four hundred women to challenge the Constitutionality of the state's abortion laws—but far less so than with what, for lack of a more specifically movement definition, they call "the psychology of sex roles." Most of the radicals are young, educated, and unmarried. Like the girls in the founding cadre, they meet in small, informal weekly sessions, raise their consciousnesses, and argue about ways and means of taking on the enemy. More formally, they have organized into a dizzying variety of groups, subgroups, and splinter groups, each with its own orientation and its own battle plan. Over the past two years, New York City alone has spawned, along with the founding cadre's organization, radical feminist groups called The Feminists, Redstockings, New York Radical Feminists, Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell, Media Women, Columbia Women's Liberation, and at least a few dozen smaller breakaway cells. No one of these groups can claim to represent *the* radical position. Their priorities differ. Their actions run the gamut from a siege of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—to protest "the encouragement and manipulation of a limited and demeaning female prototype"—to mock enactments of exploitative male behavior, such as April's Ogle-In on Wall Street, at which the women from one group stood outside the Stock Exchange and leered and whistled at the passing brokers. But they share a disillusion and a sense of damage, and they have all risked ridicule to express an outrage that other women are reluctant to admit they feel. Unlike their reformer sisters, the radicals dismiss the system that



*"Ticky-tacky, if you ask me."*

they live in as a "male construct." Politically, at least in theory, they are "female separatists." Most of them came to the movement out of the student left of the nineteen-sixties, and they have lifted their own rhetoric from the rhetoric of radical politics. They identify with blacks, draftees, migrant farmers, and the Third World. In fact, they regard women as the true Third World of modern history. They read "the second class" for "the second sex," and they see their movement as the vanguard of the ultimate class war.

"We're on our own now," Barbara says. "Any revolutionary dialogue you hear these days between men and women is nothing but a seduction ploy of the radical male, and it takes place at cocktail parties anyway, not at planning sessions."

Hannah says, "Read Che Guevara—the part about how the real contribution of a woman to a guerrilla group depends on the quality of her cooking—and you'll know who your friends are."

And Nina says, "Radical men? How can you count on them? You ask, 'Why am I oppressed?' and all *they* can say is 'Capitalism, that's the enemy.' "

By now, in fact, most of the radical women would prefer to forget all politics but their own. "I must admit, I was never a very successful radical," Jessica once said at a meeting of the founding cadre. "I never felt comfortable fixing other people's lives. But I find that I am extremely comfortable fixing up my own."

As soon as the women could arrange it, the founding cadre met formally for the first time. A girl named Margaret offered her apartment—she was actually the seventh member of the cadre, but she had been at home working on her own feminist book the night the cadre introduced its manifesto—and Barbara came early, for some of Margaret's homemade eggplant parmigiana. Barbara had brought along a copy of the *Village Voice*, and when Eve, Beatrice, Jessica, and Hannah arrived, at eight—Nina was in bed with a cold—she was at the kitchen table, cutting out a story on the women's movement. It was called "The Next Great Moment in History Is Theirs."

"That's a really weird article," Barbara said as the group moved into the little living room at the front of the apartment. The room, which had just been painted, was stacked with cartons. There was a map of Africa, an old movie poster was propped against a bureau, and a clipping from the *Times* with the headline "FRAGRANT CHRISTMAS GIFTS" was spread out on the floor. "Like, Vivian—that's the girl who wrote it—talked about a lot of personal things, but she was very bad on women," Barbara went on. "She's a Freudian."

The women, settling down on the floor on pillows, groaned.

"You could tell," Hannah said. "She didn't exactly mention men, but you could tell that she was always thinking of how men would respond to what she wrote."

"She thinks white male behavior is simply a historical phenomenon," Barbara said coldly. "She doesn't really understand the destructive intention."

"Well, men aren't necessarily *basically* evil," Beatrice said. "History starts something. People follow. Like the English in Africa. Whatever they did, there was no overt evil intent—"

"Now, wait a minute—are you a history major or something?" Margaret asked her. Margaret was a tall, good-looking woman. She was wearing a blue velvet smock, purple tights, and long green beads, and she had wrapped a flowered scarf around her hair. At the moment, she was rummag-

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ing through a carton for some clean teacups.

Beatrice laughed and shook her head. None of the other women knew her very well yet, but they liked her mind and her particular cool humor, and they had invited her to join the group because of this. "I have an announcement," she told them. "It's about the meeting Sunday on abortion reform."

"My friend Norman, who's in the left, thinks there should be a mass pilgrimage of pregnant women to the new abortion clinic in Washington," Hannah interrupted. "He says the left will help—but you know how they are."

"They *all* want to get in on this one," Eve said. "First the left. And now even the conservatives—you know, Hadassah types and the League of Women Voters. *They* say only doctors should be able to do abortions."

"Who on earth wouldn't want a doctor?" Beatrice asked.

Eve looked at her. "Your problem is that you're thinking in the past," she said.

"You're presuming that a relationship between a woman and a specialist is necessary," Barbara added.

Beatrice shrugged, and Margaret, who was in the kitchen making coffee, called to the women to get down to business. She wanted them out by ten, she said, because she was sending a story to *Harper's* and had to finish it by tomorrow morning.

Hannah remarked that she had just submitted something to *Harper's*, too. It was a chapter from her book.

"Come on!" Margaret shouted. "What's the business?"

"Well, for one thing, we have to define 'ego,'" Barbara began. "And then we have to write a little historical disclaimer to the manifesto."

"People like me were bothered by the manifesto—historically speaking," Jessica explained.

"And I was very concerned with how we used the word 'ego,'" Beatrice added.

Barbara, who had written most of the manifesto, said that in *her* opinion the meaning of "ego" had been perfectly clear.

Margaret came out of the kitchen with a dictionary. "'Ego,'" she read. "'The entire man . . . the union of soul and body . . . consciousness of an individual's distinction from other selves . . .'"

In an hour, the women had a definition of "ego" that they all agreed was appropriate to a feminist document. Then they tackled "history."

"We have to say that just because we don't mention history it doesn't mean we're ahistorical," Hannah told them.

"It's more than that," Jessica said. "People last week thought the manifesto was simplistic, historically speaking, because our definition of 'history' is going to change as we raise our consciousness. Our definition's going to—it's going to self-destruct."

"Why don't we just say that a deeper historical analysis has yet to be made vis-à-vis the sex issue?" Hannah said.

"We could say that, historically, our institutions have encouraged oppressive male behavior, and that we plan to investigate those institutions," Barbara added.

"Institutions change," Margaret said. "The question is how."

"Well, it's the history of identity, not of institutions, that I want to get to," Barbara said.

"Still, how *does* change happen?" Hannah asked her.

"Like, how do you change institutions except by force—and what does *that* accomplish?" Margaret said.

"I see a bad post-revolutionary stage as almost inevitable," Hannah announced.

"But the question is still how do you get beyond that?" Margaret said. "What changes human nature?"

"First you have to change the mother-child thing," Eve said. "So far in history, there have been no really *basic* human changes."

Margaret looked up. "How can you say that?" she said. "There's been Christianity. And the middle class."

"And hippie men," Barbara cut in. "*They've* changed their consciousness, in that there's a whole group of young men now who are psychologically anti-totalitarian."

"Hippie men?" Beatrice said. "That's mass romanticism, not enlightened consciousness. You had nineteenth-century hippies, too, and what did they ever change?" She thought for a minute, and added, "I think technology is what's leading to the change."

"But new consciousness—imagination, mysticism, whatever you want to call it—has nothing to do with machines," Eve said. "It has to do with the self."

"So who's to say that the self isn't a machine, too?" Hannah wanted to know.

Barbara glared at her. "How can you even talk like that?" she said.

Hannah threw up her hands. "I'm finished," she said. "I'm leaving. When I'm writing, I can't spend all my energy defending myself."

"We're *all* working on something," Beatrice said. "The point is to come together like this and learn from each other. Me from you. You from us—"

"Well, I'm not satisfied," Hannah muttered, sitting down.

"Look," Jessica said brightly. "We're all going to change our minds a million times. Why get so threatened about it?"

"Because maybe I have a lousy ego, that's why," Hannah snapped. "It doesn't mean that I'm not right, though."

Barbara sighed and said that it was time to change the subject. She took a pad and a pencil from a yellow leather shoulder sack she always carried, and asked the women for some thoughts on "sex class origins."

"I think it's absurd for us to try and describe origins," Jessica said. "Marx didn't describe how the first money was made."

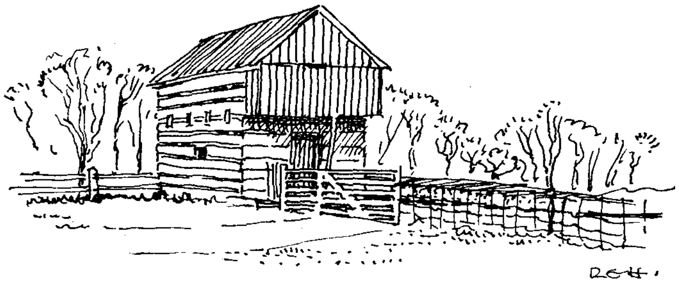
"But we have to somehow reconcile the facts of history with the reality of our new consciousness," Beatrice said. "Which leaves us with the old problem—how do you make new definitions with an old vocabulary?"

"Right," Margaret said. "Words like 'ego' and 'consciousness.' When you hear them now, it's like reading Proust, or some medieval Japanese sentence. You can't tell whether they're positive or negative."

"Language is always like a three-dimensional infinity," Beatrice told her. "Only technological language is positive or negative."

Hannah wanted to know what a three-dimensional infinity was, and Barbara, taking a pair of scissors from the top of Margaret's bureau, turned the clipping on fragrant Christmas gifts into a Möbius strip. Hannah, looking astonished, ran a finger round and round the strip. "I don't like games," she said finally.

"How about a note to the effect that we, as feminists, are involved in developing a new dialectic," Barbara suggested, crumpling the Möbius strip and



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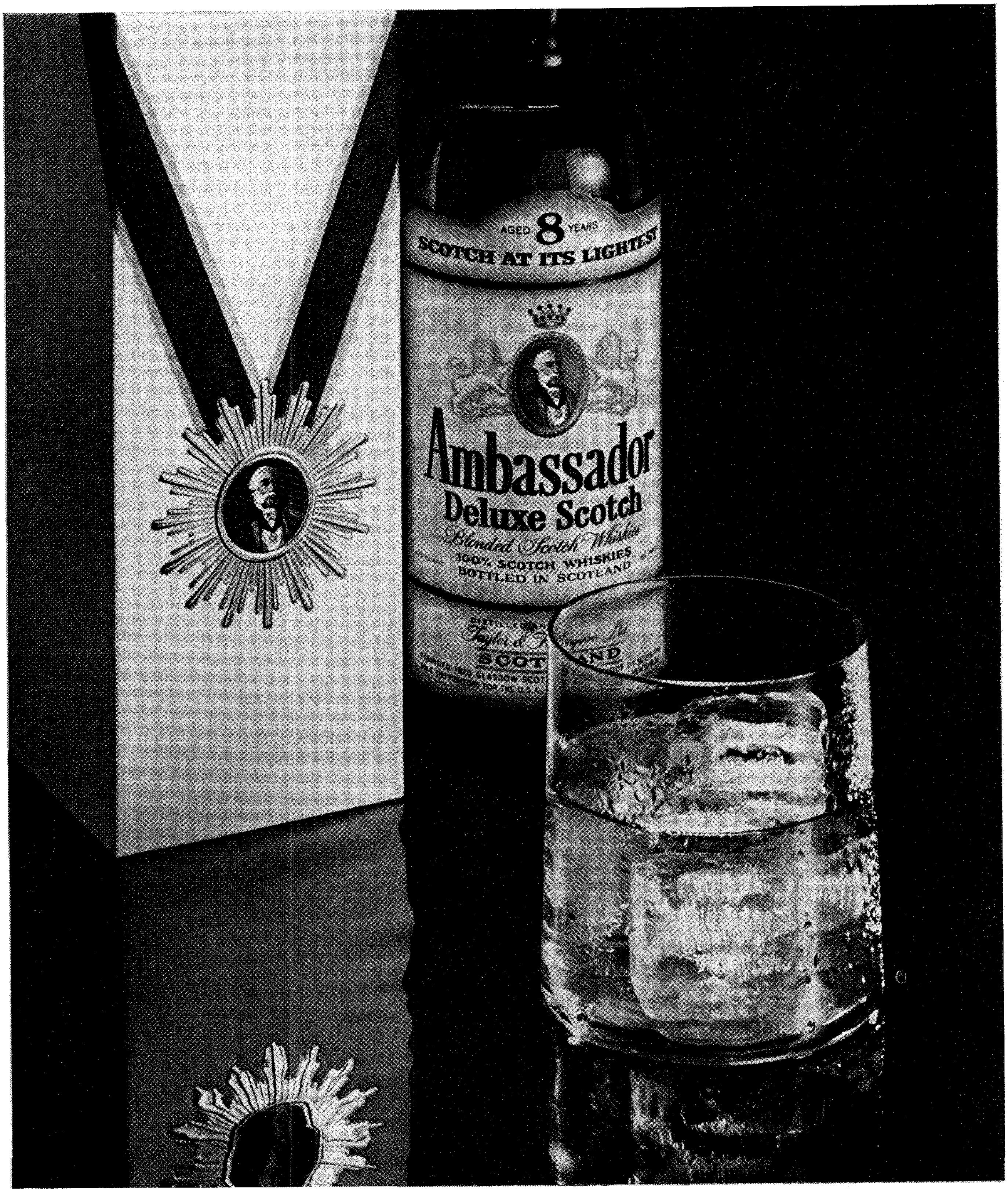
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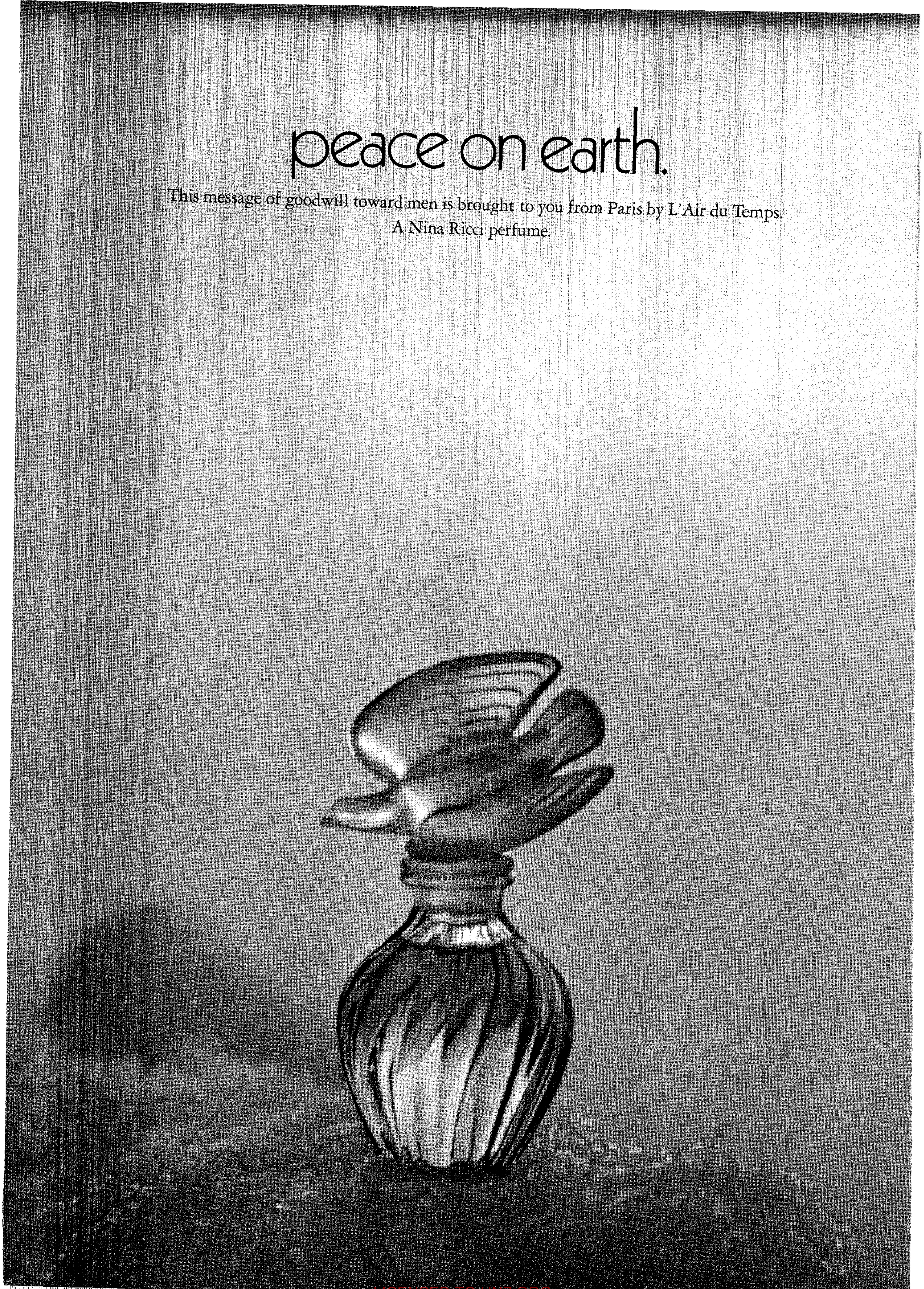

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Beatrice said, "Ugh. Don't use 'dialectic.' Use something like 'analysis.' "

"But 'analysis' is such a weak word," Hannah told her.

"Listen, why don't we forget about 'analysis' *and* 'dialectic' and say, 'We must *restructure* our historical—' " Jessica began.

"I don't like 'structure,' either," Beatrice said.

" 'Structure' happens to be a very positive word," Jessica said.

"History's not a structure anyway," Hannah told her. "It's a *con*struct."

"History is philosophy and poetry," Margaret said, looking at her wristwatch.

Barbara ignored them. "How about saying, at the end of the manifesto, 'The foregoing is a skeleton, which will be elaborated on.' "

"Say that it remains for us to elaborate on it," Jessica said. "It's better grammar."

"It should read, 'It remains for us *as women* to elaborate—' " Eve said.

"Oh, God," Hannah said.

"How about 'We will take the bull by the horns'?" Margaret said, chuckling.

"Or how about 'We, the victims of history'?" Hannah asked her.

Barbara shook her head. "Eve's right," she said. "We have to say that it remains for us *as women.* Because men sure as hell aren't about to get up and do it."

Everyone agreed with that.

"I love it," Jessica said. "And anyway it's great—writing together like this."

"I'm not into that," Hannah said. "I see my writing as my own thing."

"That will go," Jessica told her cheerfully.

"Well, as the man said when we got the vote, 'At least it's over,' " Barbara said.

*"You may go in now, Mr. Asquith, but I warn you he's wearing his tight little smile."*

• •

BARBARA was born in Washington and educated at a respectably progressive college on the West Coast. When she was very young, she says, she spent most of her time pasting together lace-and-flower costumes for her dolls and fabricating stories about beautiful princesses and fairies who lived in mushrooms. Her first hero was Montgomery Clift. (She has no heroes anymore.) Her childhood idol was Moira Shearer in the movie "The Red Shoes." She says now that she has always been a feminist.

"In my case, the feminism came from watching the contradictions in my own family," Barbara says. "My mother is strong, freewheeling, with a zest for life, but she grew as a person by growing *around* this core situation of a family where the man rules. She grew in spite of being a woman. I remember watching her cry. I got into psychology, watching it, and watching my father, threatened by her growth, trying at all times to subordinate her to his own will. It was a subtle, elaborate, almost elegant game. It made my oldest sister a tomboy. Her feeling, I suppose, was 'Why not? Why identify with a loser?'

"I, on the other hand, identified completely with my mother. I never looked down on her. I may have thought my father was controlling her, but I never despised her for submitting. Families are political. My family was considered this great, nonconformist, freethinking, enviable family, not at all like the other middle-class families we knew. Still, the *structure* of family was there, and it was stronger than my father or my mother. That's why *I* don't want to be a mother. I dislike the idea of procreating myself, given the way the family is defined now. I dislike the idea of molding anybody. And I certainly don't want the sole responsibility for a child—I'd be dragged down by it. It's hard enough to work all day and push the rest of your life into extra hours, and I don't see any kind of good collective child-care situation happening while I'm young enough to be a mother. So I'll miss out. I'd rather miss out on children than on myself. And I think now that I'll never marry, either. I don't want a marriage where you're there for the man and he's there for himself. I live with a man now—I've lived with him for two years—but I want a relationship where we both do our own thing and where there's love for each other's growth. If I can't have that with him, or without marriage, then I'll live alone and like it. I have the strength for that now that I'm in the movement. So many feminists are breaking up with men, but that kind of action has got to come from within each woman. You have to understand your suffering at your own speed, because you can't take too much truth at once or you'll go mad. But when a relationship's bad, and you're aware of it and still stay, and say it's love that's keeping you—that's where you really hate the man, because you know he's trapped you. I've *always* felt this way about relationships, but for a long time I was alone with what I thought. Then I read de Beauvoir. I was so moved that I could read only a little at a time. She was a lifesaver for me, and for I don't know how many other women. You think you're crazy, and then you read her and you can say, 'I'm not alone. It's not me at all.' "

Barbara came to New York, from college, to go to art school, but after a year she had dropped out and was looking for work as a draftsman in an architects' studio. When the personnel man in one firm rejected her application on the ground that his draftsmen, who liked to swear while they worked, would feel uncomfortable with a lady around, Barbara complained to the Civil Liberties Union. It was her first political act, she says now. At the time, though, no law protected women from job discrimination, and the Union could advise her only to hold her complaint until the civil-rights bill of 1964 went through Congress. (The Civil Rights Act of 1964, which had an equal-employment-opportunity rider, has provided a legal base for a good deal of feminist activity, such as the discrimination suit brought against *Newsweek* last March by its female employees.) "I began to get a little loony on the subject of women," Barbara says. "I had another boyfriend then—a man I met at art school—and once he said to me, 'Don't you enjoy being a woman?' I said, 'Well, I guess I don't, really.' As a woman, you just don't exist, even as an object of hatred, for most men. That's why I began identifying with the blacks, and when 'Black Is Beautiful' came along I understood immediately. After that, I went on just about every demonstration you can think of. I could really empathize with the oppressed. I went on civil-rights marches, went to Central America, went on the Women Strike for Peace march, and even teamed up for a while with an odd ultra-revolutionary bunch. But I didn't agree with them. I don't glamorize revolution, and then, too, I saw that in the left, despite all the egalitarian talk, women were exploited. I saw that unless they organized themselves they could never, never join the larger revolution without the same thing happening to them that happened to the women in Cuba and the Soviet Union. And I began longing for a real women's movement."

In the fall of 1967, the Students for a Democratic Society began to sponsor "Women's Liberation workshops," and when one of them was held at a college near the city, Barbara made up her mind to go. The women she met there got together for the purpose of throwing a male reporter off the premises, and they were all so pleased with what they called their "joint action" that they continued their meetings in New York. There were twelve young women to begin with—Hannah, who had just come to New York from Philadelphia, joined them—and they met weekly in an old Broadway office borrowed from the Southern Conference Educational Fund.

"It was a broad group, the first of its kind in the city, and it grew and grew, until about forty women were coming every week," Barbara says. "There were a few real feminists in it, like me and Hannah, and we called ourselves New York Radical Women, but most of the women turned out to be politicos who wanted a feminist cadre in the left. Actually, power and position in the left were what they wanted, and they knew that by organizing other women they could say to the male left, 'Look, women are fifty-one per cent of the vote. You men listen to us, give us power, and we'll organize them for Socialism, we'll hand them over.' So at the beginning we argued and argued. The favorite topic then was the relation of women to Socialism. It was all bad Engels, a mess of second-rate thinking. And the feminists there were always very apologetic, very defensive—women are so *used* to being apologetic. 'Of course we love Socialism,' we said, but the politicos accused us of being apolitical. They called us reactionary and reformist—all the lowest names in the left. And they called us man-haters. Men were victims, too, they said. We said, 'Sure, even policemen are victims, but if you can call a cop a pig, then we can call a man the enemy.' We coöperated with the politicos, though. We joined the Jeannette Rankin Brigade, which was an all-woman peace march to Washington. But we were dubious about how a peace march tied in with feminism, and so in Washington we planned a little guerrilla action to bury martyred motherhood and the traditional woman. The politicos tried to sabotage us. They banged on drums during our demonstration. There was a big fight, and for the first time I realized that the political women really hated us—that their view of feminism was just as derogatory as everybody else's."

BOOKS LIKE NEW
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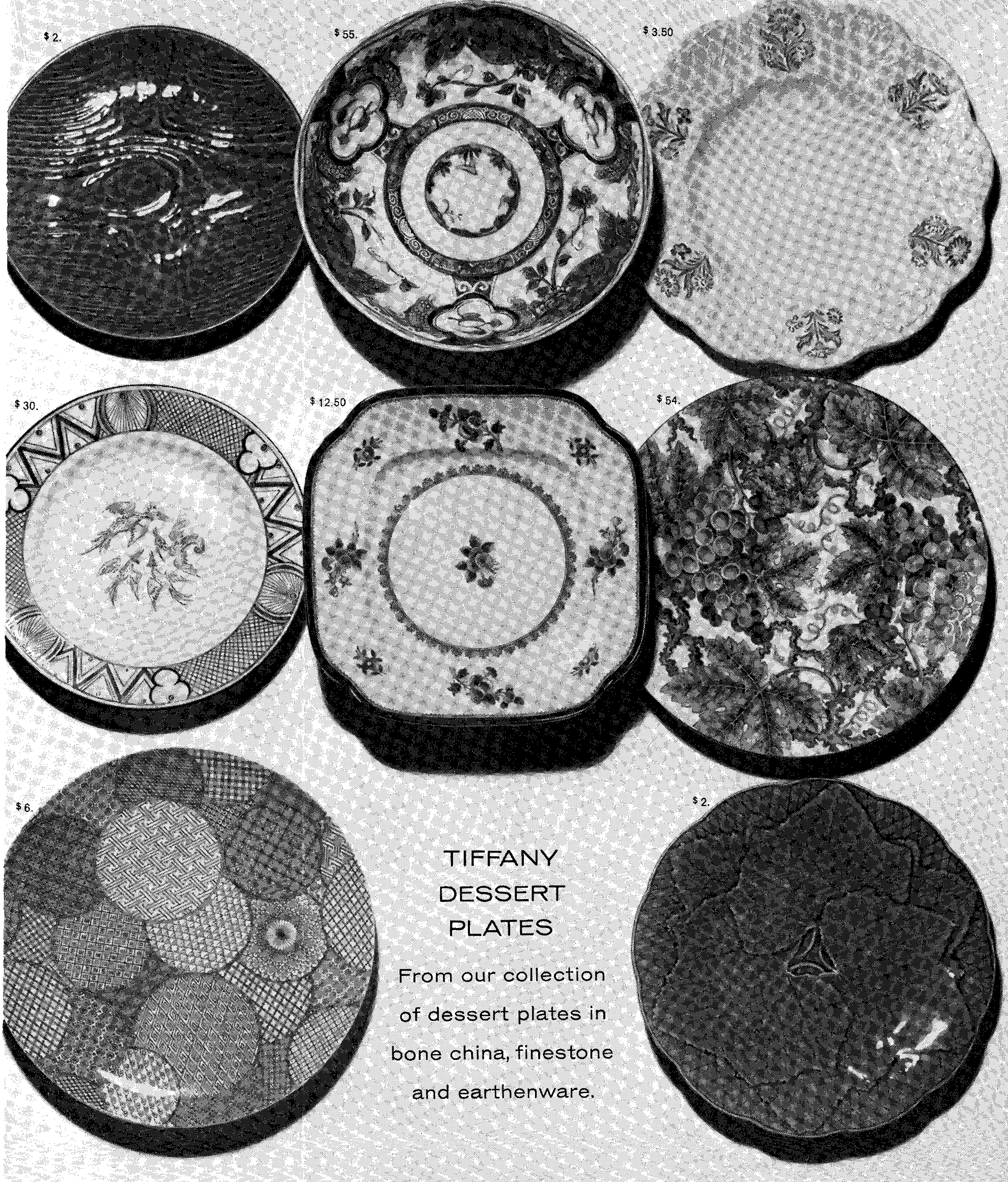
Barbara stayed with New York Radical Women until the summer of 1968, when she took a leave of absence from her job to hitchhike through Europe. (In Paris, she tried unsuccessfully to see Mlle. de Beauvoir, and did manage to leave an admiring note and a mimeographed copy of New York Radical Women's anthology "Notes from the First Year" in the writer's mailbox.) While she was away, the president of the New York chapter of NOW resigned to form a "radical opposition" to Mrs. Friedan's organization, and Barbara joined it as soon as she came home. For a while, apparently, the women in the group were as vague about their feminism as the New York Radical Women had been—they had chosen the motto "The Young, the Black, and the Beautiful," and were announcing themselves as a "coalition" of female students, black women, and radical feminists—but eventually their leader, Ti-Grace Atkinson, recruited ten more feminist members and changed the name of the group from October 17, which happened to be the date of her departure from NOW, to The Feminists: A Political Organization to Annihilate Sex Roles. By June of 1969, the Feminists had staged a demonstration for abortion reform in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral and were meeting twice a week to talk about their revolution. Barbara left town again for the summer. She came back this time to find that her friends in the new group had voted to set a quota on women who were married or who lived with men.

Barbara quit the Feminists. Some writer friends had already invited her into another women's group—this one was going to recruit the local female intelligensia as a think tank for the rest of the movement—and Barbara met with them for a while before giving up their group as "not grass-roots enough." Then, in October, 1969, Hannah, who had left New York Radical Women for the group called Redstockings, dropped in on Barbara with two of the Redstocking women. The women were Nina and Margaret. The four got along well, and a week later they met again and brought friends. Margaret brought Jessica, who had been a college classmate, and Beatrice, who had wandered into a Redstocking indoctrination session one Sunday after-



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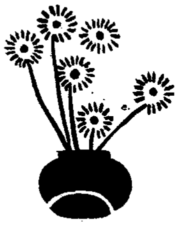
noon; Hannah brought Eve, whom she had known when they were both in Philadelphia at school.

The next time they got together, fifteen more women showed up at Barbara's apartment. Barbara says now that this was very depressing. "I felt, 'Oh no, not again.' I didn't want to be amorphous anymore. I didn't want to waste more time arguing with politicos and trying to figure out where everybody was at. I was frustrated and said so, and so one night Margaret, Nina, Hannah, Eve, and I met alone and talked, and, like, suddenly we realized that we had the right to our own kind of group. That was the beginning of the founding cadre."

Last spring, Barbara decided to get to work on what she likes to refer to as a feminist sex book. She left her job to write it and, she says, to make some plans for the women's revolution. She already has a long list of her priorities, which she keeps in a big filing cabinet by her bed, together with a couple of years' worth of feminist papers and clippings. For a start, she wants a guaranteed annual income for all women. She wants to see the government pay women "educational reparations." She wants free and legal abortion and free contraceptive clinics throughout the country. She wants "the blame for female oppression fixed publicly on the male power structure." She wants a special policewomen's force in every city to deal with sex crimes "from a feminist perspective." She wants the state to pay a salary to every woman who stays home to keep house for her family. She wants the state to support free child-care centers, staffed by women *and* men, for every woman who does not. She wants all the other expenses of raising children to be tax-deductible for working mothers. And she wants all the textbooks rewritten, and the history of women taught in grammar schools.



"The main thing, though, is for feminists to get to psychological analysis," Barbara says. "Until now, politics has always focussed on the manifestations of power rather than on the psychology of power. Take rape, which I've been thinking about ever since a friend of mine was raped and the police did nothing about it. Sure, if Jacqueline Onassis was raped the police would act, but it wouldn't have anything to do with her being a woman. It would have to do with *whose* woman she was. Well, in one sense rape is a political action. So is the fact that the police so often refuse to take it seriously. Personally, I think there are going to be more rapes, physically *and* psychologically. I think men are going to really freak out over feminism. They don't see this as *their* liberation, too. They see it as their death. That's why I'm a separatist. I think it's dangerous for us to deal politically with men now, because there's going to be a real male backlash—they're going to be so threatened that I hate to think about it—and so the less they know about what we're up to, the better it is. For now, we need time to ourselves. We need solitude and peace and clarity—to get strong and together for when the real confrontation comes."

THE cadre met next at Beatrice's apartment in a brownstone in the West Village—a gay, tidy place, with a cat dozing on the kitchen table, plants on the windowsills, and Guatemalan weavings on the walls. Tacked to a bookshelf just above a desk where Beatrice studied was a framed picture of Virginia Woolf.

Beatrice was at her desk writing a letter when Hannah, Barbara, Eve, Nina, and Jessica walked in together, settled down on a big mattress on the living-room floor, and started talking cadre business. Beatrice had just represented the cadre at a regional meeting of the Congress to Unite Women, which was an informal coalition of women's groups, and Hannah wanted to know what her impressions had been.

Beatrice put down her pen. "Well, they seem to want to communicate with women outside the movement, to bring in all kinds of groups—unions, the Y.W.C.A., Hadassah . . ."

Barbara looked suspicious. "What about the politicos?" she said.

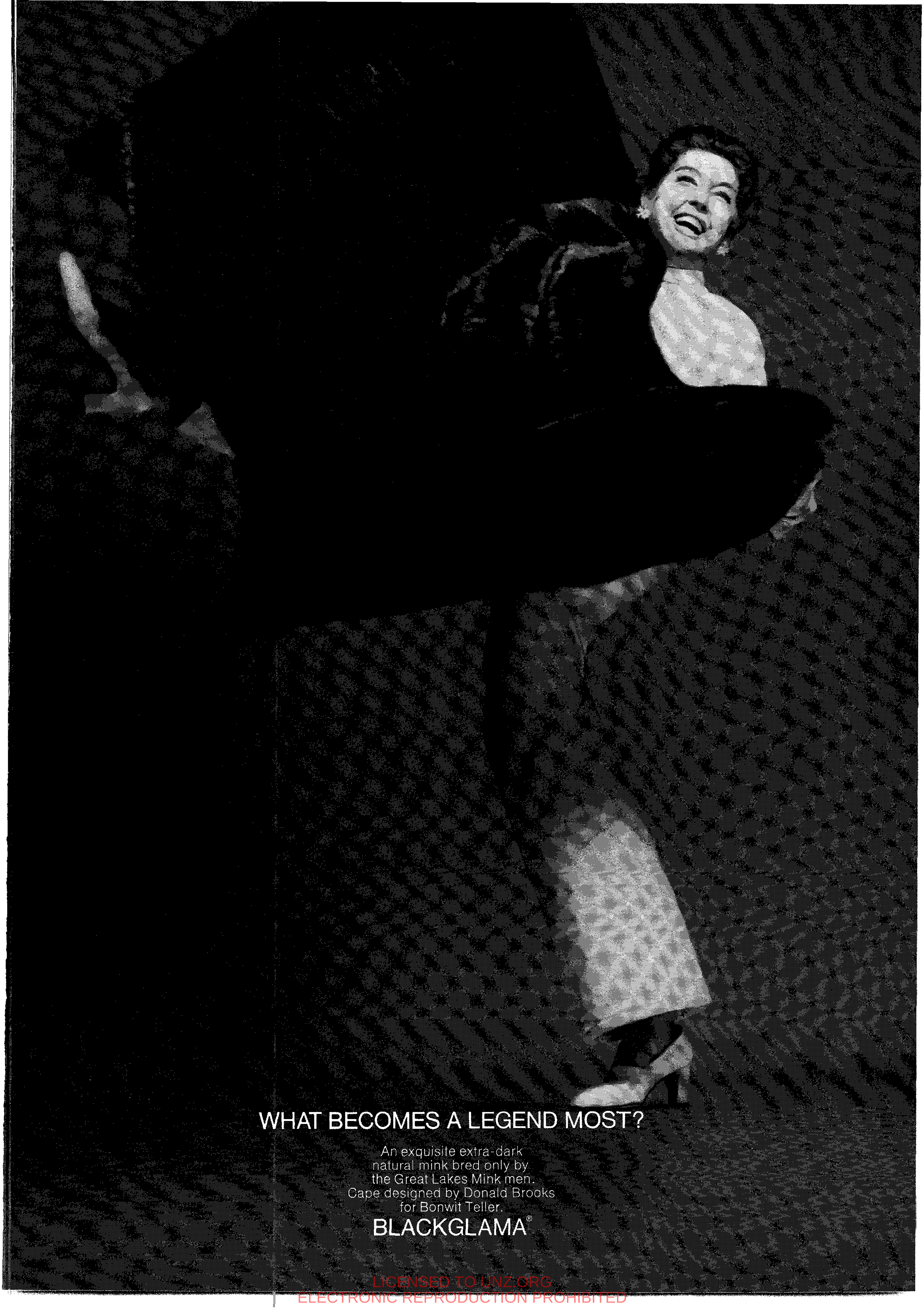
"NOW was there," Beatrice told her. "But you can't really call *them* politicos, and, besides, they seemed very disciplined, very organized. Media Women sent some people, too. They volunteered their monthly to the coalition, but it turned out that they wanted to run it by themselves, and so—"

"Speaking of Media Women, some woman from *McCall's* called me," Hannah interrupted. "She wants to do an article on new life styles."

Barbara remarked that *Mademoiselle* had just called Margaret.

"That's the American economy," Jessica said. "It can consume anything."

Beatrice said that *Mademoiselle* had called some other women, too. "One of them teaches at Harvard. And the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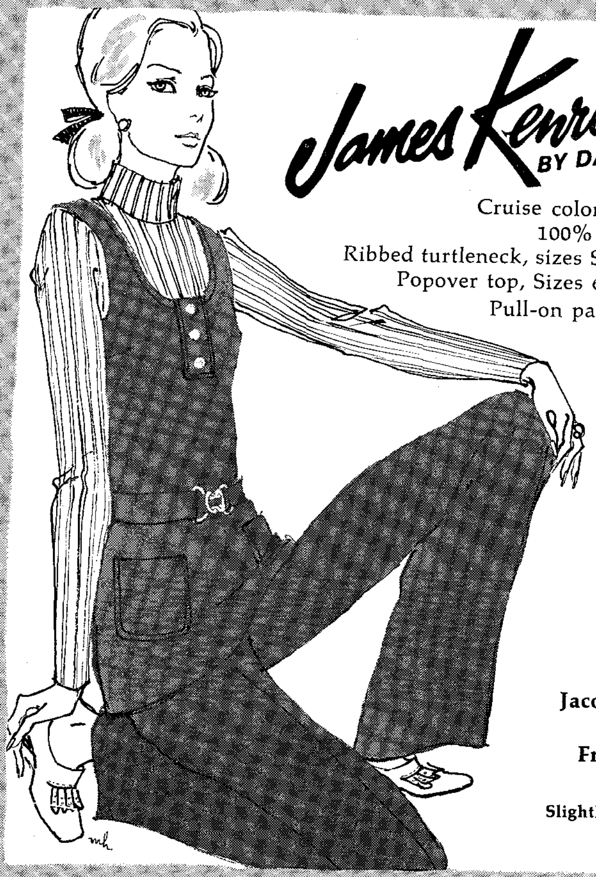

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"The *McCall's* thing—I don't like it," Hannah told the women.

"Look, Hannah, we have more important things to discuss than *McCall's*," Barbara cut in. Last week, three of the women had compiled a tentative list of consciousness-raising topics for the new cadres, and Barbara said she wanted to distribute it as soon as possible. The list, which she pulled out of her bag and passed around the room, began with "How do you feel about men?" and went on to "Discuss the way men have pressured you into having sexual relationships with them and confessing orgasm."

"That sex part is really terrible," Hannah said, repeating the sentence. "It's not where most people are at."

"It does sort of set up the response," Beatrice said. She said she thought that "Have you ever felt that men have pressured you into having sexual relationships?" was a nicer way of putting things.

"And then we can say, 'Do you ever lie about orgasm?' " Hannah suggested.

The women agreed, but Beatrice said that she was still bothered. "This 'How do you feel about men?' thing," she said. "Here we are, liberating women, and our first question is about men."

"We have to rephrase it," Barbara said. " 'How do you feel about men?' only provokes an apology for old relationships."

"I say start with men, get to the nitty-gritty," Hannah said.

"Why not start with 'Why are you here?' " Beatrice said. "That does seem more appropriate."

In the end, the women agreed.

Then Jessica, who had to catch a train to the suburban town where she and her boyfriend shared an apartment that was equidistant from their two jobs, asked if they could talk about the new cadres before she left.

"That writer from the big meeting called," Hannah told her. "I asked her what cadre she was in, and she said, 'Yours, of course.' "

"Well, are we really closed, or do we want her?" Barbara said, laughing.

The women shook their heads and gave the woman to a cadre in Greenwich Village.

Then Barbara asked about a woman who was forty-five but had been complaining that she was "too young in spirit" for the over-forty cadre.

The women shook their heads again.

"I met a woman at a party last week who might be good," Eve said. "Her

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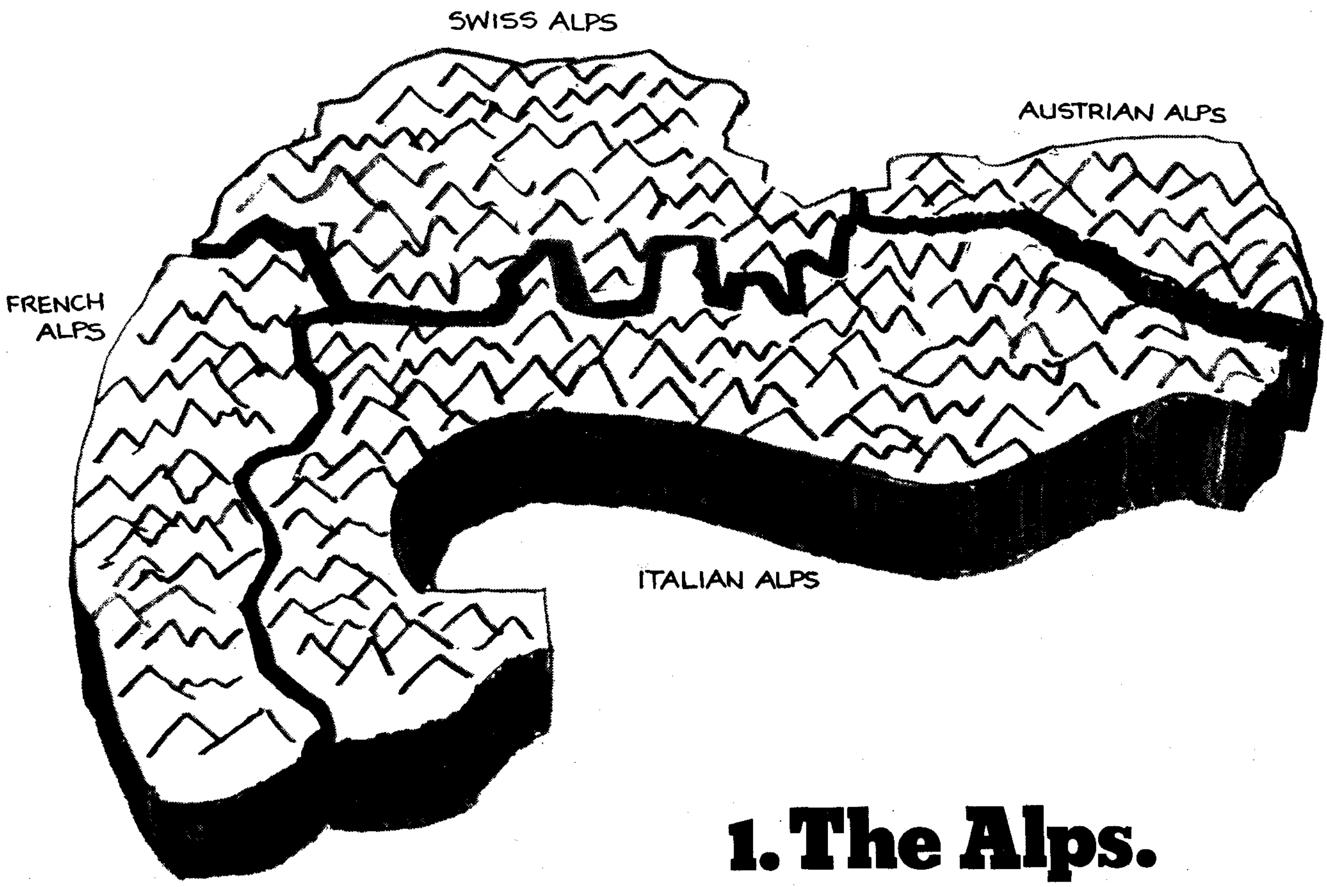

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husband wouldn't sleep with her. He made her go to a psychiatrist. So she went, in jeans, and the psychiatrist looked at her and said, 'My God, no wonder your husband won't come near you.' "

"Come on, let's get to the new cadres," Jessica said. "There's a problem with the one on the East Side. They had their first meeting, and, from what I understand, they avoided consciousness-raising. Eve's cousin was there, and she brought it up, but everybody else got very nervous."

"What about the *West* Side?" Beatrice asked Barbara, who had gone to the first meeting of that cadre with Nina.

"They have a good older woman," Barbara said. "A really nervous secretary. A great student. And a few professional types who were very uptight—who thought that everything about their own lives was rosy. *I* was depressed, but I think it'll all work out."

Nina wanted to know about the women in the West Village, and Barbara told her that *their* first meeting had gone quite well.

Then Jessica asked about the over-forty cadre.

"Well, I talked to one of the women in it, and she thought it was terrific," Eve said. "But then I talked to a friend who had gone, and *she* said the meeting was engineered by some politico who wanted to talk about capitalism."

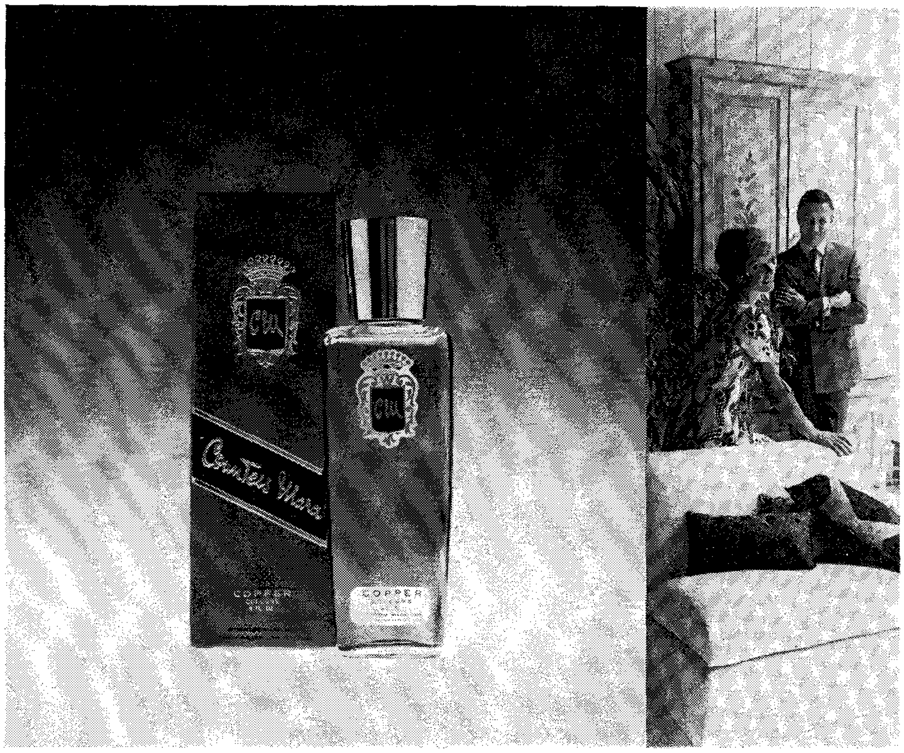
"Let the politicos take over," Hannah said. "We'll just start another over-forty cadre."

"I say we have to get together—all the cadres—to talk these problems over," Barbara told her. She said that they should have a group party as soon as possible, and offered to find a feminist with an apartment big enough to hold everyone. Then she asked about the cadre in Brooklyn Heights.

Eve, who had been there, said that at first the meeting was a little shaky. "Everybody was in her own bag. Like, one girl said that she had already been in the movement for a year, that she had been through consciousness-raising and all that, and that she thought they should split into two cadres—one for experienced women and the other for beginners. But there were some strong feminists there, and they handled her very well. They told her that *they'd* been feminists all their lives."

"We're not rejecting the idea of group development in layers, are we?" Jessica asked the women.

"No, but there are always women—professional types—who come in and



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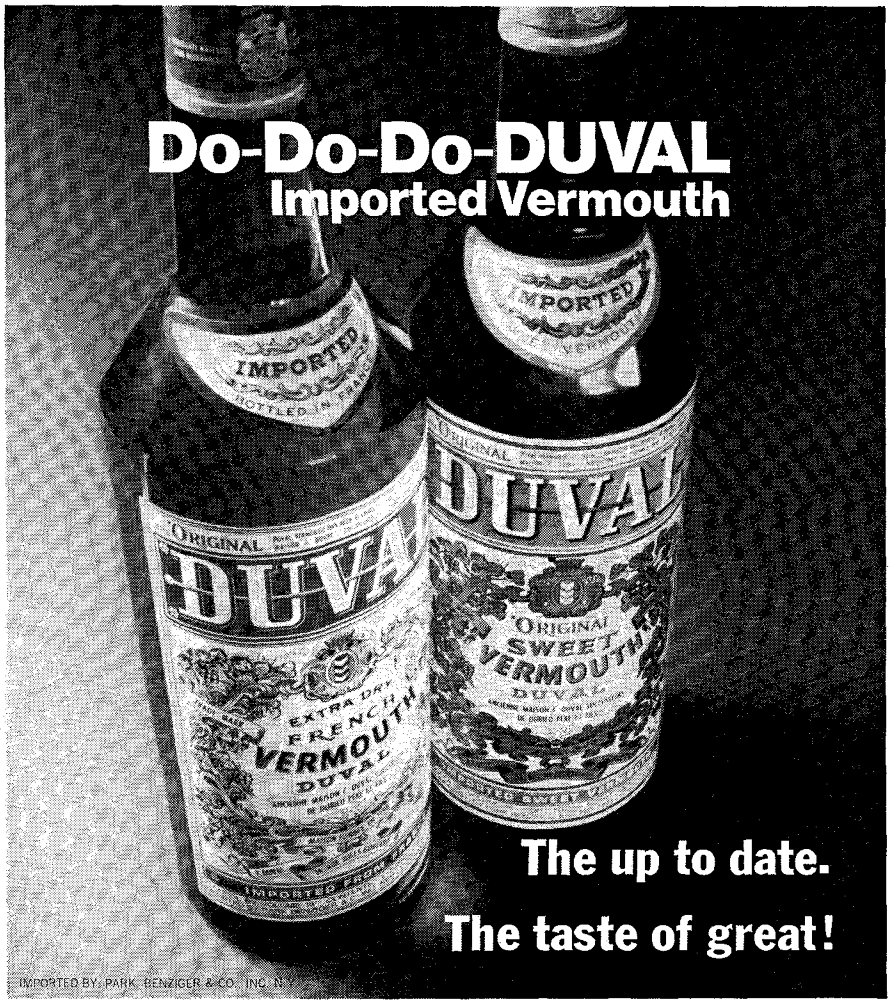

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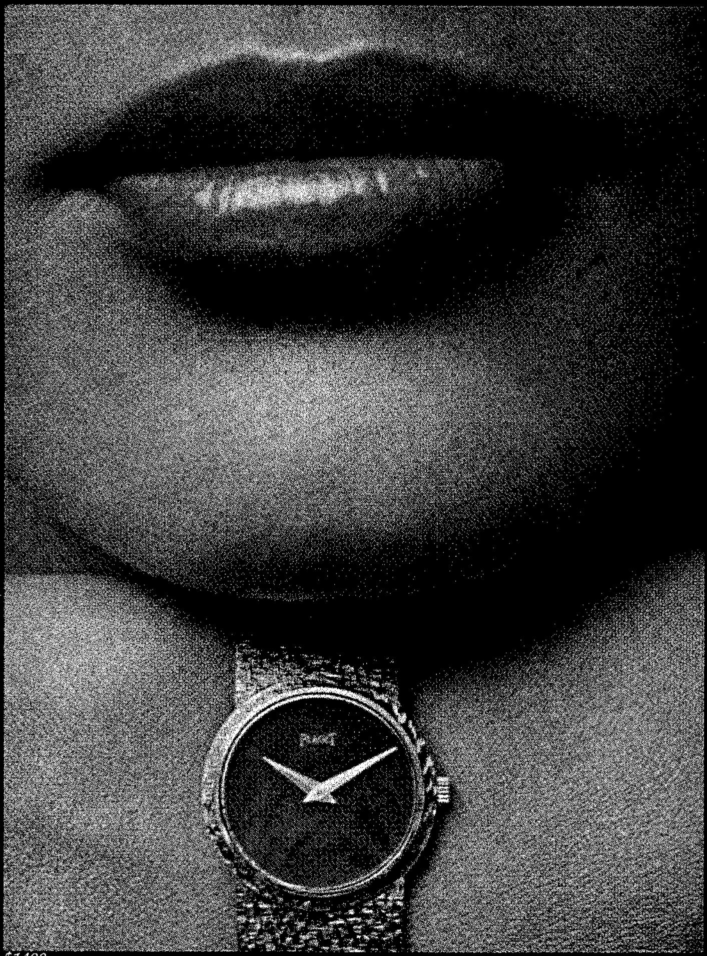

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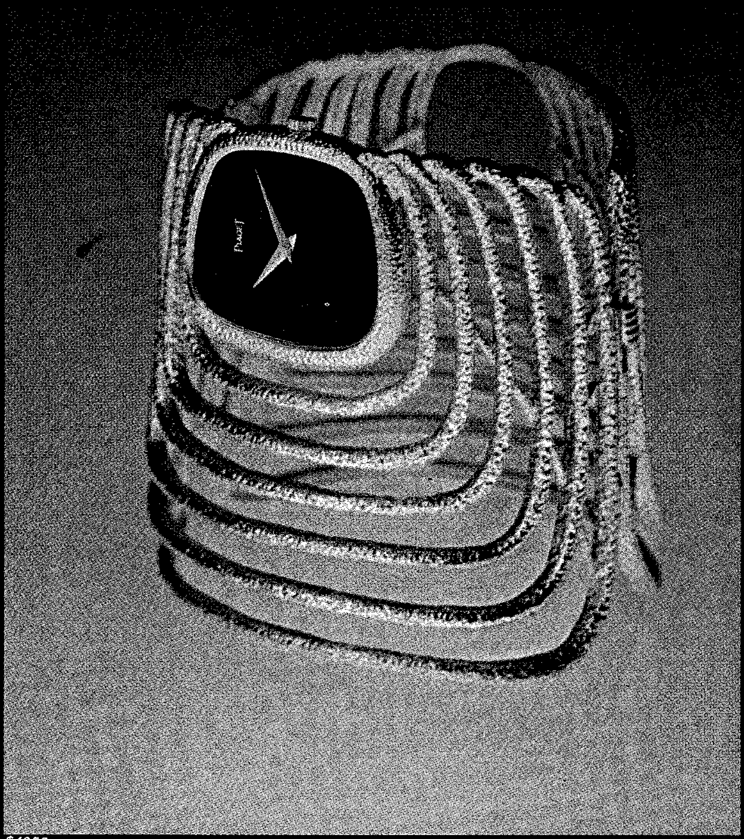

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say they've had more experience than they've really had," Hannah told her.

"It's a way of using their professionalism for power in the group," Beatrice added.

Jessica stood up, stretched, extracted a pair of boots from a pile of coats and boots and handbags near the door, and announced that she was off to catch her train.

When she had gone, Hannah remarked that the new cadres sounded hopeless.

"Look, they're new women, coming together for the first time," Eve said. "Maybe the older ones feel put down by the presence of so many bright young things." She thought for a minute and then suggested that one or two women from the founding cadre go as advisers to the first few meetings of a new group.

Nina agreed with her, and volunteered to work with the women in the over-forty cadre. "We're not being sympathetic enough to them," she said. "They shouldn't have to feel that they've wasted forty years of their lives."

"I'll go, too," Barbara said. "Just don't send me back to the West Side."

"Go," Hannah said. "They're not for me, those old women."

"Then *you* go to the East Side next week," Barbara told her. "They need you. You'd bring enthusiasm."

Hannah shrugged. "O.K., but I want my cab fare," she said. "Now, tell me, why am I supposed to be there?"

"Don't be so defensive," Nina said. "Think of yourself as a service. Say, 'I'm only here for a few weeks to distribute information.' "

"That way, you avoid a whole hassle over leadership," Eve said. "They're all supersensitive about us anyway. At the Brooklyn Heights meeting, someone said that all the founding-cadre women were élitist and hung up on leadership."

Hannah made a face, but she promised to go next month, when she had finished writing. Then she pulled a letter out of the back pocket of her trousers. It was from an editor at *Harper's*. "What does he mean, my article's 'inappropriate'?" she asked the women.

"He means it has substance, so he won't use it," Beatrice, who was looking at the letter, said. "You should feel complimented."

Nina got up. "Listen, I miss the juicy parts of a meeting. All we talk about these days is business, business, business. And if it's not business it's Hannah's career."

Beatrice said, "Hear, hear," but

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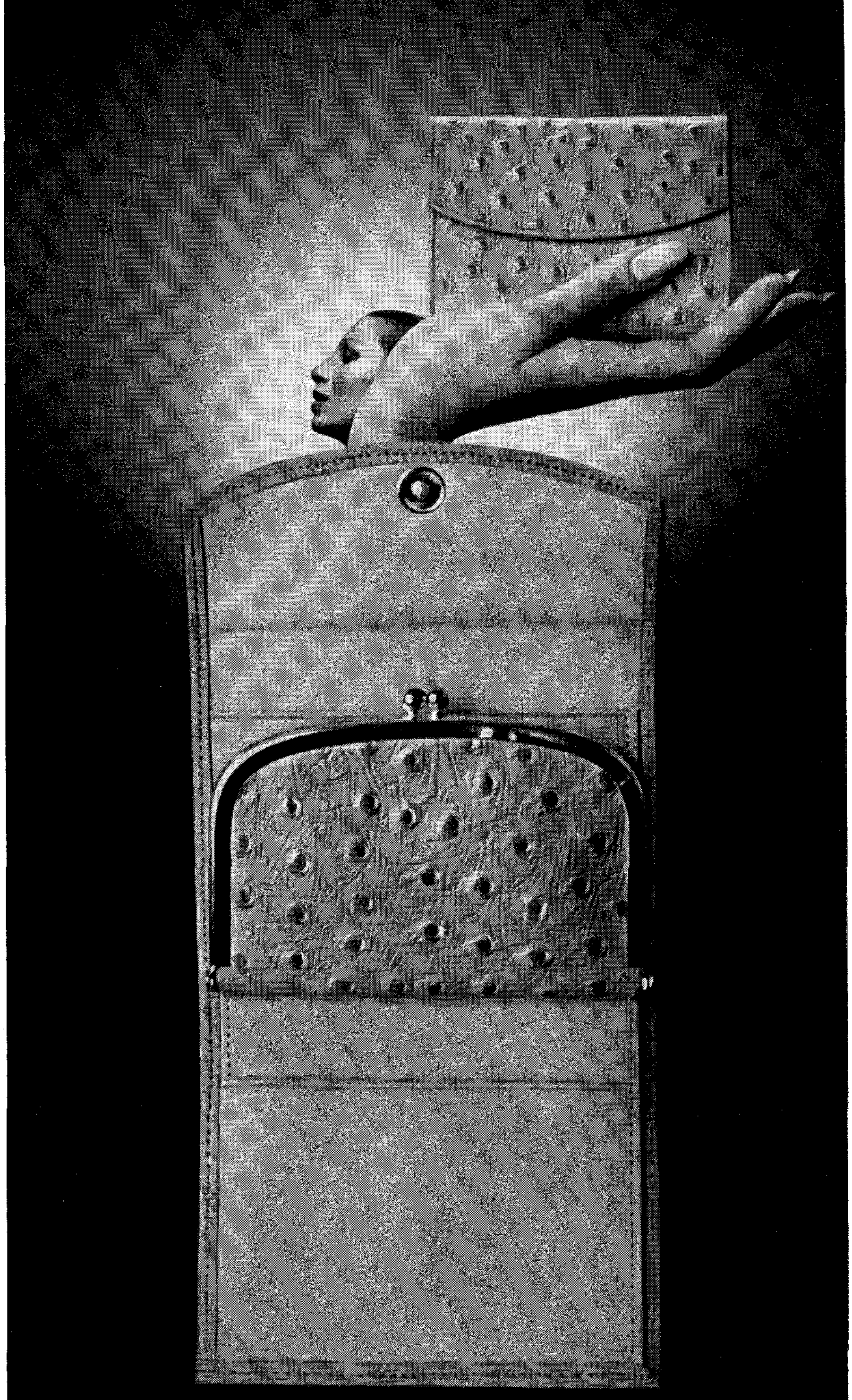

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Hannah looked up calmly and said, "Where's Margaret?"

"That's just the point," Nina said. "That's one of the things we have to talk about. Maybe she feels we're not behind her in her writing. Maybe she feels resented—"

"Oh, God!" Barbara groaned. "She doesn't feel resented. She has a deadline, that's all. She has a right to her own work."

"This is a *boring* evening," Hannah said.

WHEN Jessica was in college, the students in a poetry seminar she was taking had to compare notes on an unidentified poem. "It was an awful poem," she says. "All about a man coming back from a war. And after we made our notes the class got together and the spokesman for the class gave this long, dreary analysis and told the professor that we agreed completely on his interpretation. 'There's only one dissenting opinion,' he said. 'That's Jessica. *She* says that the man in the poem could just as easily have been a woman.' "

Jessica was born in New York. Her father was on Wall Street. Her mother worked for a magazine, but she had given up her job as soon as she and her husband decided to have a child. The family moved out of the city to a big house on Long Island when Jessica was seven and her youngest brother was a baby, and Jessica lived there—not far from the town where she and her boyfriend live now—until she left for college. "I went to one of those posh suburban public high schools," she says. "I got a fantastic education, but, my God, what an awful place it was! It taught me to be motivated by all the wrong things—it made me miserable about myself. I was fat then, really covered with baby fat, and I was miserable, because if you were a girl and you weren't pretty, or no one thought you were pretty, then you weren't a person. Beauty was something you couldn't *survive* without. I see now that it had a lot to do with the fact that women traditionally are so afraid of process. You're taught that you have to *be* something in your essence, something complete, as if you were an object up for immediate evaluation, as if there were no possibility of change or of becoming. And because you can never believe in what you will be—because you're such a precarious, static being—you don't ever really believe in what you *are*. So you dream about magical transformations. With women I know now, it's writing the perfect book that will transform them. And in high school it was buying the perfect lipstick or the perfect dress. Girls I knew then—they were like Ulysses. When they went out to buy a dress, they were on a quest.

"I got arty and intellectual in high school, and that saved me. I had a counter-reality, left over from a summer I spent at a music camp, and I'd look at the girls at school who were hungering after their own particular kind of triumph and I'd say, 'Not me. Never me. I know that there are other worlds.' I started going in to the city. I'd go three times a week, faithfully. I sang in a chorus here. I studied dancing. I even had a subscription to poetry readings at the Y.M.H.A. It wasn't that I was rebelling. My home was a big, happy Jewish home. I liked my parents, and they never fought, so I never had to define myself *against* anybody. It's just, I guess, that a kind of feminism was strong in me. It was as if I had got a sense of waste with my mother's milk, a sense of despair that women never seem to move as if they were in their own element. My friends at school all made a mystique of action—they saw it as something qualitatively different from what *they* were capable of—and I wasn't really so much healthier. So often, at college, I felt completely vacuous. I wanted to function, and I'd find I wasn't functioning, and then I'd complain about my own lethargy. My boyfriend was wonderful about all this. He dealt with me kindly, and patiently, but one summer when we were staying at school to study I realized that if I wanted him I'd have to stop demanding that he deal with me as a neurotic woman. I decided to control my complaining by putting paper clips in my mouth to shut myself up. For two weeks, I had a mouth full of paper clips. It was an act of sheer will, and the relationship got better immediately, but in other ways I was still immobilized. I remember, my last year, one of my professors' telling my father, 'Jessica's a lovely girl, but she's so bemused.' It was perfectly true. I had never given my future a moment's thought. My teachers were saying, 'Go to Harvard or Yale and get your Ph.D.'—I had written an honors thesis on Proust and was graduating Phi Beta Kappa—but by the end of that year I hadn't even written one application to graduate school. I'd say to my boyfriend, 'You know, I've copped out. I can't find the slightest shred of motivation in myself.' This

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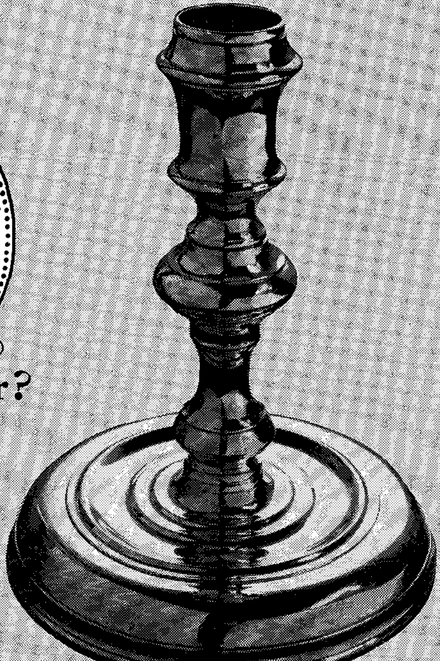

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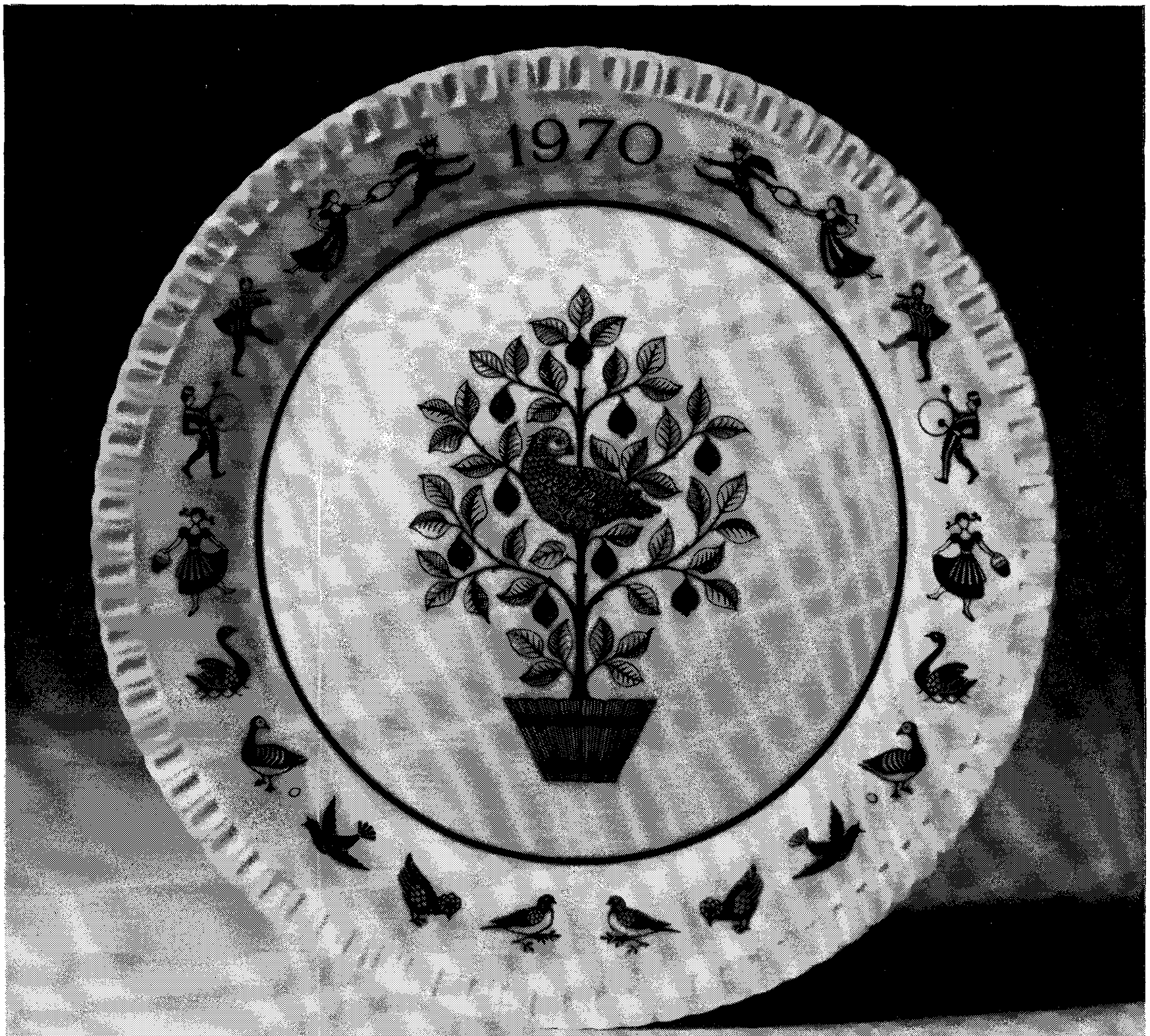
feeling I had, the feeling that I'd worked for other people, not for myself—this is at the heart of feminism."

Jessica's boyfriend finally wrote her applications for her, and that fall Jessica left for the University of Edinburgh. She spent three years there. She took a little flat with another American girl (who is now a feminist in Chicago), put in time with a student peace group, and wandered around the Continent with her boyfriend, who came to see her on vacations. She never finished her dissertation. (Jessica had wanted to write about one of the modern British woman novelists, but her tutor was scandalized, she says, and persuaded her to write about Ezra Pound. "It was a very *unserious* large decision. I made it the way most women make decisions, because I felt I owed it to the people around me.") She came home instead, moved to a small college town where her boyfriend was teaching for the year, and began to teach in a community adult-education program that the college was sponsoring. The experience, she says, "turned me on to the idea of being an educator." Within a few months, she was scheduling interviews for a full-time college teaching job.

"There are so many things about myself I want to look at now," Jessica says. "One of them—Nina brought this up at a meeting—is my own tolerance for change. Because this is one of the real problems in making a revolution—knowing how revolutionary you can be. I don't want to sacrifice myself for the revolution—I'm not capable of that. I don't want the next generation to be the children of sacrificed people. Am I an inadequate revolutionary, then, because I can't break with history completely, and because I want a revolution that takes into account the social realities with which people have to deal? There's always a big gap between truth and doctrine, and to accomplish anything you have to recognize this. That's the trouble with the people in the New Left—their idealism made them dogmatic, and their dogmatism made it impossible for them to look at some of the more uncomfortable social truths. Why does Socialism always lead to bureaucracy, for example? Or why does the necessary sexual tension between men and women seem to be the natural enemy of equality? The sad thing is that somewhere in the ideology of the left the individual was sacrificed, and the male left just never stopped to examine what exactly the price of individuality was. I want always to gauge the price. I want to examine the whole issue of



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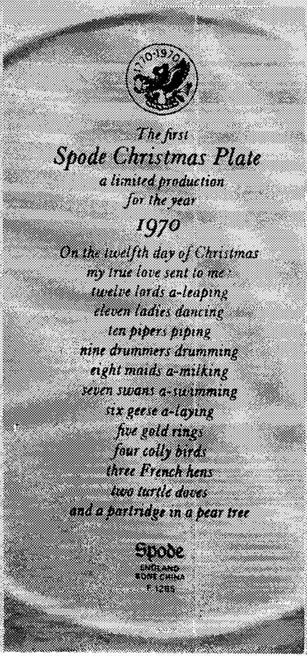
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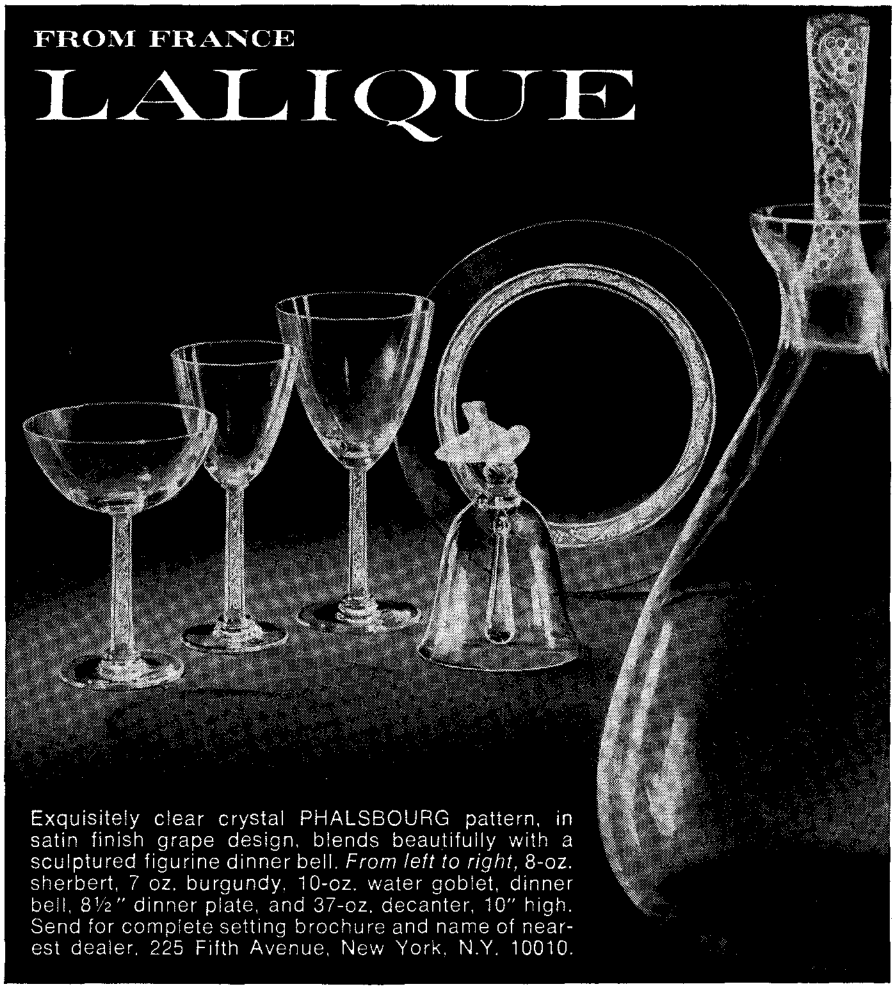
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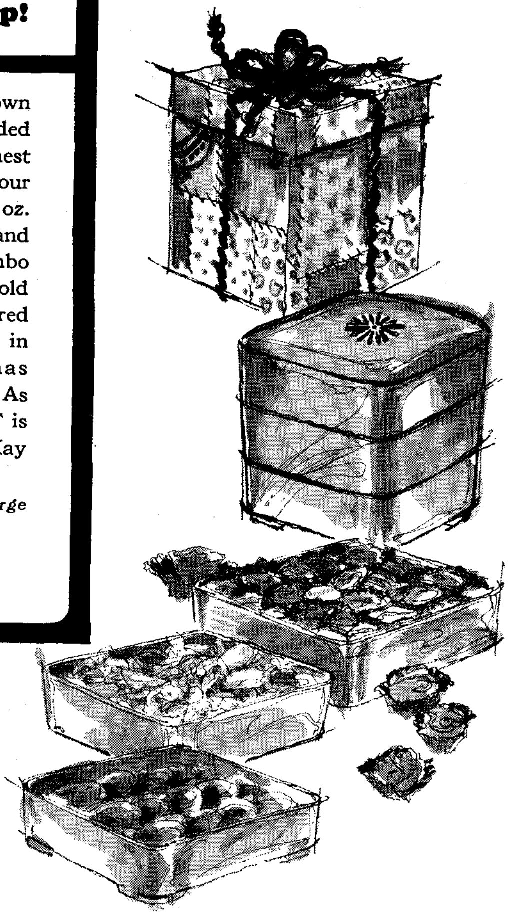
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compromise for women in these terms, because we live in a society that makes demands, and we compromise in one way or another with every breath. That doesn't mean I can see feminism only as a nice little middle-class reformist movement. There *is* a relation between feminism and good old Marxist class analysis, and understanding that—understanding the whole class aspect of sex—could put us on the verge of a real cultural revolution.

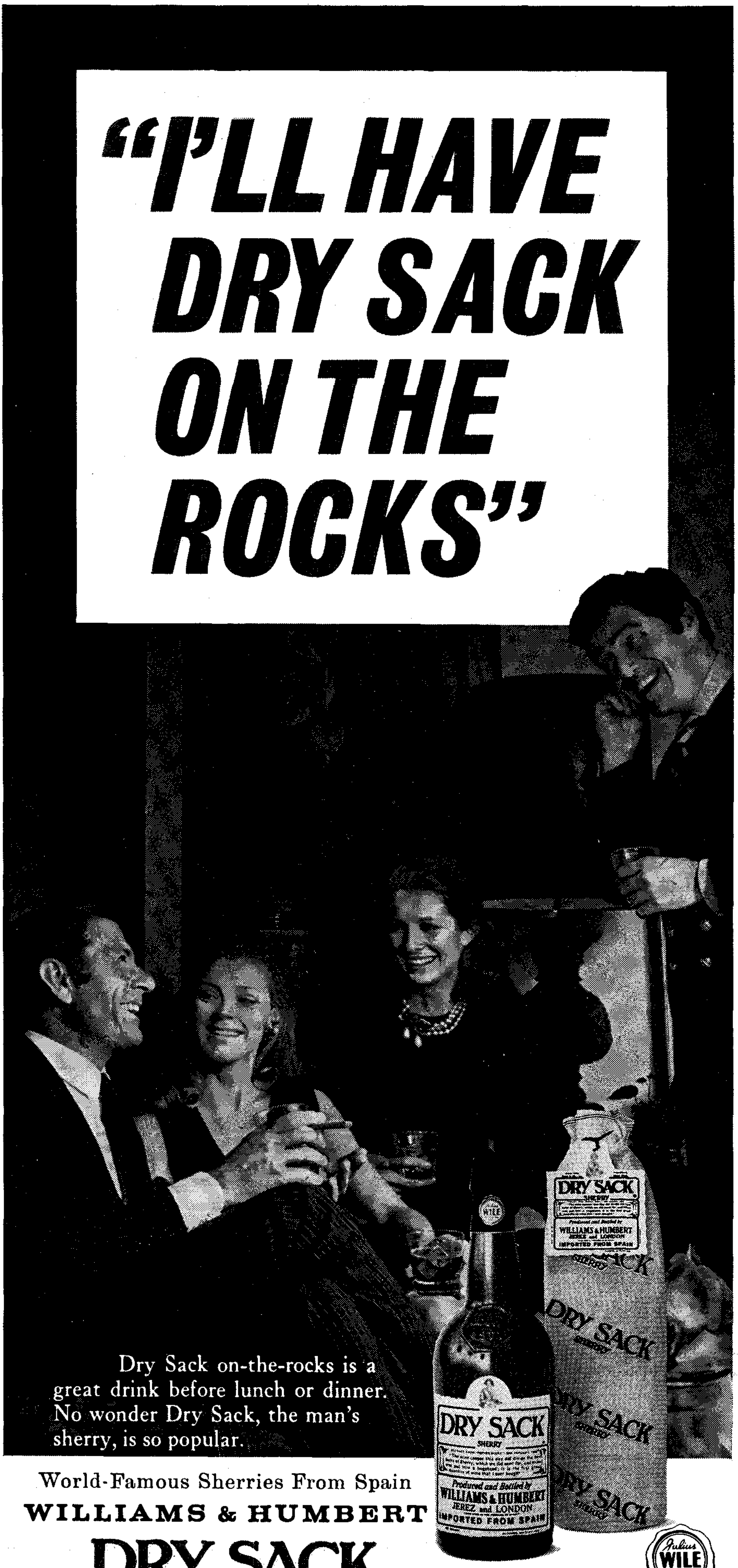
"But I remember how Eve once said we should be talking less about the movement and more about how real the movement is to us in our own lives. She's right. To what extent *are* our private lives a vacation from being political? Well, my private life certainly is. I have no illusions that in living with a man I'm living the emancipated life. Loneliness is a human given, and commitment and the public aspects of a relationship are probably things we'll always want. For feminism, the question of relationships is really this: How are we crippling men and women so that they end up needing each other in dependent, defined, symbiotic ways? Are we being weak, rather than human, in loving the way we do now?

"Marriage, of course, is something else. Marriage is a political gesture, and politically I'm against it. I'm against the whole property aspect of marriage. So I don't know yet whether I'm going to choose to marry or not. Actually, I try not to think about it now. I certainly don't want to see marriage eliminated as one of the options women have, though I know that a lot of feminists do. The notion that you won't need to make choices in the right kind of society is idealistic nonsense, and it pains me. There have to be *more* choices open to women. For instance, there's the whole question of family. Certainly—emotionally as well as intellectually—I can say yes, I want to change the family as it exists today. But that doesn't mean I think that feminism, by definition, has to preclude childbearing and child-rearing. I simply think that adults have to relate to children in new—maybe radically new—ways. The thing to remember is that social changes can evolve from whatever's good in the present system, and that no new structure is going to be utopian.

"And what about women who *want* to be mothers? For them, the job should be upgraded, not destroyed. A lot of feminists say that they're going to wait and see about having children, but there are large biological questions involved in waiting to have a child until you're, say, forty. *I* want a child, I want the experience of having a child. But I'm also afraid of the things that having a child symbolizes. I still see pregnancy as a comedown, as a loss of status and a loss of individuality. There are women I know who think that they can get out of the whole identity-crisis bag by having a child. Well, I see that as a failed myth, and—I can't help it—I still have contempt for women who think that way. Most feminists, if they're honest, will admit that they have this contempt, and that it's one of their big problems. I know that I've always had this prejudice against women—I'm frightened by women who have no cool, who are hysterical, who have no sense of play. Now, though, I can see them as victims. I can see that generations of sacrifice have gone into making every one of them. So I have more sympathy for women now—certainly more sympathy than I have for men. I can't help the man who's not alive, but maybe I can help the woman.

"I have one friend, a very cute, volatile girl, who represents maybe the most advanced form of female pathology I know. She has swallowed the whole myth of 'woman.' It's as if she were committed to being successful as a Kewpie doll. Well, talking to her used to be something out of Ionesco, but lately I find I *understand* her, I feel for what she must be going through. And there's another woman I know, someone who just got married on the rebound. I saw her a few days after the wedding, and she kept referring to her husband as 'this clumsy, uncomfortable life jacket who keeps me afloat.' Well, instead of my old contempt, my response to her was a deep, really sincere sympathy. Do you know how I felt? I felt like a mother who knows that her child has to go through something terrible and will learn the truth only through the experience."

NINA's apartment, where the cadre had its next meeting, was in a tenement near the tip of Manhattan, a few blocks from the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. The neighborhood was poor and largely Puerto Rican, but the tenement itself had been taken over by a group of young people from the radical social workers' association, around the corner, where Nina was working as a secretary. Nina, who had moved in a month ago with a younger sister, had just finished painting the apartment and scraping down the old pine floor planks, and she had put up curtains at the windows



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and tacked her favorite poster—it said "Woman Power"—to her front door.

There was no heat in the apartment, because the landlord had turned off the furnace after Nina and her neighbors threatened a rent strike to protest the fact that they had no hot water. Nina was wrapped in a blanket, warming her hands on a cup of coffee, when Barbara and Beatrice arrived that night.

"Officially, Hannah's out of town now," Barbara told her. "Like, she's not answering her phone or leaving her apartment. She says she definitely won't be able to come to any more meetings till she finishes her book."

Nina shrugged. "So now it's Hannah, too," she said.

"And Eve's at home sick," Barbara went on.

"And Jessica wants to try the East Side cadre for a while," Beatrice said. "She wants to try starting from scratch with a less experienced group. She says that she wants to know more about where she's at as a feminist before being with a group like ours."

"She'll be back," Barbara said. "Like, she really digs *our* cadre."

"Well, I can understand Jessica," Nina told her. "It's good that she wants time to think things through. I know a shrink who said that the only women he knew who could cope easily with themselves were the courtesans."

Just then, the doorbell rang, and a young woman in hiking boots, a Mexican wedding shirt, and love beads walked in. Her name was Alex. She belonged to a women's group in Buffalo, and she said that she had come to the cadre's meeting to see how New York was making out. Alex sat down on the floor, put on a sweater that Nina tossed her, and rolled some cigarettes while the women took care of the past week's business. They were talking about whom to send to the East Side cadre now that Hannah was incommunicado, and Nina was saying that she couldn't cope with the women there. "I'm no good at it. When they say, 'Well, man may be the enemy, but *my* boyfriend's an exception,' what can *I* say?"

Barbara looked up from some notes she was making for a feminist bibliography. "What are your feelings?" she asked Nina. "Something's bothering you."

Nina shook her head.

"Go ahead. I'm strong," Barbara said.

"Well, I'm bothered about Hannah," Nina said finally. "She's into this whole male 'artist' thing. She told me that the purity of her art would suffer if she got close to other women—you know, shared her ideas and asked for theirs, and those things."

"I know she feels that way," Beatrice said. "I told her, 'Come to the meeting, bring it up,' but she said no, that she'd be attacked for it. She's suffering a lot of guilt about being ambitious. She says she doesn't think she can change until the whole social structure determining women changes. She said to me, 'How can men change if *I* have so much trouble?' "

"You're all projecting," Barbara said. "I have very good feelings about the way the group gets along."

"What about that argument you and Hannah had?" Nina asked her. "The one about the origins of sex roles. I was very bothered by it."

"That was a great discussion," Barbara said.

"Maybe you think so," Nina said. "But I was the one who ended up defending Hannah. I knew how I'd feel if I were Hannah, and in the middle of a passionate argument with someone as strong as you. I'd feel the way I used to feel at home, fighting with my father, when he'd say, 'Well, *you* may think it's that way, but the way it is is *this*.' " Nina stopped for a moment to take a cigarette from Alex. "Then there's Margaret. Now, I know she's working hard. And she's really scared of failure—like, she won't even tell us what she's writing about. But if she's in the group, she should be coming to meetings, she should be doing something for us. And what about Eve? She's categorized. I've watched people in the group when Eve talks. No one listens. And then somebody else says the same thing and everyone says, 'Yes, right, brilliant.' "

"That's not so," Beatrice said.

"Hey," Alex said, licking a cigarette paper. "And you guys taking this up in the group when it happens? Because this Eve thing should be talked out, right away. Personality bags are very important."

Beatrice remarked that they hadn't had a chance to take it up. They were always too busy talking about the other cadres' problems.

"Except that I always end up defending Hannah," Nina said.

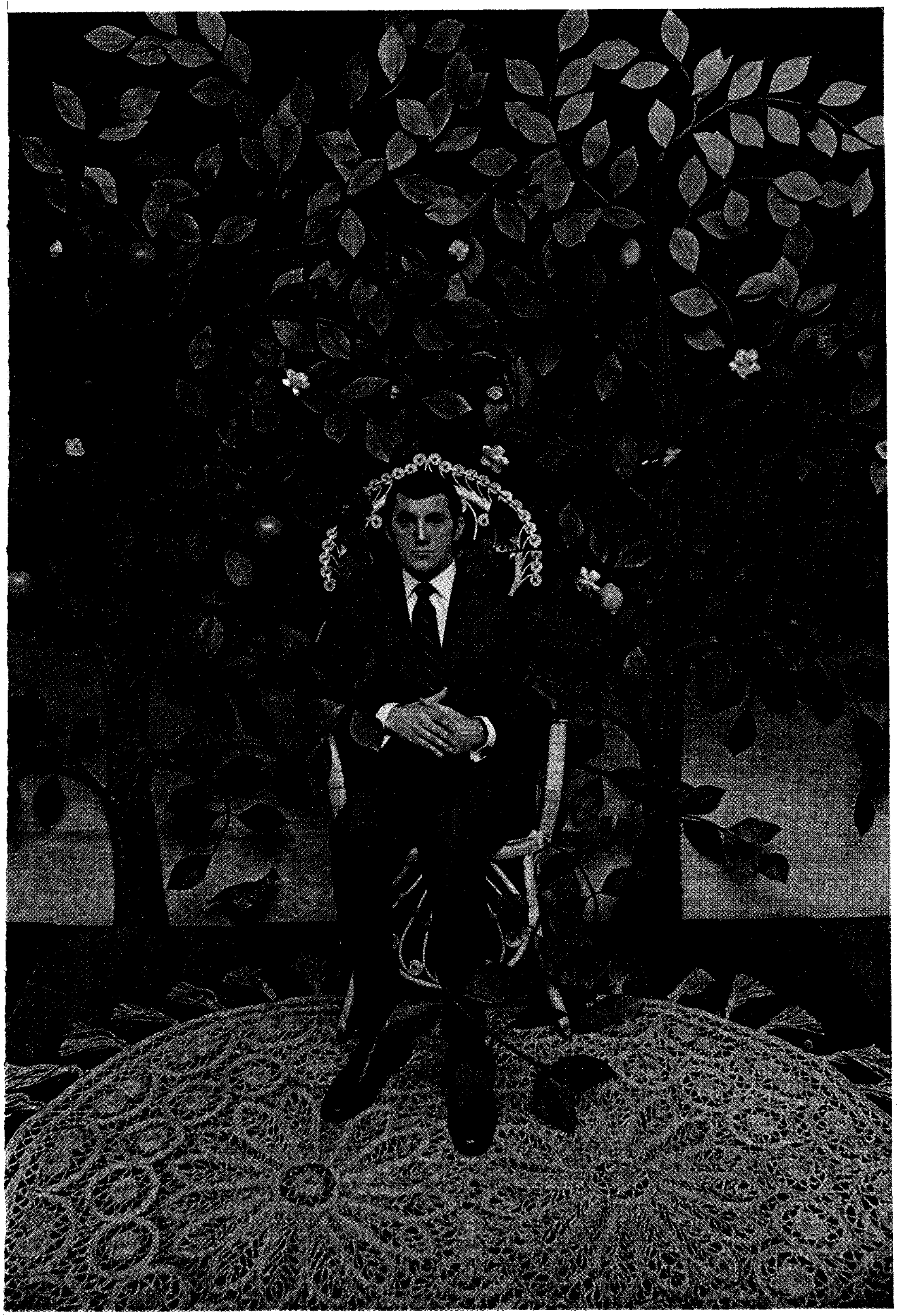
"I don't expect it," Barbara said.

"But she does, and I do," Nina said. "She needed support that night. Your argument was very competitive."

"I didn't see it that way," Barbara said. "Hannah and I are old friends."

"But *you* were winning," Nina told her.

"In *your* opinion," Alex said, laugh-



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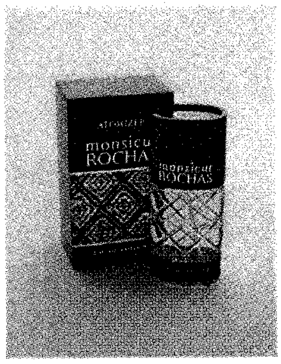

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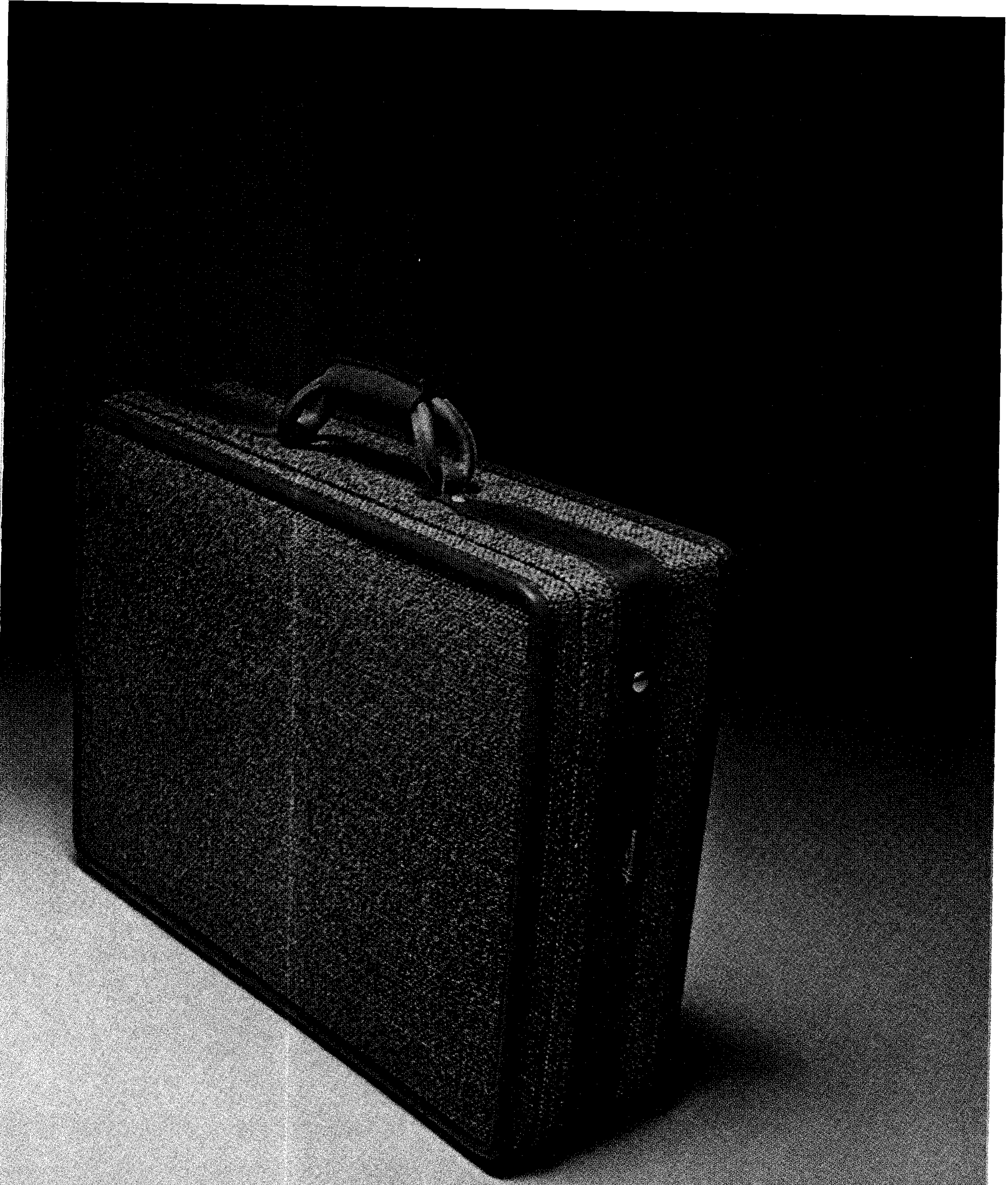

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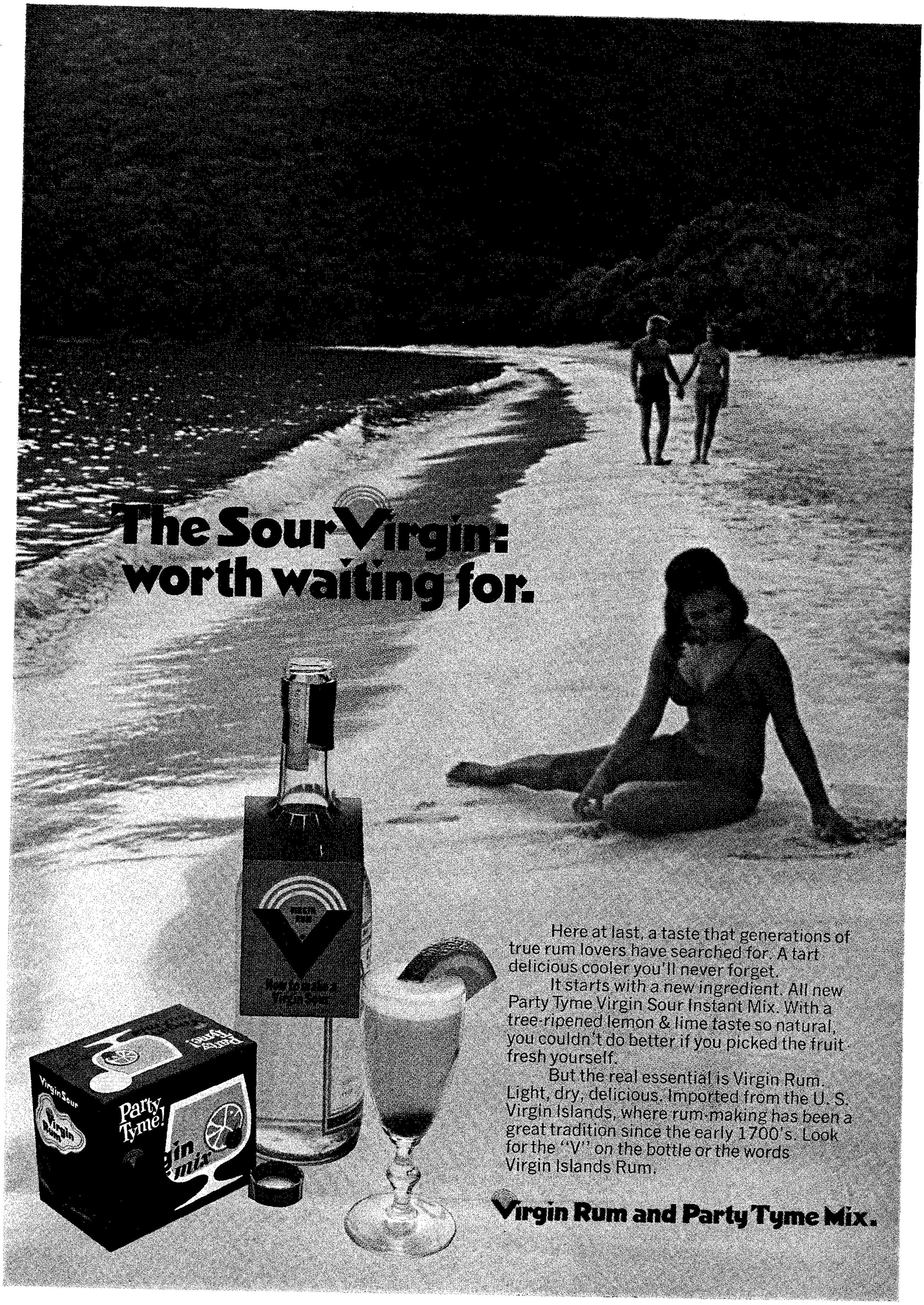

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ing. "Anyway, maybe the male part of Hannah gets a chance to work it out by running around oppressing others."

"It's not just *her* problem," Beatrice said.

"It's a whole new thing we have to work out about relating to other women," Barbara said.

Beatrice added, "And to men."

Nina shrugged and said, "Well, it's just that it's really upsetting to see Hannah not dropping her defenses. You say your art comes first, and it's a defense, it's a way out."

Barbara told her that friendship might be nice but that it was not necessarily the purpose of a political organization.

"No!" Beatrice said suddenly. "The personal and the political are very connected. You have to be able to say 'us' to have a real group. You need—not even faith in each other, or trust, or anything big like that, but just, say, a willingness to commit yourself."

"Come on, the problem's much simpler than that," Alex interrupted. "You guys have just got to learn how to take criticism without feeling attacked."

"One trouble is that we don't talk enough about the men in our lives," Nina said. "You think you don't need men. You go on for weeks, you enjoy yourself, and then—wow, it hits you. Like this morning, at *five* in the morning—" Nina stopped, laughing. "We have to discuss these things. Like, how do the rest of you cope with it?"

"Look, I'm not in the group, and I hate to interfere, but I'm just back from California and I learned a lot about love there," Alex said, holding out her beads for the women to admire. "I learned that it's good to pick up on it whenever it happens."

"Are you still feeling bad? I mean, have you felt awful since five this morning?" Beatrice asked Nina.

"It goes away?" Nina said. "I don't know. Sleeping with someone, two bodies together—I'm beginning to miss that. I think we'll all begin to miss that."

"You're just looking for some sex, then," Alex remarked. "Just like a man."

"No. I'm looking for a man to share my bed," Nina said.

"Did you ever consider friendship with a man, as well as sex?" Alex asked her.

"No. I've given up on that," Nina said.

"The idea that you can have a platonic, intellectual thing with a man

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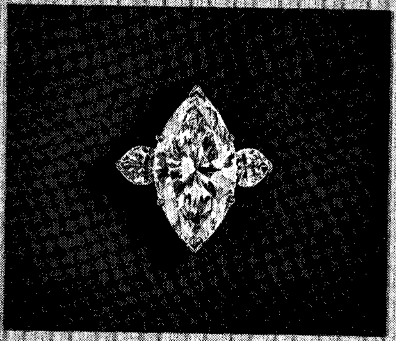

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is a myth anyway," Beatrice added. "You think you have it, and it's great, and then comes the evening or the morning—no, it's usually the evening—and you realize that what you wanted and what he wanted from the relationship were very different."

"Lust exists," Barbara said philosophically. "I don't know what it is, but it exists."

"But if you really like him, you'll *want* to touch, you'll want to be affectionate," Alex told Beatrice.

"I know—ideally," Beatrice said. "But it never really works that way. I can like someone and not desire him. Anybody can. Anyway, can't you like different people in different ways?"

"I think what'll happen is that women will start loving other women," Barbara said. "Because when you're down, really low, that's when sleeping with a man comes up. Like, it's a substitute for something real. Love with women will come, but it's going to be hard. We're all so heterosexually conditioned."

"Look, all I want is not to be oppressed," Nina said. "Love? I'm not ready for that kind of relationship again, with a man *or* a woman."

"On the West Coast, everything is love," Alex said. "There are lots of gentle men there."

"It's all in your head," Barbara said coolly. "Actually, most women are nicer to be with than most men."

"Boy, I wouldn't want to blow a friendship with a woman over sex," Nina remarked.

"Well, I'm ready to love a woman," Barbara said. "I have this friend, and the other day I found myself listening to her the way I listen to my boyfriend when he's coming on."

"I just don't know," Nina said slowly. "Maybe there's a faint ray of hope that someday, somewhere, a tiny group of men will be able to say, 'We want to be human.' " She sighed. "But I don't expect to have a real relationship with a man. Not in my lifetime."

"But that's exactly why I'm feeling great," Barbara interrupted. "Because I no longer feel I need this one exceptional man. Last year, I was miserable. But now it just doesn't matter." Barbara thought for a minute, and went on, "The only problem is my boyfriend. I know him so well, and I know he's bothered now that I'm busy and sex isn't one of my priorities. That pressure from him—that little pressure—is what gets me."

"Can I say something?" Beatrice asked. "It's that just as I as an individual am trying to liberate myself, isn't it possible that some individual man may also be trying to liberate *him*self?"

"Do you really think you're both going to get the same things out of liberating yourselves?" Nina asked her. "Why on earth would *he* do it?"

"Well, because he loves me," Beatrice said, sounding embarrassed.

All the women looked at her.

"I have a friend from New Jersey who was just beaten up by her husband," Alex said cheerfully.

"Well, I was beaten up in Georgia—and by a New Left husband," Nina told her.

"I hate to say this, but I've never been hit by a man," Alex said, rolling another cigarette.

"Me either," Barbara said. "But that's because I hit first. Once, I hit an old boyfriend in the belly."

"Why hit anybody?" Alex asked her. "If you don't like some man, tell him to take off."

"Well, *I* hit my husband twice," Nina said. "And once I bit him in the stomach." She grinned. "I'm devious."

"I don't see how you can work on a serious relationship that way," Alex said.

"Here's what I think," Barbara told her. "There's a hierarchy in the male world, and men with competence in that world don't need to take things out on women. Talk to ghetto men. They beat their wives all the time."

"You're wrong about competent men not being as oppressive as the others," Alex said. "It's just that competent middle-class men oppress you psychologically. Actually, being oppressive seems to be their natural state."

"Especially now, with every man you meet so insecure," Nina said.

"Talk about insecure," Alex said. "Look at all those movies they're making now. Like 'The Dirty Dozen.' Or 'Easy Rider'—the only women in that one were the two whores."

"What about 'Return of the Seven'?" Barbara asked her. "Like, there were seven men in it, but Yul Brynner was the *real* male. All *he* wanted to do was shoot. Sure, there was this other guy who slept with other men's wives, which was a very male thing to do, but he was nothing compared with Brynner, who didn't even need women."

"Wow," Alex said. "How many clues can you take? Television. Movies."

"There's a Ray Bradbury story, about how all the blacks on earth take off for Mars," Barbara went on. "And it turns out that the white men left at home can't do without them to op-

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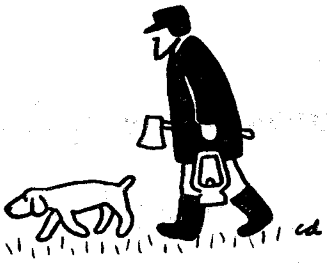
press. Well, I say it would be the same if we left.”

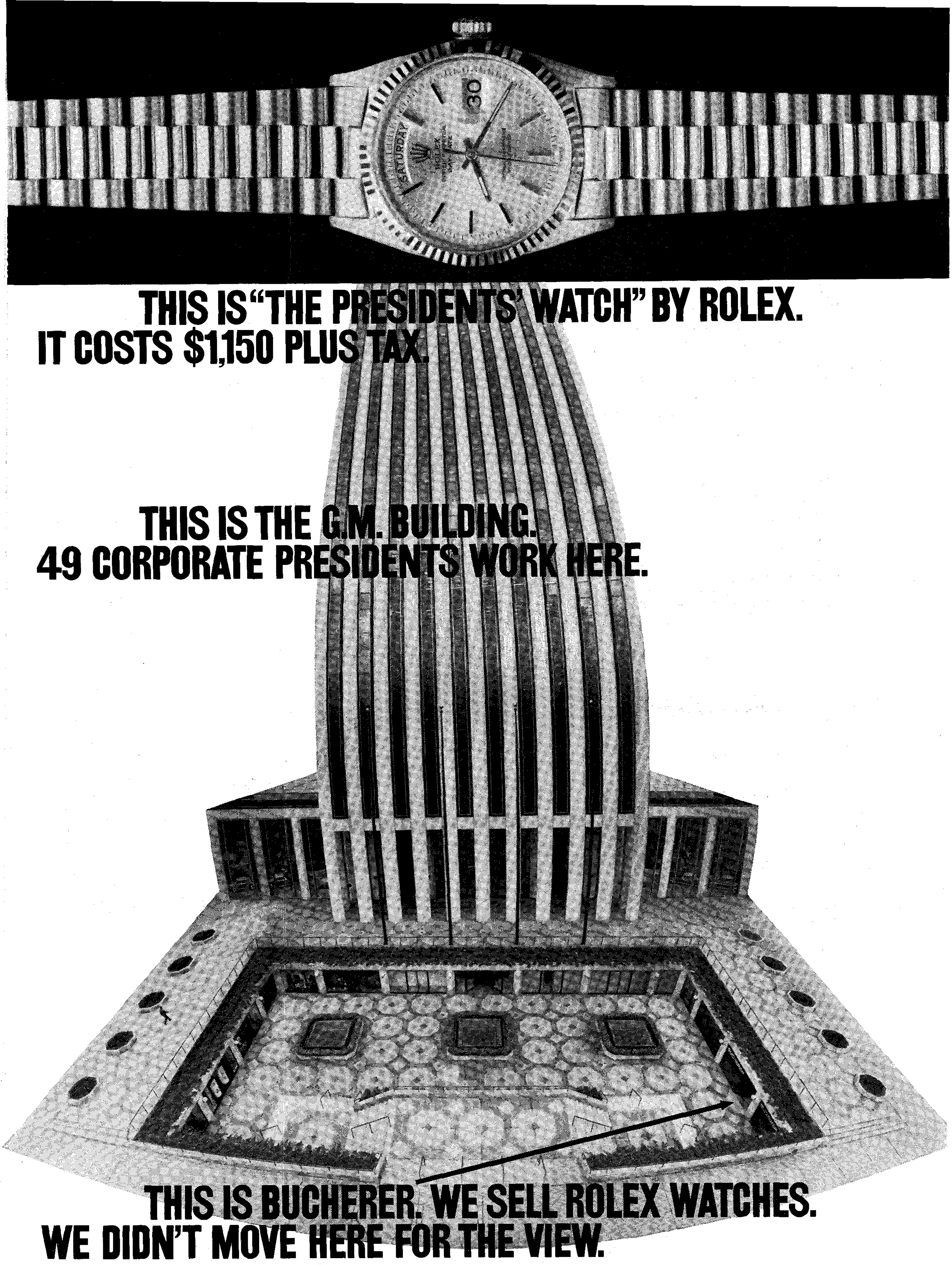
All the other women agreed with her.

ONE night last winter, Nina had a dream that she still likes to describe to other feminists. In her dream, Nina was an Olympic runner. She wore a white toga, and she always ran alone, at night, over what looked to her like the Tuscan countryside. All the other runners on her team were men, and they ran together, in the daytime, followed by cheering crowds, sports reporters, and photographers. “We were friends, the men and I,” she says. “But I couldn’t run with them in the daylight, because I was a woman. It was really beautiful, though, running at night, under a full moon, over hills and fields and ancient roads. I was lean and strong, and I ran and ran and never tired. I could just make out the long, elegant muscles in my thighs, and I had this sense—this sense that women never really have—of my body as a beautiful, clean, *perfect* instrument. Well, the men ran by day, from monument to monument, but at night, while I was catching up with them, they had these wild and destructive orgies. I would arrive, mornings, at a beautiful old church or monument and see their plunder, and cry and cry, and then go to work replastering and painting and cleaning up, so that we wouldn’t get in trouble. And they’d run off again, leaving me there and calling over their shoulders that they all respected me, that I was a really valued member of the team. Then, running one night, I came to this labyrinth of rooms with luminous white walls and no ceilings—all of them open to the sky, which was clear and marvellous that night but very, very distant, like another reality. I ran from room to room searching for something—I don’t know what—and then I came to the last room of all. I started pounding on the walls. I wanted to be heard, to be felt on the other side, beyond those walls, but, as I pounded, the room turned into a kind of echo chamber, and all my pounding sounds came down on me and I was bounced by the sounds from wall to wall. Still, I kept on pounding. My knuckles were bleeding, and the bones in my hands were broken, and then finally I knew that no one would ever hear me, no one would ever even see those walls, let alone climb over them to get to me. I ran out of the room, out of the maze of rooms, and into the night. The stars were shining. The air was wonderful and fresh, and I breathed it in and started to run again across the countryside. I was free. And I was still alone.”



Nina, in her early twenties, was the youngest woman in the founding cadre. Her father is a lawyer in Providence. Her mother is a housewife. The house where Nina grew up was a big split-level in a Providence suburb, and the family was “the kind of suburban family where you go to church on Sunday and spend the rest of the week at the psychoanalyst’s,” she says. “It was definitely my father’s scene. We always had to be very, very good when he came home from work, because of all the pain and worry and whatever that he was supposed to have suffered at the office. He never raised his voice. He was extremely reasonable. But he intimidated my mother, and he never really listened to anything she had to say. At first, I blamed her. I thought her weakness was beneath contempt. I *respected* my father—respect was a loaded word in our house—but then, gradually, as a teen-ager, I began to respect my mother more. I saw that she was taking a lot and coming through it with humor, which I guess to men is one of the least acceptable of the good qualities in a woman. I saw that she was the strong one. She had no need to dominate anyone.”

Nina went to the local public schools—her first boyfriend was captain of her high-school basketball team, and the sorority she joined “let only the good girls in, the girls who made homecoming queen, and never the bad girls, who wore tight white sweaters and had reputations”—and then to a college in Ohio, where the boys in her class rated the girls on a scale from one to ten, and the housemother of her dormitory had recurrent nightmares about the villainy of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. One morning in the spring of Nina’s first year, someone showed her a newspaper picture of Birmingham policemen hosing a crowd of black protesters; she signed up for a summer voter-registration project in Alabama that afternoon. She says now that Alabama was a gothic experience. The first thing that she remembers seeing there was an enormous “Keep America White” billboard. The last thing she remembers—she was on her way to the Birmingham airport—was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a white man sitting at his window with a long shotgun. That fall, Nina moved to New York, enrolled in one of the city colleges, and started dating a black graduate student from West Africa. Her father, she says, decided that she was going mad. He arrived in New York one day, packed her bags, and told her that she could either check in to a mental hospital or come home, see a psychiatrist, and get a job. Nina went home. In a year, she was back in school, at a local college, and she had met the man she later married. She was nineteen when they met, and he was twenty-four. Their short-lived marriage was the only marriage in the history of the founding cadre.

"My husband had been to the South back in the early sixties and had done political organizing, so he was tough and extremely pessimistic, which, I guess, impressed me," Nina says. "I told my parents about him right away—because in the back of my mind I was already thinking, I'm going to make this work. It won't be a full relationship, but it *will* work. My mother said, 'A few years ago, I would have died if you married a Jew. Now I feel that I'm getting off easy.' But all my relatives thought I must be pregnant to be considering him. His side wasn't any happier. I know that his friends—his political friends—thought that he was copping out, marrying me when he could have been marrying somebody black or poor or with seven illegitimate children. I must have known it would never work. He was reserved with me then, and unemotional, almost uninterested. But the whole big wedding mess had started—dresses, bridesmaids, presents—and I was in a daze and, in a way, feeling saved. We married in July. By the end of the honeymoon, we were already fighting. We fought all the way to Georgia, where he was going to organize some factory workers, and we kept on fighting all that summer. We lived near the canning factory, in a little house with two other movement couples. The other wives worked on the strike, but they weren't paid for it, and so I said no, I didn't want that, I wanted my own time. My husband was furious. He began to have jealous fits about me and the other men in the house. Then he started to fantasize about me and black men, which is a funny thing for a New Leftist to do, and then about me and Communists. He was sure the Communists were out to get him and ruin his project. Part of it was the weird environment. The people we organizing were violent and bigoted. They were

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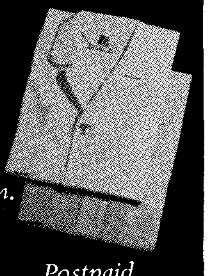

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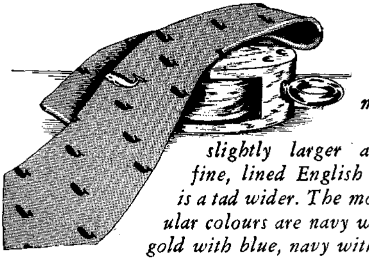

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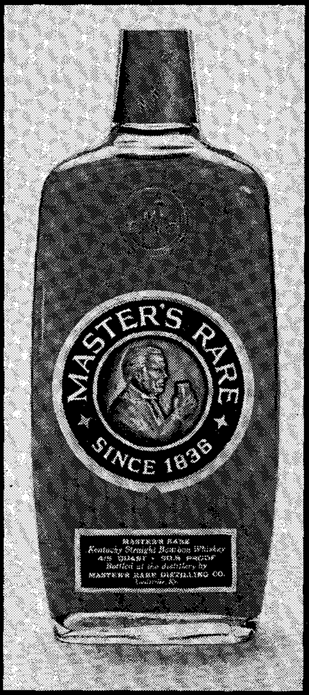

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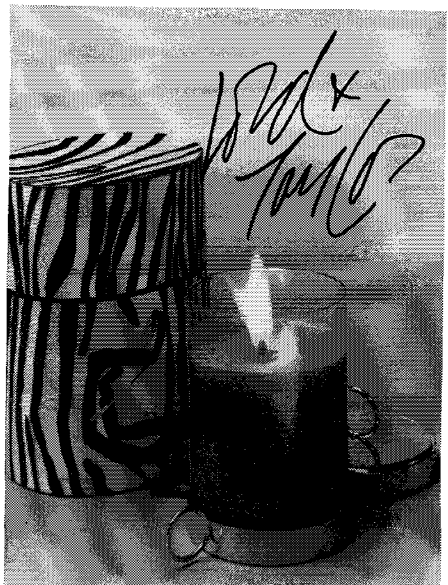

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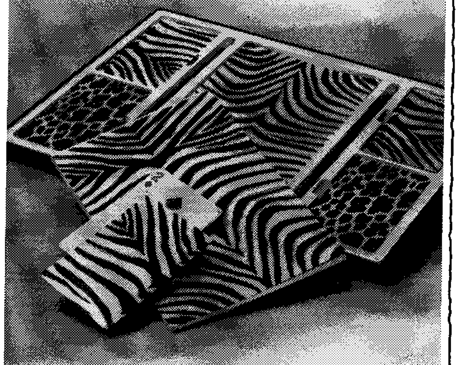

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poor, white Southern working-class men, just at the stage of buying cars and development houses on time, and I think their whole violence thing attracted him. The one sad thing about participatory democracy is that you become like the people you work with. And in this case it involved male paranoia and a great deal of cruelty to women. My husband picked up on the cruelty and the paranoia. He'd grab me and shake me around a lot. Once, when I danced with a neighbor, he called me a whore and made a drunken scene—and all the other men applauded him."

That fall, after the strike was over, Nina and her husband moved on to a town in Mississippi, where he was going to organize for one of the local unions. Nina went back to college there, and took a job to pay her tuition. "His friends kept telling me to be a good wife," she says. "There was such a vested interest there in keeping a marriage together. But he was too sick, too violent. I started drinking wine to get to sleep, and then Scotch. When I wasn't sleeping, I was crying. It was worse than Georgia. The men that my husband was working with were worse. *Their* women were completely destroyed. One of the men was an ex-convict who had slit his brother's throat. Another one—a neighbor—read Marx, but he lived on drugs and booze, and used to beat up his wife in front of their eight children. Then there was one who broke his little son's leg and locked him in a closet. These people were from the country, mostly. Holy Rollers. Some of them were even in snake cults. But I couldn't convince my husband that any of this was at all strange. One night, after an awful fight, I bit him in the stomach, and he chased me with a cleaver, and I got into the car and finally left him. I knew that it was over—that I had been to the bottom and come through, and that I wouldn't take it anymore. I stayed in the South, seeing divorce lawyers and studying. Then, that winter, I started a Women's Liberation group. And the most amazing thing happened. When we had our first divorce hearing, his lawyer held up one of the Women's Lib newsletters and announced to the judge that feminism was the villain. It was feminism that had alienated me from my husband, he said. Feminism had destroyed the happy marriage of two young people in love."

The judge nevertheless ruled in Nina's favor, and she moved back to New York last fall to wait for her

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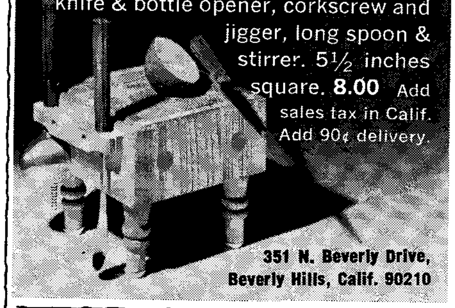

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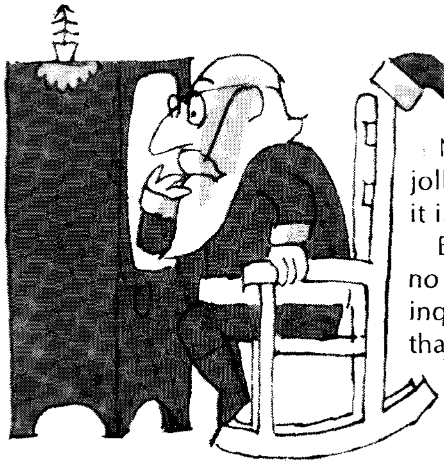

Not that television has anything against being jolly. Far from it, as witness our listing below; it includes holiday fare for the young of all ages.

But the world continues to turn Christmas or no Christmas. Day by day, television will keep its inquisitive eye open for the things that affect us, that inspire us, that excite and concern us.

**The American Economy Today.** CBS News Special. Tuesday, Dec. 1 (10-11 pm).

**Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas.** Narrated by the late Boris Karloff. Wednesday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8 pm).

**Ethiopia: The Hidden Empire.** National Geographic tour of isolated region. Wednesday, Dec. 2 (8-9 pm).

**A Charlie Brown Christmas.** Yuletide with "Peanuts" kids. Saturday, Dec. 5 (7:30-8 pm).

**Discovery.** A Tale of Two Forts; Summer in Boston Ghetto, Canoeing in Minnesota Lakes; Pendleton Roundup. Sundays, Dec. 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

**Wild Kingdom.** Miracle of Motion; Experiment on Ocean Floor; M'Bogo Safari; Chincoteague Roundup. Sundays, Dec. 6, 13, 20, 27 (7-7:30 pm).

**The Littlest Angel.** Starring Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, Tony Randall, Connie Stevens, others. Sunday, Dec. 6 (7:30-9 pm).

**World of the Beaver.** The beaver's life cycle. Henry Fonda narrates. Tuesday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

**The Night the Animals Talked.** Animated Christmas parable. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (7:30-8 pm).

**Petula.** Petula Clark with Dean Martin, Peggy Lee, David Frost, Everly Brothers. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (9-10 pm).

**Plimpton! Shoot-Out at Rio Lobo.** George Plimpton, John Wayne on Westerns. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (10-11 pm).

**The Besieged Majority.** NBC White Paper on urban crime. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (10-11 pm).

**Hans Brinker.** Musical starring Eleanor Parker, Richard Basehart, Cyril Ritchard, others. Saturday, Dec. 12 (7-9 pm).

**A Christmas Carol.** The Dickens story animated. Sunday, Dec. 13 (5-6 pm).

**Santa Claus is Coming to Town.** Fantasy with voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn. Sunday, Dec. 13 (7-8 pm)

**1770.** First of series on events leading to American Revolution. Peter Ustinov, Eric Sevareid, commentators. Tuesday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm).

**The Little Drummer Boy.** Greer Garson narrates Christmas story. Wednesday, Dec. 16 (7:30-8 pm).

**Bing Crosby's Christmas Show.** Starring the Crosby family. Wednesday, Dec. 16 (8-9 pm).

**J. T.** CBS Children's Hour—A lonely black boy in the ghetto. Sunday, Dec. 20 (7-8 pm).

**A World of Love.** UNICEF benefit with Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Audrey Hepburn, Harry Belafonte, Shirley MacLaine. Tuesday, Dec. 22 (8:30-9:30 pm).

**S. Hurok Presents—Part IV.** David Oistrakh, Sviatoslav Richter in concert. Friday, Dec. 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein.** Selections from Fidelio, Symphony No. 9, Piano Concerto No. 1. Friday, Dec. 25 (7:30-9 pm).

**Rapping with Brinkley.** Teenage newspaper editors chat with David Brinkley. Saturday, Dec. 26 (12 Noon-1 pm).

**A Copland Celebration.** New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Sunday, Dec. 27 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**The American Adventure.** Broad perspective on the nation's condition today. Monday, Dec. 28 (9-11 pm).

## REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

**Monday through Friday:** Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/ Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

**Tuesday:** First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/ CBS Reports/60 Minutes

**Saturday:** In the Know/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/ The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

**Sunday:** Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/ Bullwinkle/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/ Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

**Note:** This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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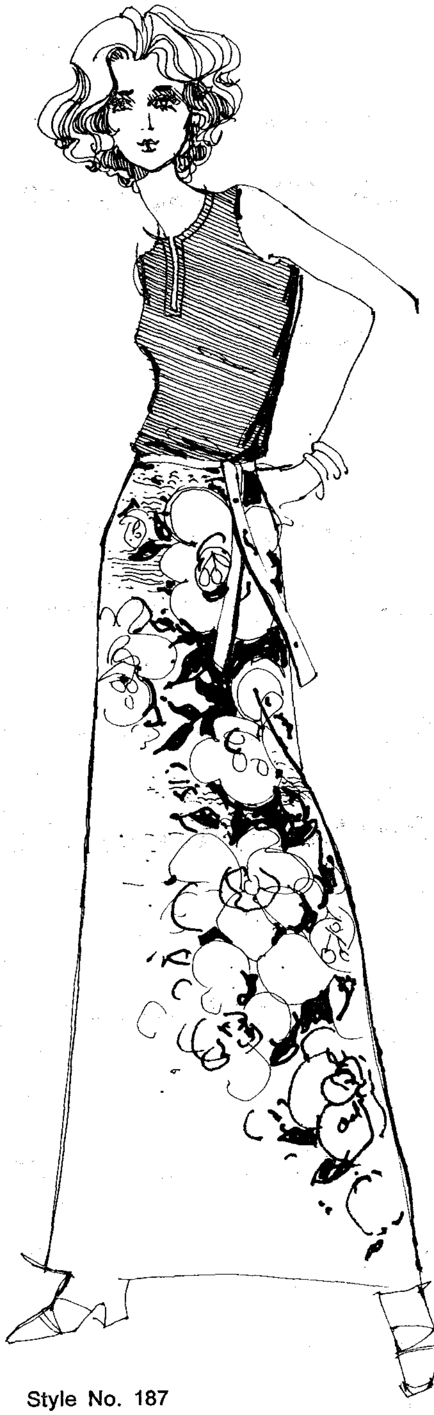

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divorce. For a while, she bunked in a little flat that the Redstockings kept for women who wanted to leave their husbands and had nowhere else to go. "I went to their meetings as long as I could take them," Nina says. "It was a really Fascist group, with a lot of rules. Like, you weren't allowed to generalize. You couldn't attack other women. And at a meeting everybody *had* to talk. There was no consensus in the group, no trust—just everybody trying to outdo everybody else about how lousy her husband had been. And there was this myth of leaderlessness. One woman was running the group with an iron hand, but you weren't allowed to discuss that, either. Still, Hannah and Margaret and Eve were there, and we tried to infiltrate the orientation meetings with some real feminism. We wanted action and analysis and a workable, friendly, manageable structure. We wanted to get rid of that whole cult of the emotions and the 'women can do no wrong' atmosphere, but they always shouted us down, and they threw *me* out of the apartment."

The women in the founding cadre used to refer to Nina as a natural feminist, and Barbara once said that a kind of raw compassion was her real contribution to the cause. Nina herself admits that she has never had very much patience with the politics and theorizing that absorb so many of the feminists. Her sense of injustice is strong but personal, and she suspects the political feminists of wanting power and most of the feminist theoreticians of wanting applause. Her own concern, she says, is the way women live their private lives.

"I don't need much to live on—maybe three thousand dollars a year," she said at a meeting last spring, just after she had left her job to work part time and take some film courses at New York University. "I've always been kind of Spartan, and I don't know that money has ever translated into freedom for anyone. I'd like to make a movie of my dream, if it would mean something to other women, but I don't want a career in the sense of doing any one thing for the rest of my life. I'm suspicious of professionalism, of people who accept the rhetoric of a given profession as true. Men are already into that so deeply—it's not something for a woman to emulate. Actually, I find that I don't like women who are professional. I don't like the way professionalism affects their perceptions. It gives them the illusion of safety—the way I thought marriage would make me safe—and it gives them the illusion

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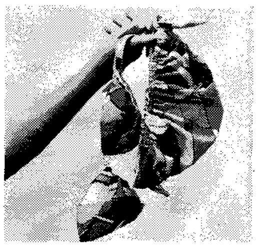

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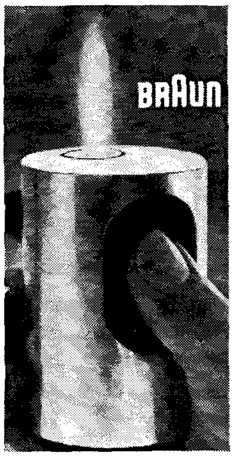
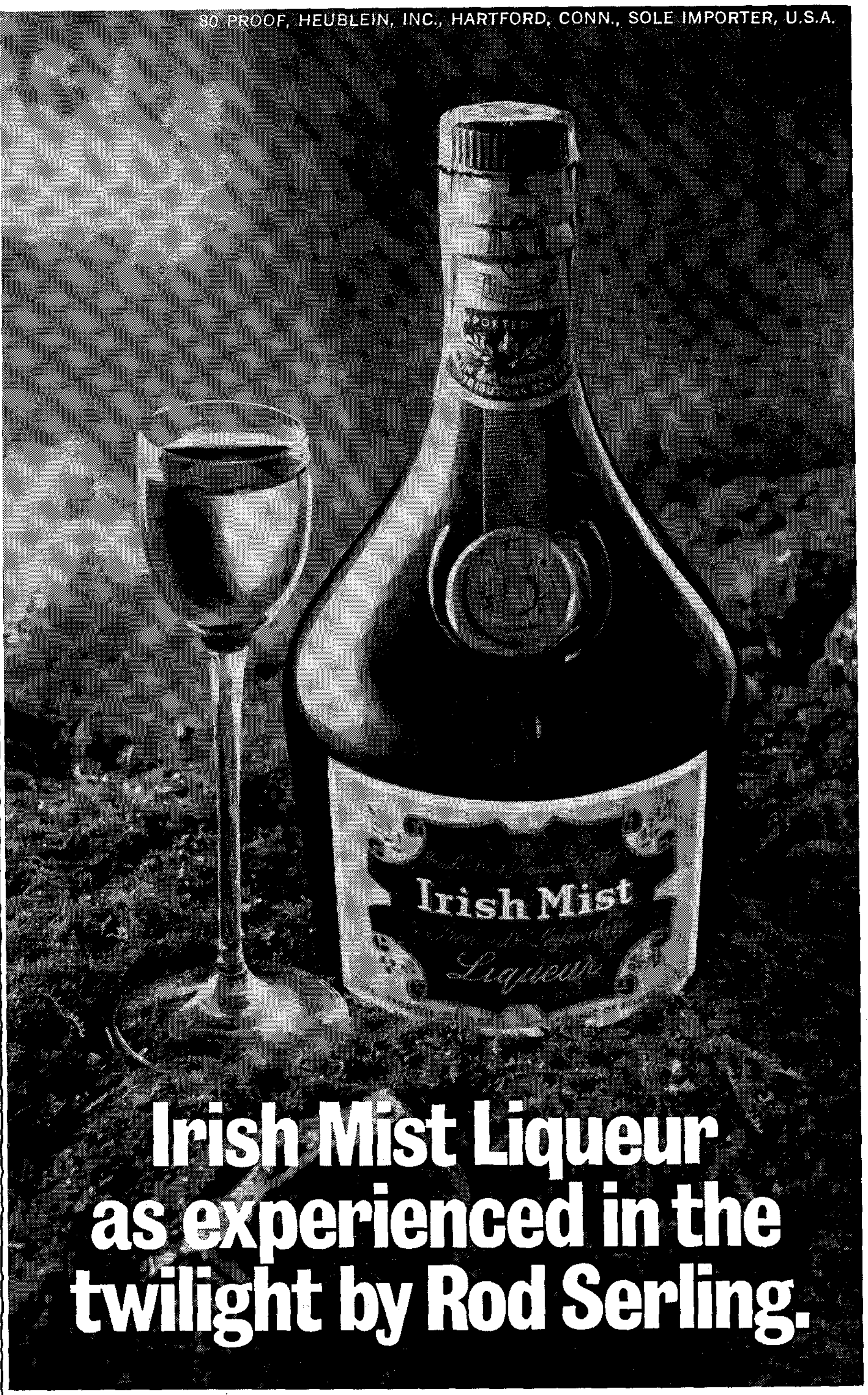


of knowing who they are. Better jobs per se aren't going to liberate women. You work at something eight or ten hours a day and you're defined by it. That's no way for anybody to get an identity. Who you really are is a composite picture, and if women can learn *that*, then maybe men can learn from them.

"As for me, I want to be superresponsible as a feminist when I make my choices. I don't want my life to be an exception. I want to work out forms that any woman can try successfully. I hated my marriage, but maybe I needed that kind of extreme to be able to recognize the same thing in its subtler forms. So I'm not bitter. I want a long-term, *good* relationship with a man now, because I need that, and because I have to believe there will be men whose consciousness is raised, too. And I want a child—I think that the physical desire for young living things around you is probably a good, natural, *healthy* desire—but I'd like to try it without marriage, and I'd like to raise the child in a communal situation, where everybody, women and men, shared the responsibility. The feminist cliché is true—women *are* conditioned to think that it's up to them to hold everything together. Well, when it's up to everyone and no one to hold everything together—that will be the revolution."

JANUARY was a busy month for the founding-cadre women. They had their own weekly meetings, sat in on a good many others, established four new cadres in the city, and borrowed an appropriately roomy apartment for their group party. Meanwhile, Hannah and Margaret stayed at home, writing. Jessica divided her time between the founding-cadre women and the beginners on the East Side. Beatrice studied for her orals. Eve quit her job—she had been handling publicity for a chemical company—to do more women's-news reporting. Barbara took notes on sexuality. And Nina met a young man who had helped the people in her building organize their protest.

Then, toward the end of the month, Barbara, Beatrice, Eve, and Nina were interviewed on a number of radio programs, and one night Hannah put in an appearance on a television talk show. There was a meeting that night in the Chelsea apartment where Eve lived with her cousin, a couple of pieces of thrift-shop furniture, a Miró lithograph, and a cat named Milton. The meeting had been called for seven and later changed to nine, so that the women who wanted to could watch the tap-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ing. Beatrice, Nina, and Eve showed up together at the studio. Barbara boycotted the taping. She said that she had nothing against feminists on television but that she did not believe that meetings called for seven should be postponed for anything.

"Well, are you *all* angry?" Hannah, who had come back to Eve's apartment with the women, asked while they waited for Barbara and ate a dinner of delicatessen sandwiches. "Because I thought you might be mad about my not coming to meetings and then going on the show and everything."

The women looked skeptical. Hannah, it turned out, had also been on the radio twice that week, and she had put in time with a couple of magazine writers, a newspaper reporter, and an advance man from one of the nightly television news shows.

"Well, what *do* you do when you start getting a name of your own and are asked to do things not as part of the group but as yourself?" Hannah demanded. "Turn over the invitation to some other women?"

"What do *you* think?" Nina asked her.

"I feel guilty, because I know the group disapproves," Hannah said. "But I feel that I have every right to do it. Like, I made it clear that I was not a spokesman for the group—that I was speaking purely for myself. It's this whole leadership problem. Why do we all deny that there are leaders in the movement?"

"What's a leader, then?" Eve said. "Spokesman? Dictator?"

"The real problem is the media," Beatrice said. "The media take some women and make them stars."

The women thought about this for a few minutes. "There's got to be a way to deal with this—this business of being chosen," Nina said finally. "It's very seductive, because it hasn't happened to women in so long."

"But the structures that produce leadership psychology still remain," Hannah cut in. "What do you want *me* to do about it? Change, and wreck my chances, when nobody else is changing? And what are *you* people going to do about that television producer?"

"He's desperate for a group," Eve told her. "He wants us to stage a consciousness-raising session, and I told him that if we did we'd want the right to edit the film. I said, 'You know, consciousness-raising is a really personal, intimate thing.' So he got really upset and said no, no, no, they never give editing rights to anyone."

"The whole thing makes me nervous," Beatrice said.

"Well, I don't want to be in it," Hannah said, after Eve, Nina, and Beatrice finally agreed to volunteer. "I'm too well known, and if I show up on something like that, people will think there are, like, ten women in the whole movement. They have an exaggerated notion of how strong we are. So if they ask you how many hundreds of women are in the group, act very casual and say, 'Oh, two or three hundred.' "

Just then, Barbara walked in. She was quiet for a while, and sat looking at the floor while the women talked some more about the television producer. Finally, she said, "You know, I've been very depressed about that last radio show I did. I got forty-five calls on it. There should have been a hundred."

"I don't know," Nina said. "The calls I got on mine were great. Like, one woman, a lady pianist, told me, 'I hate to come on so intense over the phone, but you can't know how much that program meant to me.' "

Barbara shrugged. "I was at work when a lot of the calls came in, so my boyfriend took them. But one woman *I* talked to—she was a lady cabdriver from Crown Heights—told me she had two teen-age kids, and she said, 'People get into my cab and they look at me like I'm crazy when I talk feminism.' She sounded marvellous." Barbara sighed and added, "A few days later, she called back and propositioned me."

"Look, it's not crucial," Beatrice told her. "It was just a radio program."

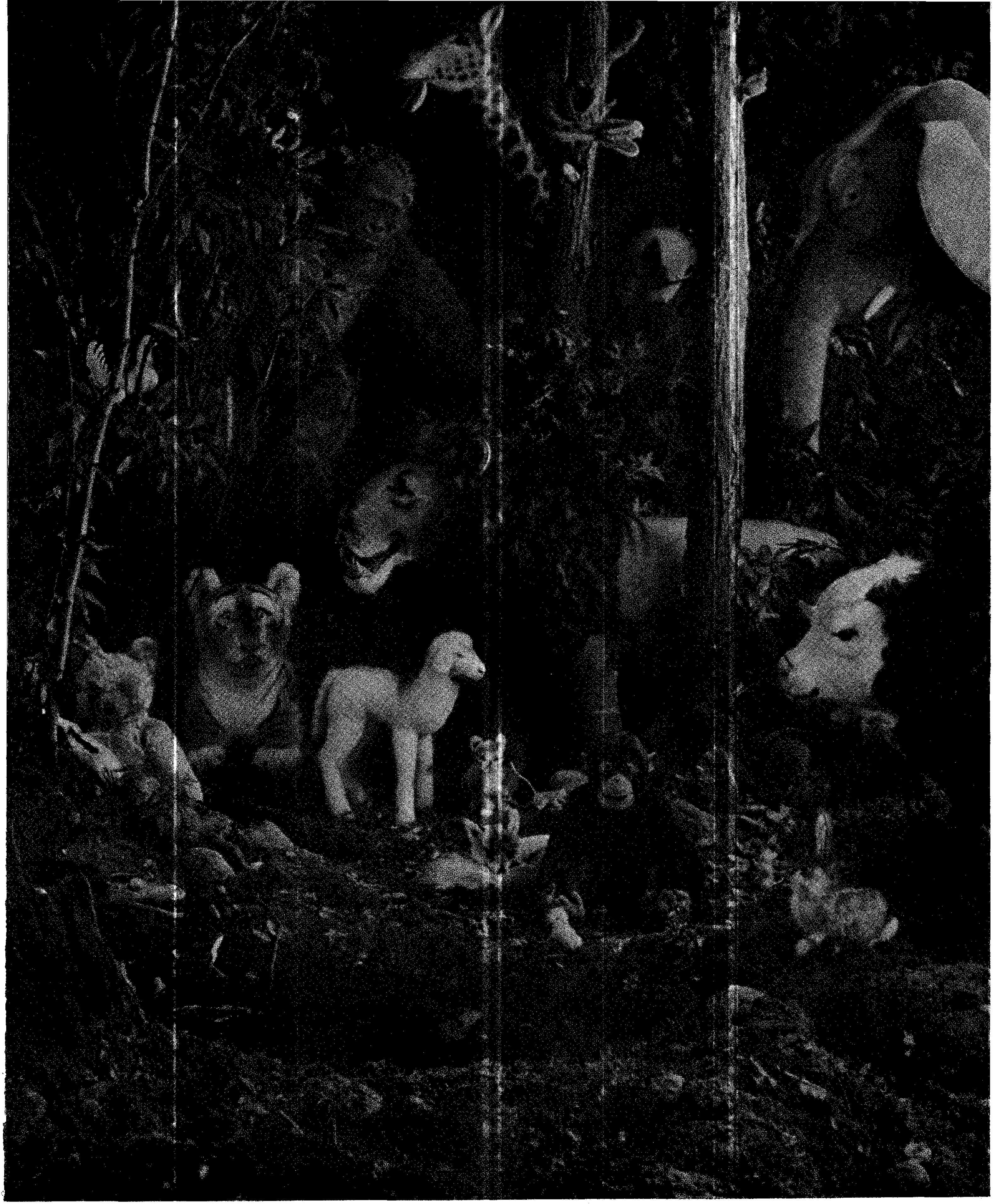
"I'm sorry," Barbara said. "I guess I'm just feeling used. I don't want to go to that East Side meeting. God. Ten depressed women, and *I'm* supposed to be projecting this cheerful, up image."

Nina remarked that she had met a very nice woman from the East Side cadre. "She had a sense of humor about it. When she introduced herself, she said, 'Hello, I'm Jill, from the rotten group.' "

"It's the older women's group that worries me," Eve said. "I trudged all the way over to their meeting and they wouldn't let me past the front door. They said they'd had a vote and decided not to let us in anymore."

"So the politicos are still in there," Hannah said.

Eve nodded, but she told Hannah to remember that older women in general were especially sensitive. "Like the one at our party," she said. "She's had



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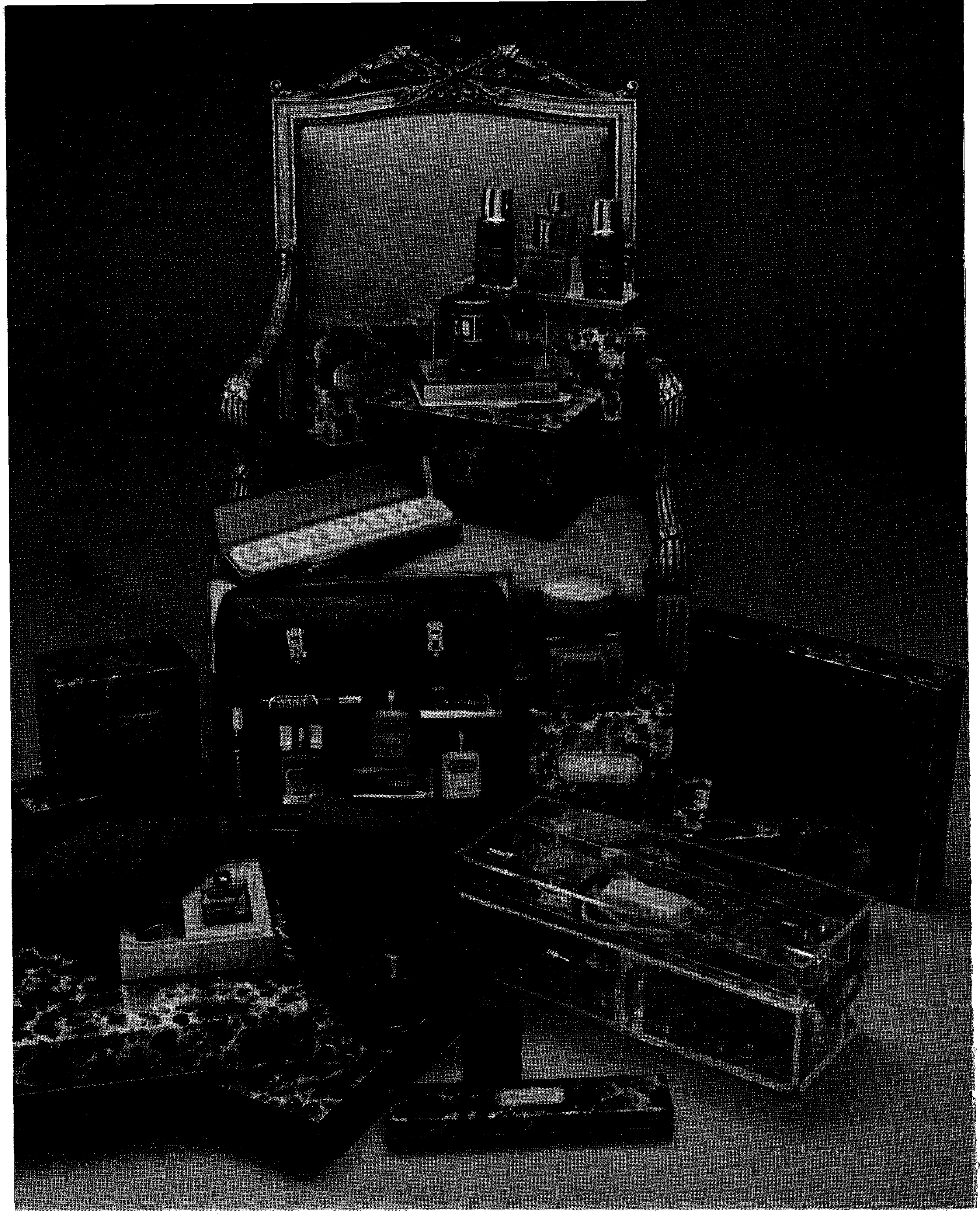
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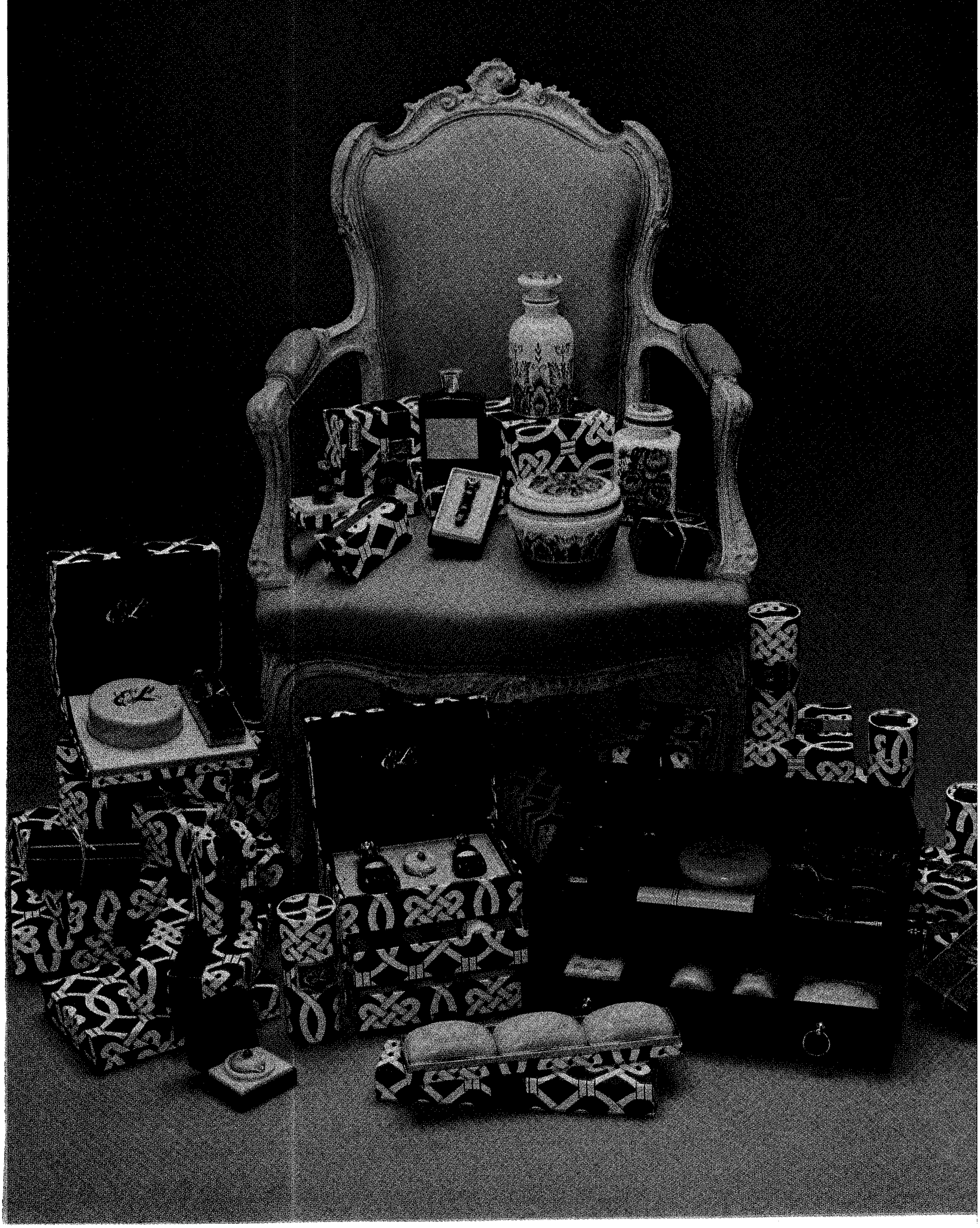
Christmas 1970. Aramis.



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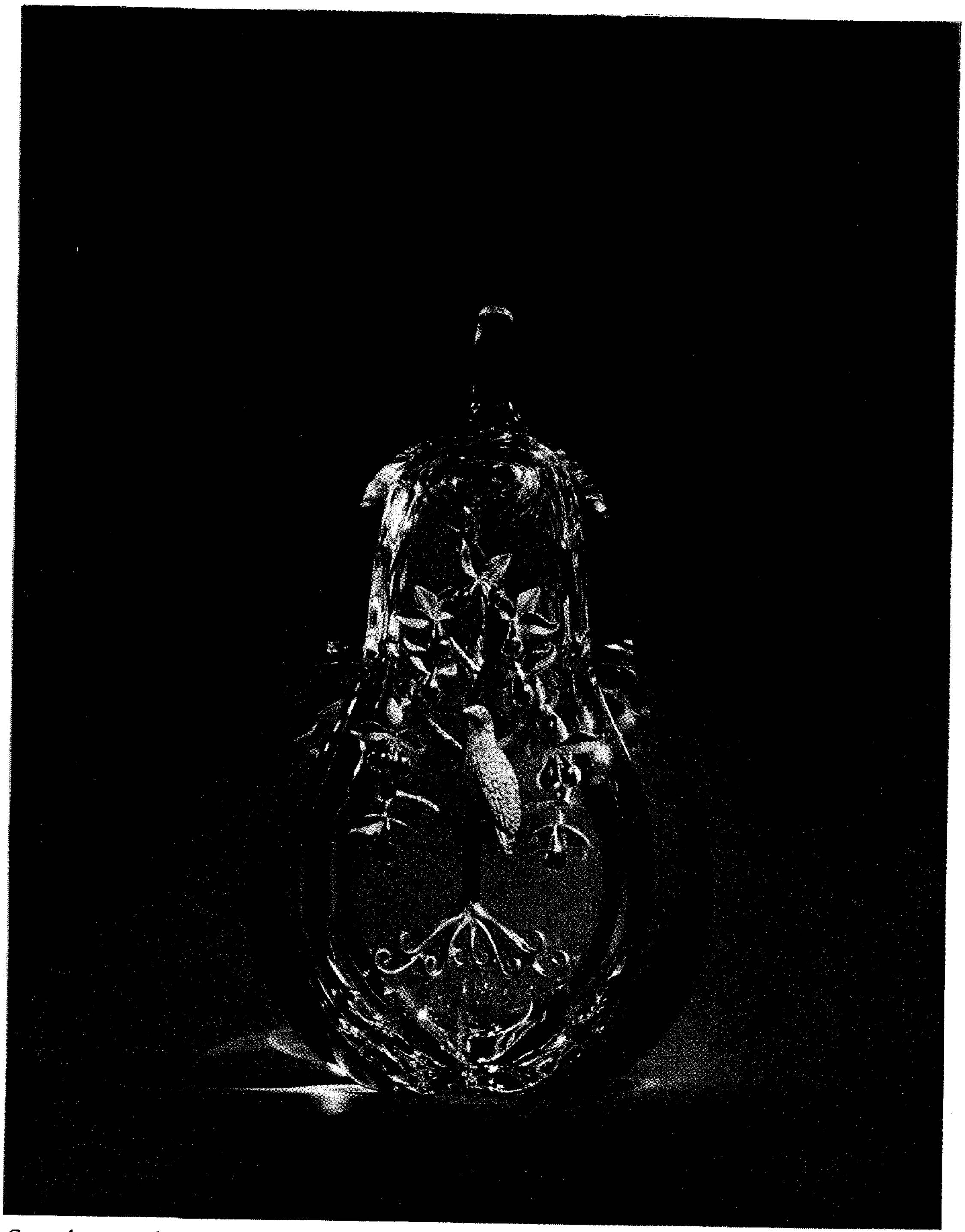

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022 · (212) PL 2-1441 forty years of getting it at both ends."

"But she felt like a failure by all the *old* standards, such as not having a man and—" Barbara began.

"That's not entirely true," Beatrice interrupted. "Supposing at forty you suddenly see young women who are free and making choices that you couldn't make when you were their age. That would be *very* depressing."

"And I say women like that have a tremendous stake in their own image as failed," Barbara said.

"Well, I felt great about the party," Nina said. "The idea that women can have a party without men and still enjoy themselves, relating as people—it's fantastic."

"I bet a lot of them didn't want to go to a party with no men," Barbara said.

"Why not?" Beatrice asked her. "Men always have their own parties. They're not embarrassed."

Hannah finished her sandwich and said that she couldn't stay if the women had nothing better to talk about than parties. "I've been thinking about Media Women," she told them. "Like, their consciousness is really low, and so I thought that maybe we should persuade them to start a media cadre."

The rest of the women looked confused.

"Remember, at *Newsweek*, when they ditched that girl's feminist piece?" Hannah said. "She was the only woman writer on the magazine, and they didn't want to give her a cover story. So they tried a man, and that didn't work, and *then* they asked the wife of some big-shot editor there to do it. Well, apparently Media Women's consciousness was so low that they didn't even see it as a divide-and-conquer maneuver."

Beatrice asked Hannah why she was so interested in women in the media.

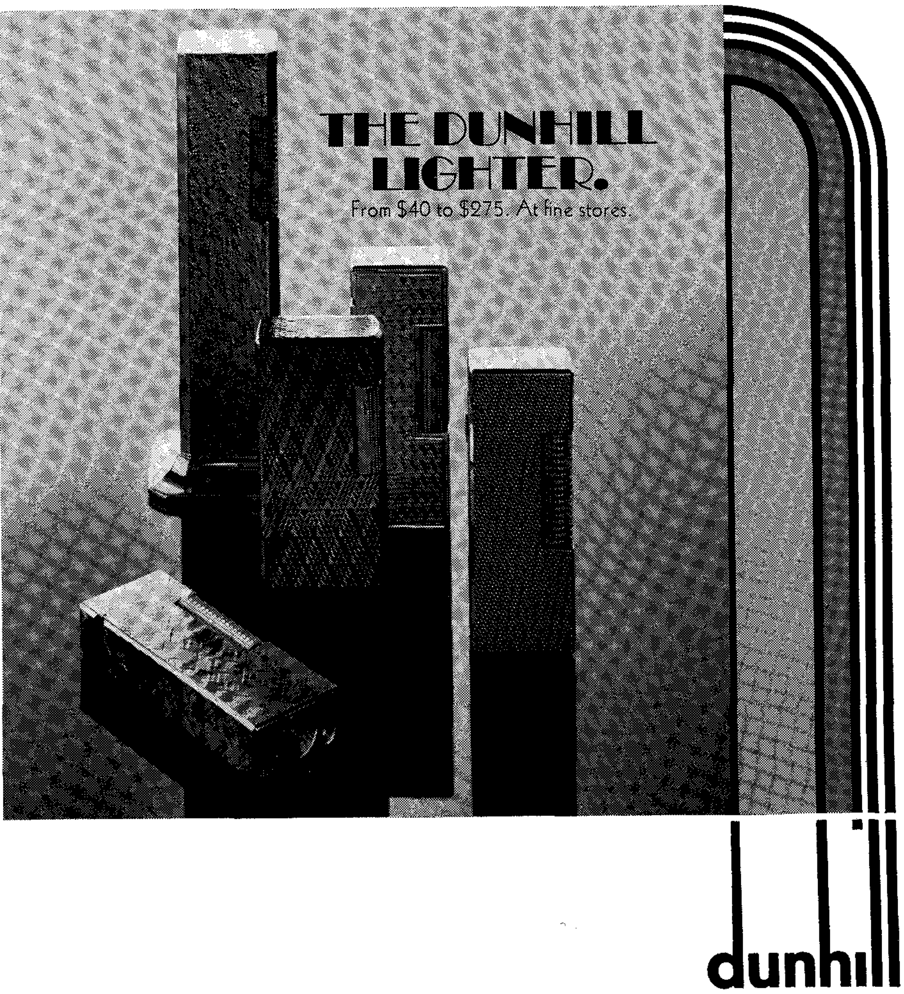
"My thing is get all the good women in the media into cadres," Hannah said. "I know that they'd be more feminist if the politicos left them alone. Like, the politicos are trying to get them to invite men to the *Ladies' Home Journal* takeover."

Nina sighed. "New Left women," she said. "Don't they know they're being used?"

"What about the women in the Weatherman caucus?" Beatrice asked her. "They're not being used. Maybe, in that kind of extreme, sex just isn't an issue."

Nina shook her head. "They're just bodies. Bodies on the firing line."

"It's classical to make use of women in times of emergency," Barbara added. "Like blacks. They even let



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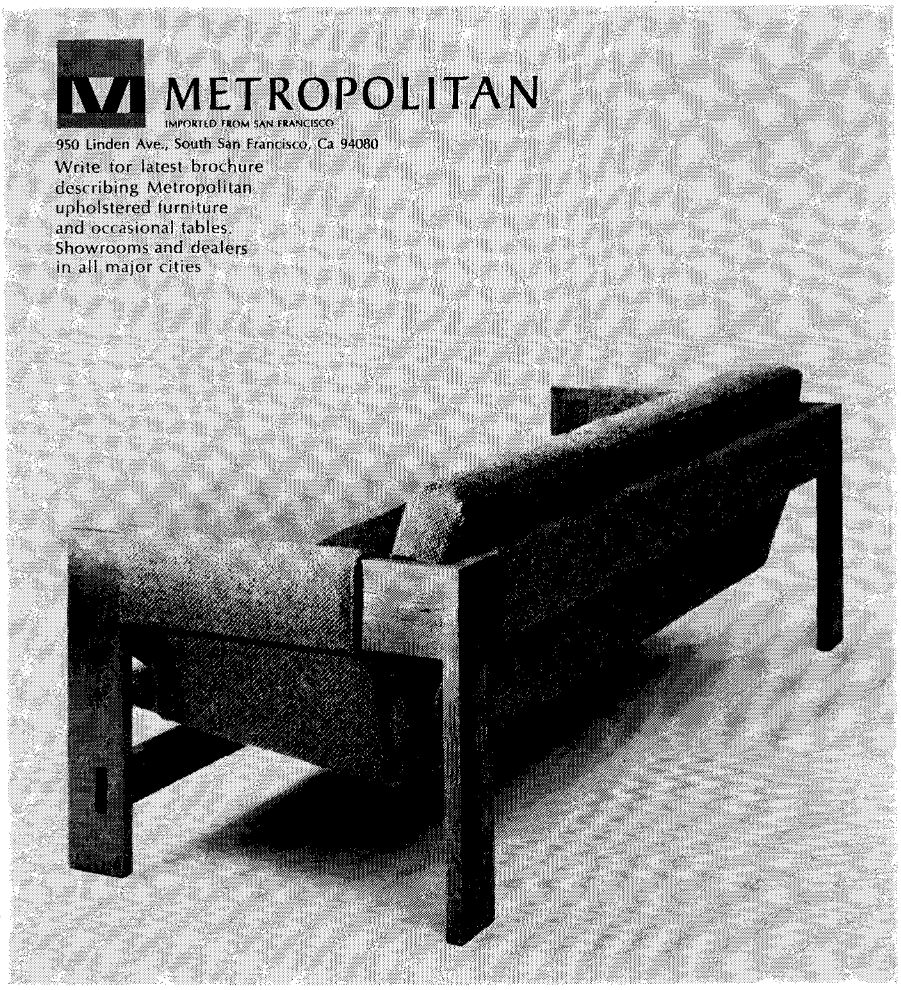

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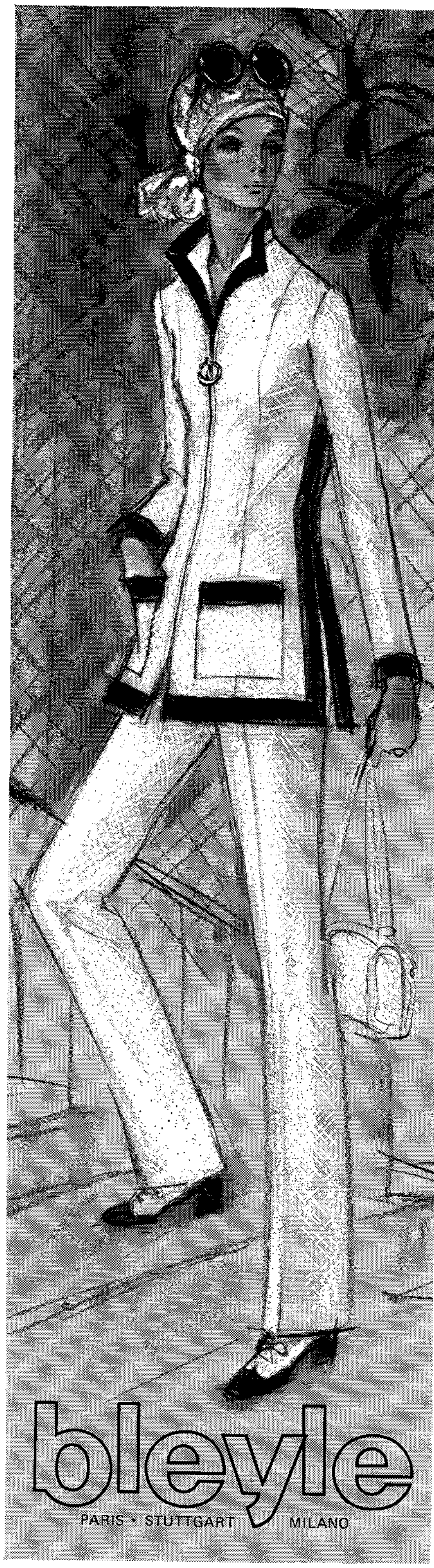

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blacks fight in the American Revolution." Then she said, to Hannah, "I say let Media Women sink or swim for a while. We need to get ourselves together."

"Besides, *lots* of good women are in trouble," Beatrice said. "Women like housewives. Let's organize *them*."

Eve said no, that she agreed with Hannah. "If Media Women have a takeover with men along and then try to pass it off as a feminist action, it does matter."

"Well, since Hannah is so involved, I suggest that *she* go to the Media Women meeting," Barbara said dryly.

Hannah said no immediately. She had her book to think about.

Beatrice stood up, glaring. "Well, are you or aren't you ever going to finish it?" she said. "This whole thing is beginning to really bug me."

The women decided that it was time to raise their own consciousness.

"In that case, we'd better start by talking about 'ambition,' " Beatrice said.

"I think 'recurring patterns with men' is a much better subject," Barbara remarked.

"Oh, no, I've been through that one three times already," Eve told her.

"With me, it takes about ten seconds," Hannah said. "Yes, my relations with men have changed since the movement. Now I have none."

LAST winter, when Eve went home for a visit, she told her parents that she was getting involved in serious politics. Her father, who is a businessman, said, "Wonderful. Just like me and the Republican Club." Her mother, who is a housewife, said, "Feminism? Can you meet men that way?"

Eve grew up in Cleveland, where her parents and grandparents, who were refugees from Eastern Europe, shared a house. She claims to have been a misfit by the age of fifteen. "I was very threatened in school," she says. "There was so much pressure on girls. I had a boyfriend, whom I hated, but you were supposed to have a boyfriend, and I got involved in all sorts of dumb activities, because you had to do that to be popular. But by high school I couldn't take it, and I withdrew from the whole scene. I was very bitter about myself, and, of course, I blamed it all on my mother. I liked my father—he was calm and kind and intelligent, and his value system was pretty intact—but I don't think my mother had very good feelings about being a woman. When I was little, she could relate to me by dressing me up like a doll. But when I was older and

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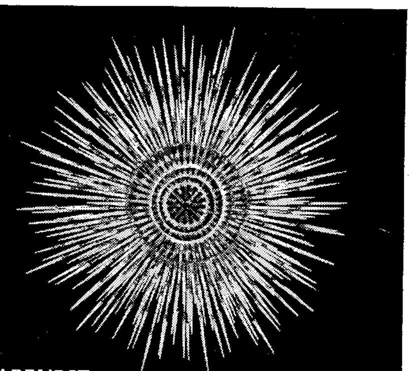

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wanted to be attractive as a young woman, she got negative and complained about money whenever I wanted to buy clothes. I began to think that if only I had twenty-five tweed skirts and twenty-five cashmere sweaters, I'd be accepted. In a way, I was right. Sure, you can blame bad values on the advertising that creates that awful female image, but the advertising only reflects what values are already there. Anyway, I was a raving maniac with my mother, and this lasted, really, until I became a feminist and began to understand her. What saved me, I think, is that my parents had married late, and we were all left pretty much alone to bring ourselves up.

"Then, too, my grandparents were around for so long, so we had the beginnings of an extended family instead of the kind of really tight, urban, nuclear family that can be so damaging to women and children. Of course, it wasn't nearly enough. I remember, growing up, being very jealous of friends who had lots of other children and adults around them. Like, I didn't jibe with my mother as a personality, but there was no other woman her age in my life whom I could relate to. I don't know what the answer is to this kind of problem. The traditional family structure is gone, now that most kids automatically leave home. I know that a kibbutzlike situation would free women in so many ways, and that Bettelheim says kibbutz children are very healthy and placid and accepting, but I'm too individualistic, and even too ambitious, for that kind of life style. Maybe collectives of cadre women and their men, with collectively adopted children, would be a good thing—if there were real respect in the groups and enough space for privacy. And if the collective responsibility didn't turn out to be a drag. Like, who really wants to take care of a squishy infant? It would be much nicer to start with a walking, talking five-year-old."

Eve left home for the University of Pennsylvania, which she likes to describe now as a "very solid, very dull, very *liberal*" place. "If it had been five years later, there would have been sit-ins and demonstrations and at least some sign of radical life," she says. "Because the energy was there, the rebellion energy. I had it, and the people I knew had it, but it was still so tentative. So the men wasted their energy on sophomore humor. The women used theirs up having dates. I was very boy-crazy at the beginning. I was still in the marriage-thinking phase, and I'd meet a boy and immediately ask myself, 'Well, would I ever want to

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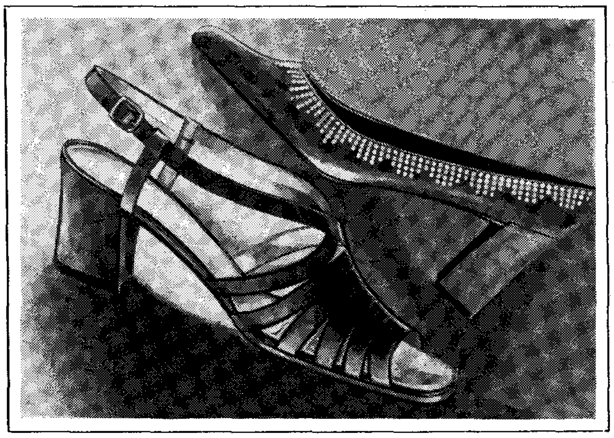

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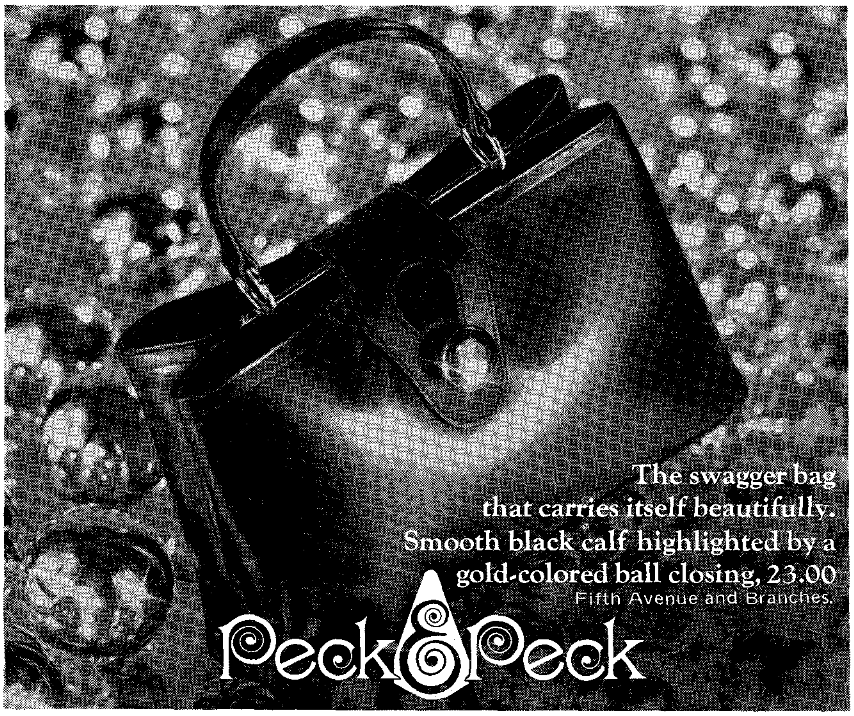

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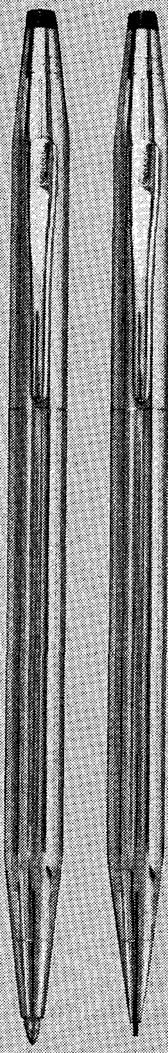

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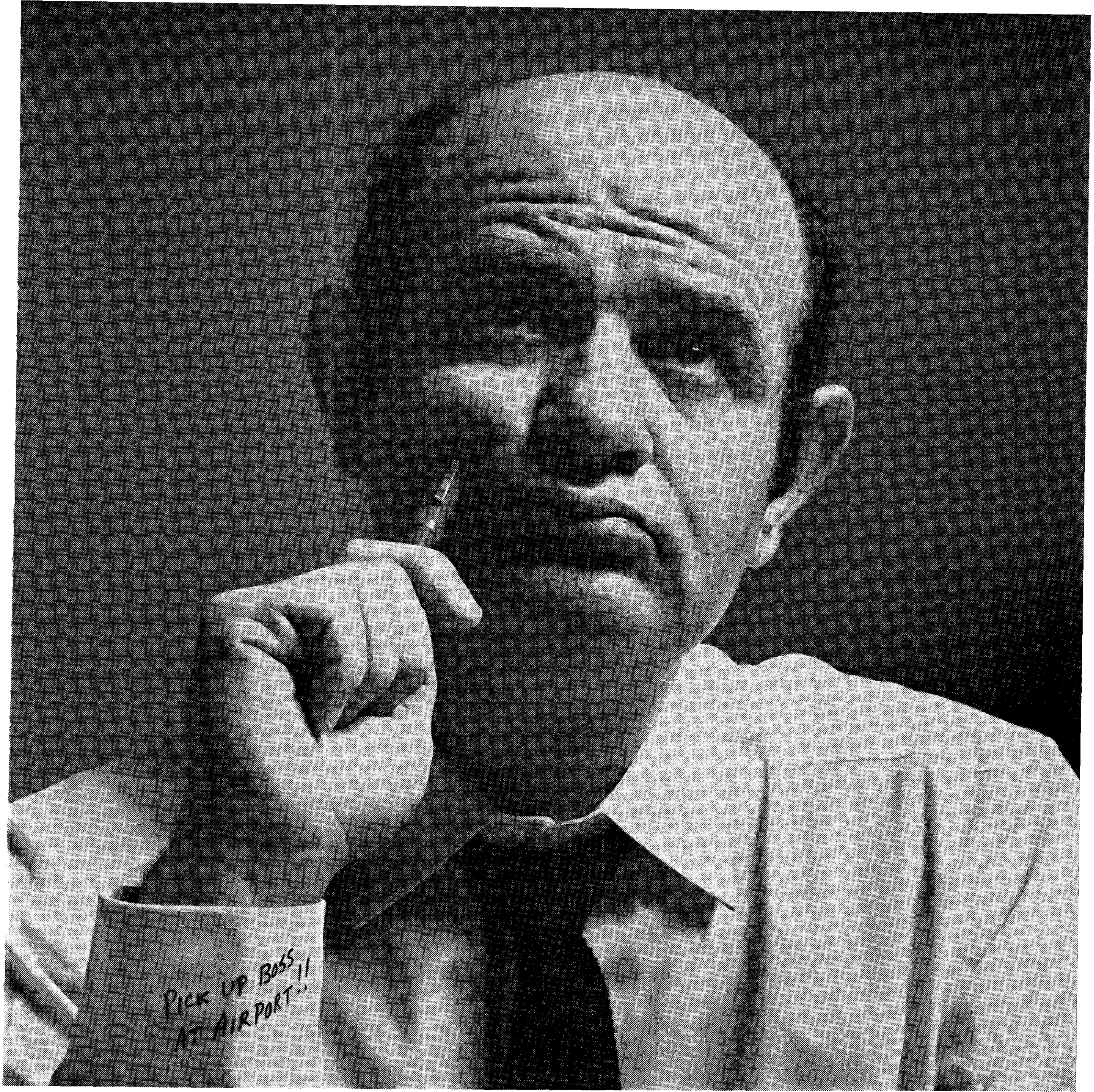
marry this one?' But then the whole thing became absurd: Dress up. Chit-chat. He pays. You sleep with him. I said to myself, 'Wow, this is like being a whore,' and stopped. After that, I had trouble relating."

Eve was studying English at the time, and writing stories. (Her first story, she says, was an inadvertently feminist comedy. It took place in New York, which she had never seen, and involved a crowd of women running out of Schrafft's and being swallowed up by big green buses in the shape of caterpillars.) For a while, she thought about going to graduate school, but she says now that the thought of more "male literature" discouraged her. "I would read these novels, and they'd all turn out to be so male-chauvinist. D. H. Lawrence was my worst moment. I began to understand blacks' not relating to white literature, because there I was, thinking, How can *I* relate to a literature that doesn't account for the female experience? It brought up the old question of why women fail. Well, how can a woman succeed if to do so she has to re-form herself in terms of the male experience?"

Eve went home to Cleveland when she finished college. She spent the next two years working at a ghetto settlement house for children, and then she took a job in the office of an experimental-theatre company and started seeing a psychiatrist at a local university clinic. The psychiatrist was a young Freudian who, according to Eve, diagnosed her malaise as a case of penis envy. "It was the most horrible experience of my life," she says whenever she talks about the doctor. "By the time I was through with that man, I was a *rabid feminist.* No matter what I'd say to him, he'd say, 'Eve, accept your sexuality.' I'd tell him I wanted to be a writer; he'd tell me to be a woman instead. I'd tell him that I was down on romantic love, because the myth of romantic love puts so much pressure on women and leads to all sorts of anxiety; he'd tell me to start wearing makeup if I wanted to keep my boyfriend. Well, he managed to shut off every means of communication. Like, my boyfriend at the time was manipulative and sick, and the healthiest thing about me then was that I didn't want to keep him. Finally, I told the shrink that I'd like to talk about my mother. He wouldn't let me. So I asked him about his horoscope. I said, 'I bet you're a Pisces.' Well, his mouth dropped open. 'How did you know?' he said. And I said, 'Because you're just like my mother, and she's a Pisces.' That, I think, was the last time I ever saw him."

Eve came to New York in the fall of 1966, after a trip through Europe with a younger sister. She had a string of publishing jobs—each of them, she says, distinguished by the fact that the women in the office kept typing and the men kept getting promoted—and a string of roommates, and then she found her apartment in Chelsea and her job with the chemical company. The title on her door there was "Director of Public Relations," but Eve says that the company, which wanted to justify the fact that she was getting a third the salary of the man who had had the job before her, put her on the payroll as a public-relations assistant. "I was discriminated against, and I was in pain," she says. "Like, every day some awful chemist would come up to me and say, 'Are you busy? Take a letter.'" That fall, when New York Radical Women formed, Eve was at its first meeting. She never went back. The people there, she says, depressed her. Redstockings, which she joined next, apparently depressed her, too—"There was a lot of hostility to new members, because new members weren't supposed to have high consciousness"—but she stayed on this time, went to the meetings every week, and quit the group only for the founding cadre.

"I saw at that first cadre meeting that there were some serious differences between us," she says now. "But I think that's natural. This is an evolutionary, not a revolutionary, movement, and the old structures are still strong, in one way or another, in each of us. Still, I make a big distinction between my thinking before feminism and my thinking after feminism. Before feminism, I wanted to get married, because I felt I couldn't do the things I wanted to do if I were alone. Now, after feminism, the necessity for marriage is not there, although I still feel pretty good about the idea of a marriage where I can function freely as a human being—a marriage that doesn't push me into a traditional female role. I want responsible independence with a man and the freedom to be as complex as he is. I guess I'll need an eccentric man for that—I seem to seek out eccentric men anyway—because the so-called normal men usually can't permit their women to be as complex as they are. What happens, I think, is that most men keep their emotions so bottled up that when they finally do release them, with a woman, they can't tolerate any threat to her depend-



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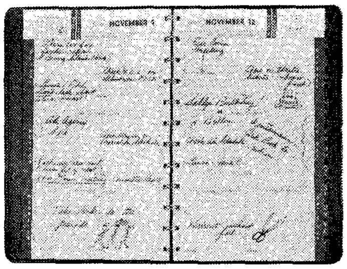

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ency. They feel this great need to be the whole focus of that woman's life. That's why I'm suspicious of intimacy—that is, of tight, intensely intimate relationships. I find the prospect of breaking down some man's defenses exhausting and painful, and I even question the value of achieving it. Still, I do think that after a few years of an affair I would want something more solid, because we *do* have this need to commemorate certain important moments in our lives, and the act of commitment to another person is one of those moments. It's not the idea of a marriage ritual per se that's horrible—it's the marriage ritual as it exists now. You have this virgin bride. You give her away, like property. All you commemorate, really, is the whole business-agreement aspect of the marriage. It's the old idea of the female sacrifice. And the law supports it. Legally, marriage is still stacked in favor of the man. There was one case where the man refused to share the housework and the woman couldn't get divorced because of it. The judge said that she had broken the marriage agreement.

"So the only solution for a feminist, if she does marry, is to write her own marriage contract and to make sure that there are laws to insure that that contract is considered valid. That's what I intend to do. Certainly I can't expect the man to suggest it. Why should *he* give the woman power? All his systems, all his myths and his institutions, are specifically designed to reinforce female oppression and to insure his own authority. Take primitive societies, where the women are always pregnant—where they have to be, to insure the tribes' survival. What do the men do? They free themselves from the responsibility of children, and at the same time they guarantee that no woman has this freedom herself. They create this myth that for the woman childbearing and child-raising are the most satisfying labor, if not the only labor, she's capable of. They create the maternal instinct. Sure, most women have it, even in the most advanced societies, but this simply reflects women's low status, not their biology.

"In a hundred years, when it's clear that there's no further need for most of the world to reproduce, will women still want to have children? Well, if they do, maybe they'll at least see the desire for children as the healthy ego thing it should be, not as some blind, driving instinct. Actually, this notion of special female instincts is a cover for the hatred of women that has been one of the deep, underlying attitudes of human history. It cuts through class,

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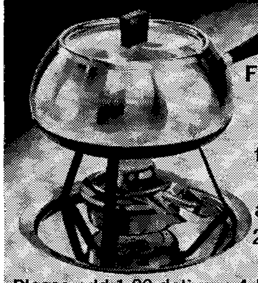

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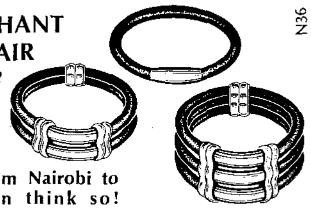

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race—everything. Consider the stereotypes—the witch-bitch, the woman as depleter, the castrating female, even that absurdity *vagina dentata*. It has to be hatred. Because you can't hang four thousand years of female oppression on a few minor biological differences between the sexes."

THE cadre went back to Nina's for its next meeting. There was still no heat in the apartment, and one of the upstairs neighbors had just moved down in order to share his electric heater with the two sisters. He had tactfully vanished to the movies by the time the women arrived, but he had left his heater on and his mattress scattered with comfortable pillows. Eve sat down on it, with Nina. Barbara and Hannah, who had finished her book that morning, took the couch. The four waited, drinking coffee, until Beatrice phoned in to say that she was in bed with the flu and that Jessica was busy with the East Side. Then Nina pulled the buzzer on a small alarm clock; the women had passed a resolution to spend no more than fifteen minutes talking business.

Barbara opened the meeting, because she wanted to discuss the consciousness-raising session that she, Nina, Eve, and ten women from the various other cadres had been practicing for the television producer. She said that one of the women had views on sex that, unhappily, reflected very low consciousness.

"She wasn't very good on anything," Nina added. "Like, once, when we laughed, she said, 'If there's one thing I won't stand for, it's a bunch of tittering women.' "

Hannah asked if they knew that the woman was an addict.

Nina and Barbara shook their heads.

"She wants to start a junkie cadre," Hannah said. "Like, she's been in the movement three months and off drugs for the first time, so she thinks having a junkie cadre is very important. She says the whole women-junkie scene is very different from the men's. The women are used by the men, as bodies, to earn their dope money."

"I was in court once after a demonstration and there were about twenty junkie prostitutes there waiting to see the judge," Barbara remarked. "I was really struck by the rapport between the prostitutes and the policemen."

"Sure, the policemen sleep with them, too," Hannah said.

"There were junkie prostitutes in court today, too," said Nina, who had spent the morning at a tenants' hearing. "And they all had such plain,

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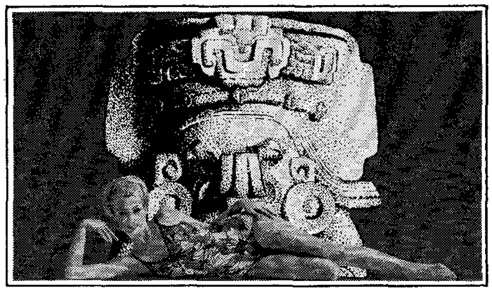

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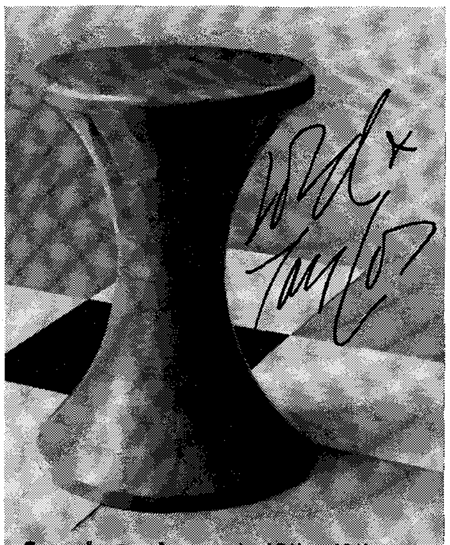

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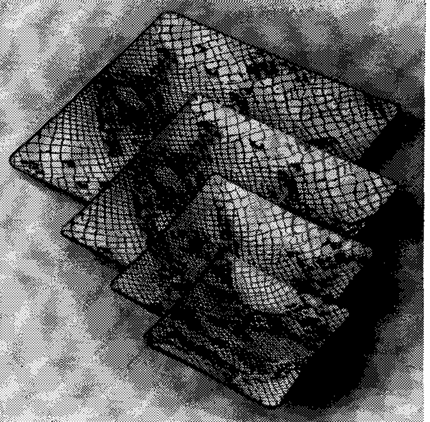

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Just then, the alarm rang, and Nina told the women that "ambition" was the evening's topic. Eve and Hannah shook their heads. Eve said that "ambition" belonged to Beatrice and should be saved until the next meeting.

"Why not just save consciousness-raising, period, until the next meeting?" Hannah added, sounding hopeful. "We've already sacrificed a month."

"You're being evasive," Nina told her.

"*I'm* willing," Barbara said.

"Well, I think 'competition between women' is a better subject anyway," Eve went on. "Or 'relationships between women.' It would get all the antagonism between us out in the open."

"I don't want to talk about that," Hannah said. "Hey, what ever happened to Margaret?"

"Come on, Hannah," Nina said.

"O.K., O.K., I'll do it," Hannah snapped. "I'll do it if we can call it 'internal dynamics.' "

Nina sighed, and then she said, "I feel funny. Like, my only problem is really with you, Hannah."

"Well, *I* have no hassles," Barbara cut in. "I feel good about all of you. It's just that without Hannah and Margaret it's been a drag. So maybe we should take a few new members from the other cadres."

"Stealing women from other people's cadres is going to solve things?" Nina asked her.

Hannah looked at Barbara. "Admit it, you're still angry that I did that television show."

Barbara shook her head.

"It's just that you said you had no time for meetings, and then we found out that you were giving all those interviews," Nina said.

"*You* try writing a big, important book," Hannah said. "I should have dropped out right away, in December, to work on it. And, anyway, I'm finished now, so what's the problem?"

"You're not listening to me," Nina said.

"Look. Would you sacrifice reaching millions of people for one lousy meeting on organization where nothing happens?" Hannah asked her. "What about *me*, anyway? I've felt the animosity. Nobody gave a damn that I wanted to get my book in."

Barbara smiled sweetly at Hannah. "I'd like to say, for the record, that I'm not resentful that you dropped out. I know there are emotional and circumstantial problems when you're writing. It's just that when you have to

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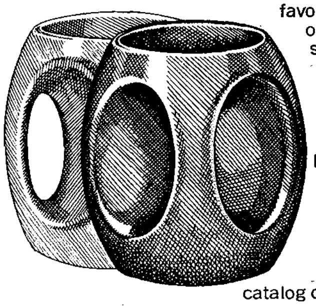

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decide between the group and an interview and you choose the interview, then the group suffers."

Hannah threw up her hands. "Look. Do you really think my presence would have helped the group that much last month?" she said.

Barbara nodded. "It's been so small, with Margaret out, too."

"How am I supposed to know that Margaret's writing a book?" Hannah asked her.

"We all have other things to do in life," Nina said.

"*You* would have chosen the television show, too," Hannah said.

Nina stood up. "I don't like the implications of that," she said. "Because I don't happen to feel that way. *I'd* choose the group." She sat down, glaring. "Anyway, the problem isn't one show. It's that you feel you're giving to the group and not getting anything from it. So it's more gratifying to you to go on television. More gratifying to your ego."

"The way things are now, with half the people out all the time, this group could dissolve," Eve remarked. "The only honest way to solve this thing is for each of us to say, 'Sure, I'm going to be into private projects, but I'm going to come to meetings anyway.' "

"I resent this crackdown on individual work," Hannah snapped. "Your head is in a different place at meetings."

"*I* resent the notion that you give and you don't get," Nina said. "I might as well say it: We had a really sensitive discussion about loving other women when you weren't here. And now you're back, and the arguments have started again."

"I don't agree, if it makes you feel any better," Barbara told Hannah.

"Well, *I* agree," Eve said.

"Why not tell me this on the phone?" Hannah asked her. "We've talked often enough."

"I forget on the phone," Eve said.

"That's funny—you forget!" Hannah screamed. "Listen—"

"I don't like arguments and confrontations!" Eve screamed back.

Hannah told Eve that she was setting up a confrontation now.

"Please don't fight," Nina said. "It's been hard enough for me to bring this up. Your friendships, the friendships in the group, mean a lot to me, and—"

"Listen," Hannah cut in. "I've been in the movement for three years, and I'm not going to discover myself in some deep way now."

"We've all been in it for years," Nina told her.

"And I will not be screamed at and

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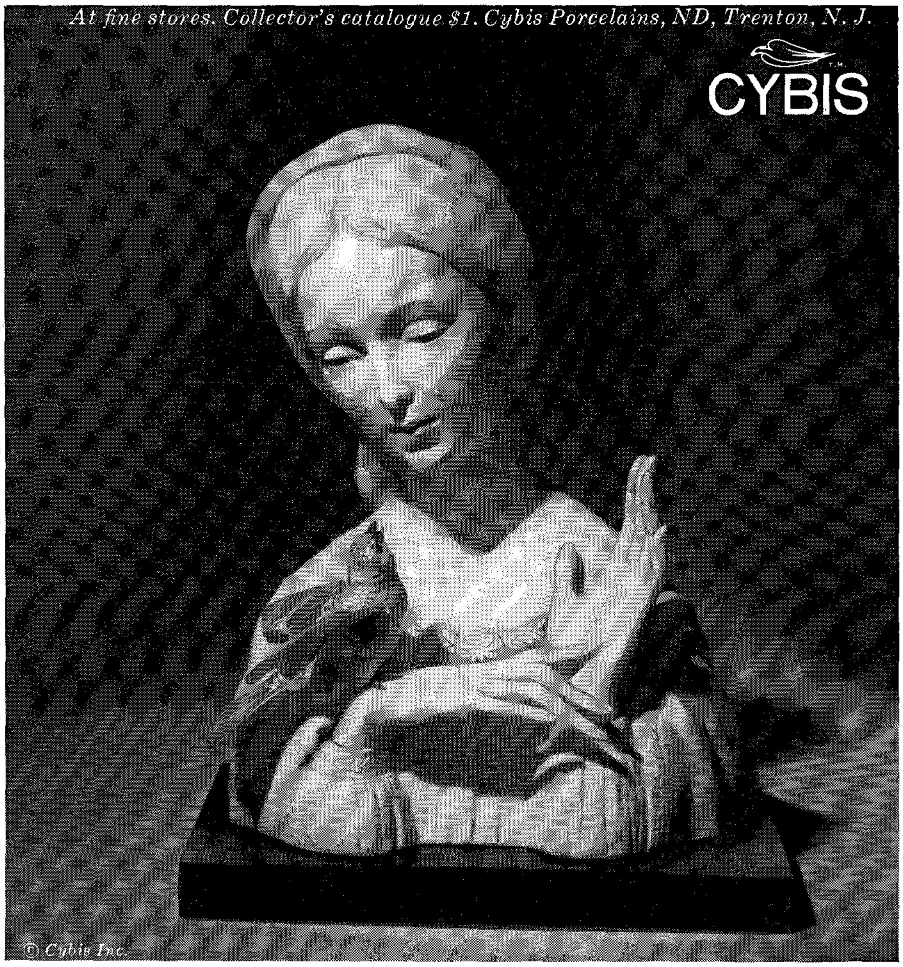

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attacked," Eve said. She was trembling.

"I didn't attack you," Hannah said. "I supported Nina."

Nina looked startled. Then Barbara lit a cigarette and said, "Hannah's been getting all this criticism, so of course she reacted. She didn't attack anybody."

"She *viciously* attacked," Eve said. Then she turned to Hannah. "Your problem is that you don't listen. I accept it, because I know you. It's my way of coping with you."

"Eve just doesn't want to ruin a friendship," Nina said.

"Friendship may be a nice goal, but you can't just *demand* it," Barbara told her.

"I'm not demanding anything," Nina said. "But I expect friendships to *grow*."

"*I* don't expect that," Barbara said. "Like, I'm a friend of Hannah's, but it's not something I necessarily expected."

"But friendship is one of the reasons I joined the group," Nina said. "If we can't get close to each other now, after weeks together, what hope do we have of getting close to other women?"

"If you really want to help women, think less about relating and more about acting," Barbara told her. "All this relating—it's a typically female thing to involve yourself only through relationships. It gets unhealthy."

Eve looked angry. "I resent your using 'female' that way," she said. "Anyway, why should we want to root all female things out of ourselves?"

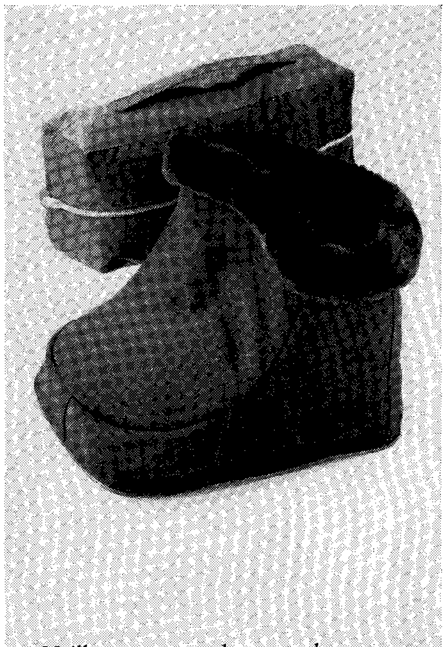
Barbara smiled slightly. "I'll change it to 'bad female thing,'" she said. And she added, to Eve and Nina, "This has gone on before in the movement. This kind of resentment. Women feel inadequate and want to establish their presence, so they join a group and end up putting the stronger women in it down. They do it because *they're* down and can't relate to those women on an equal basis. They get coy and feminine and indirect—the way you're both being indirect now, because it's not the question of Hannah's giving interviews that's really bothering you."

"You know that's not true," Eve said. "What all this really comes down to is that women like you don't know how to handle anger—how to get it out when it happens."

"I'm not angry," Barbara said softly.

"You're terribly angry," Eve said.

"Well, if I am angry, I've already said why," Barbara told her. "I don't want to be just a service to the movement. I don't want to play mother. It's



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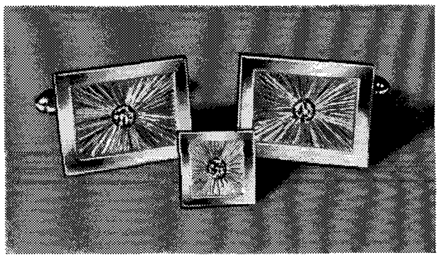

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nothing personal. I've just had enough of it in my relationships with men—this always getting myself into *their* problems—and I won't take it anymore."

"But there's been a lot of anger going around," Eve said. "At least, recognize that. Don't take our anger and try to make us repress it, too."

"I don't repress any anger," Barbara said. "That's your problem. I like coming right out with things."

"But the things you come out with aren't the things we mean," Nina said.

"Hannah's good at anger, too," Barbara went on.

Eve said that Hannah was terrible at anger.

"Look, you can't decide what people's personalities should be," Barbara told her.

"We haven't been legislating personalities," Nina said, looking embarrassed and confused. "We just want to know what the people in the group expect from each other, so we can shift our expectations if necessary and not get needlessly frustrated."

"But your expectations are . . . are religious!" Hannah said. "You want your relationships here to make up for everything you've missed in life."

"You've got to separate your needs in the group from your own emotional needs beyond the group," Barbara added.

"Look, Barbara," Nina said. "I feel that the functioning of the group is impeded by the things we've talked about."

Barbara said she hadn't noticed that.

Nina looked at her. "I'm tired," she said. "I don't want to come to the group and fight the same battles I fight in the outside world. I don't want to come here and contend with the insensitive, domineering, male part of somebody else's personality."

"That's why it's up to us to develop whole new types of relationships," Eve said.

"But you still can't go around expecting them," Barbara repeated. "Like, *I'd* really like to have a woman as a lover in the truest human sense. That's what I want, but I don't expect it. I don't go around putting every woman I meet in the role of a prospective lover."

"I know you don't," Eve told her. "All *we're* saying is that we have to deal with each other kindly."

"But we are," Barbara said.

Eve shook her head. "We've been bickering for weeks. The anger's there, it's real."

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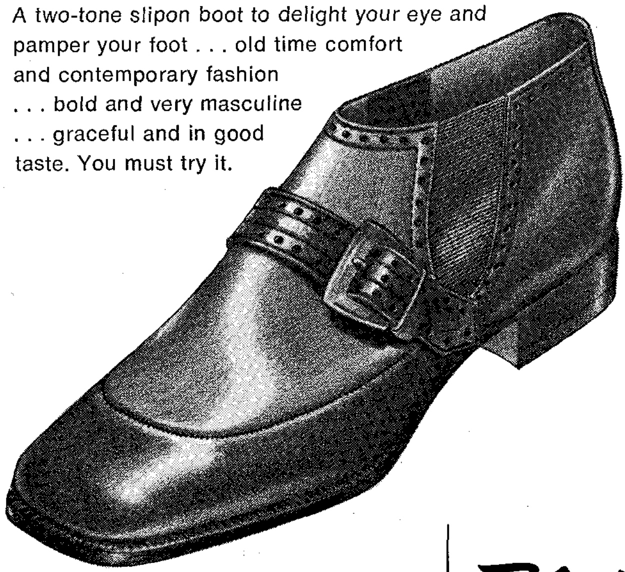

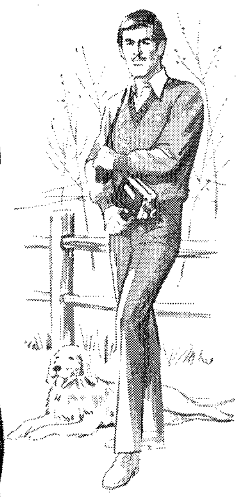

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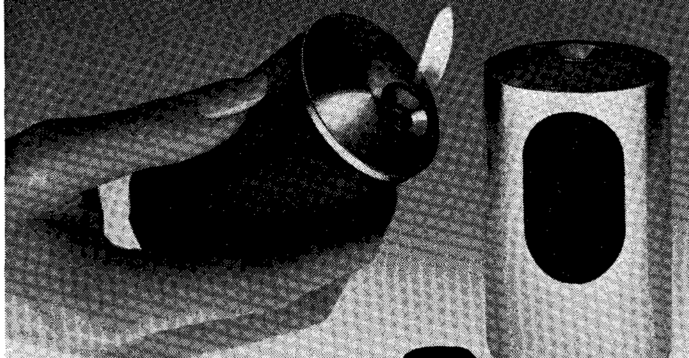

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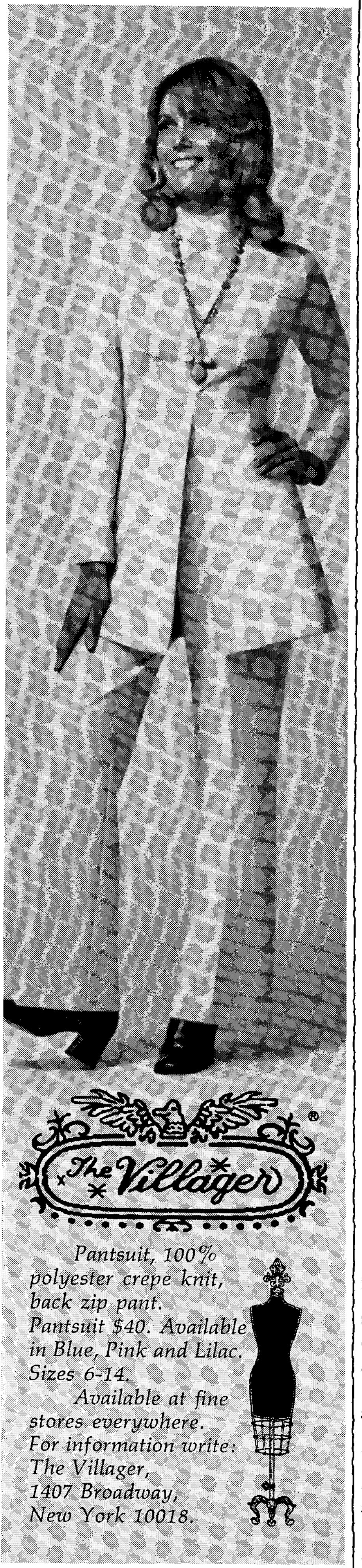

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bara said, looking disgusted at the thought.

"Don't you dare speak for me," Eve shouted. "I *never* related well."

Nina got up slowly from the mattress. Her eyes were red. "I'd like to clear one thing up," she said, finally, to Hannah. "I am *not* demanding all my satisfactions from the movement. All I'm demanding are a few, good, human moments."

Barbara got up, too. "Well, *I'd* like to say that this is very depressing," she told the women. "We're into all sorts of things that have nothing to do with the group, and it's a drag."

"Oh, great," Eve said. "Here's a crisis in the group, and *you* have to get threatened by it."

"I'm not threatened," Barbara said. "Just dragged."

"Why dragged?" Nina asked her. "Why not relieved that it's out in the open?"

A few minutes later, the meeting was adjourned.

WHEN Beatrice talks about the cadre, she will often refer to the problems that women have in being adults. "Responsibility, commitment, acknowledging the consequences of your behavior—what do those things usually have to do with a woman's life?" she says. "There's a fantasy quality about the lives of most women. Whatever they do, they have that lurking feeling that it's not real. They have no sense of content, and no sense of impact on the world to show them that they really do exist. In a way, they're like children. Look at the group. I'd love to go to a meeting some night and say, 'Stop! You're all acting like a bunch of children.' I can do that now, because I'm suddenly thinking about myself, and about my work, in those terms, too. That's why I don't—why I wouldn't ever—run away from the movement, no matter how bored I am with all the arguments.

"I never used to feel this way. I used to feel distant, advanced, different from 'women.' I think that's a problem most intelligent women have: They see intellect and achievement as somehow male characteristics, and consequently they look on other women as inferior. They feel like exceptions to the rule. But exceptions are a delusion, and for a woman it's fraudulent and very dangerous to feel 'different.' We're all women, in the movement—*that's* what we have in common. We're all conditioned in some basic way not to be adults, and these groups we have are helping to get us over that conditioning, so that we can begin to change our social roles. All *we* have to do is to show up and be honest. So if we can't do that—if we can't face the conflicts that come from doing that—we might as well give up now."

Beatrice comes from the Bronx. Her father is a salesman. Her mother was a housewife, and she died when Beatrice was in college. Beatrice was an only child. "I was precocious," she says. "I was the fifth-grade spelling champion of the whole Bronx, but I never did well enough for myself." She went to Vassar from one of the Bronx high schools, working her way through with an odd assortment of summer jobs. Vassar appealed to her, she says, because it was near enough to men to be enjoyable and far enough away from them to make her work hard. After she finished college, she put in a year with the Parks Department in New York and a semester at graduate school, and then she left to teach English at a small black college in Alabama. She has been teaching, off and on, since then.

"I really wanted to write," she says. "But I found I had a terrible writer's block whenever I sat down with a piece of paper. It may have been that block, actually, that got me into feminism; I wanted to sort out how much of it was me and how much had to do with being a woman and never believing that what you do is real. If, as Freud says, we identify with our mothers, then maybe for a woman achievement means betraying her mother in some basic, guilt-inspiring way. I don't know, but in my case all my confusions about being a woman, all my questions of identity, came to a head when I sat down to write." By now, however, Beatrice has had her first few magazine pieces published, and would like to begin a book about women in literature. "Isabel Archer, whom I loved, was a great statement of woman as metaphor for the human condition—for our need for limits and our equally human need to transcend them," she says. "All Henry James's women, in a way, have to do with this notion of 'great difficulty braved.' Their values, their feminine values, are really the European ones, the values America has left behind. Like the social values. That Old World vision of the value of social sensitivity is gone in America now, but women here, like Negroes, are still sensitive to the subtleties of social relationships. As the 'other,' they have to be. I remember Edith Wharton, in 'The Custom of the Country,' saying that for a man in America the real *crime passionnel* is the big steal—

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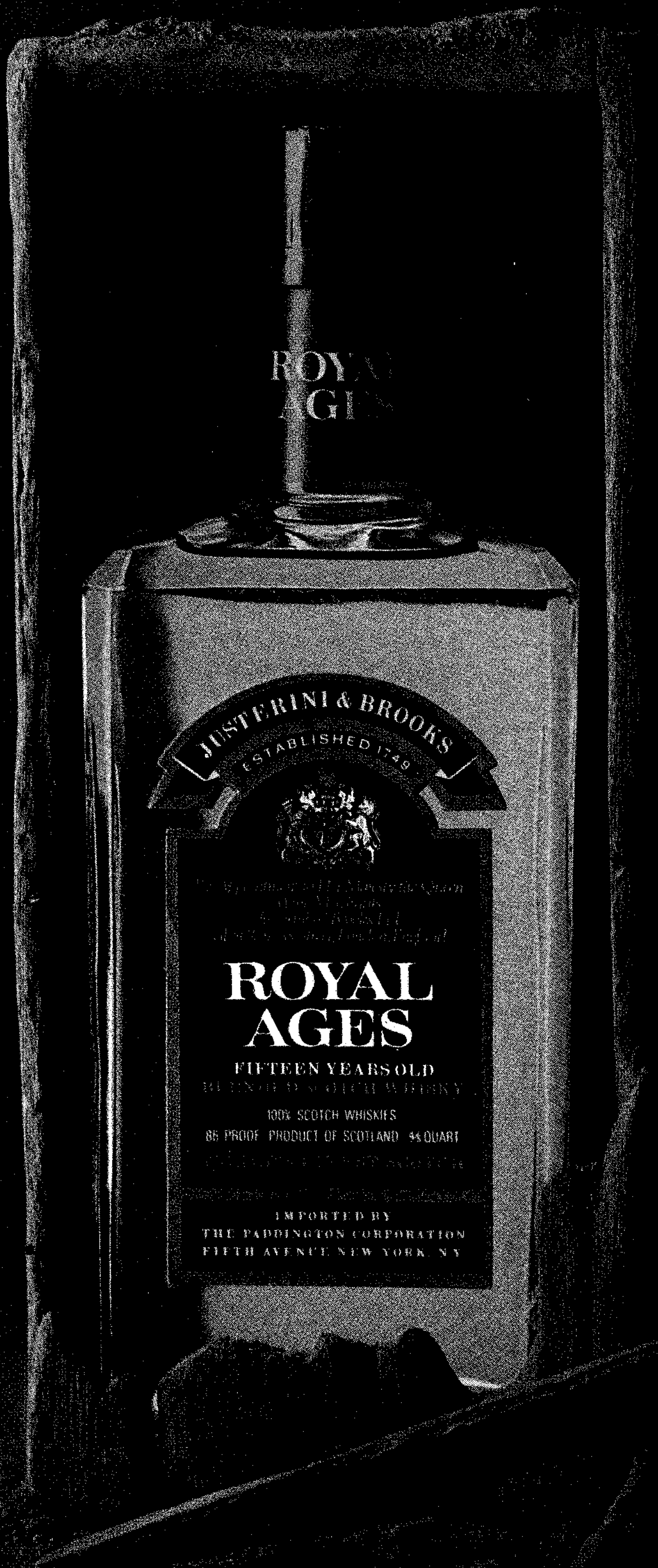
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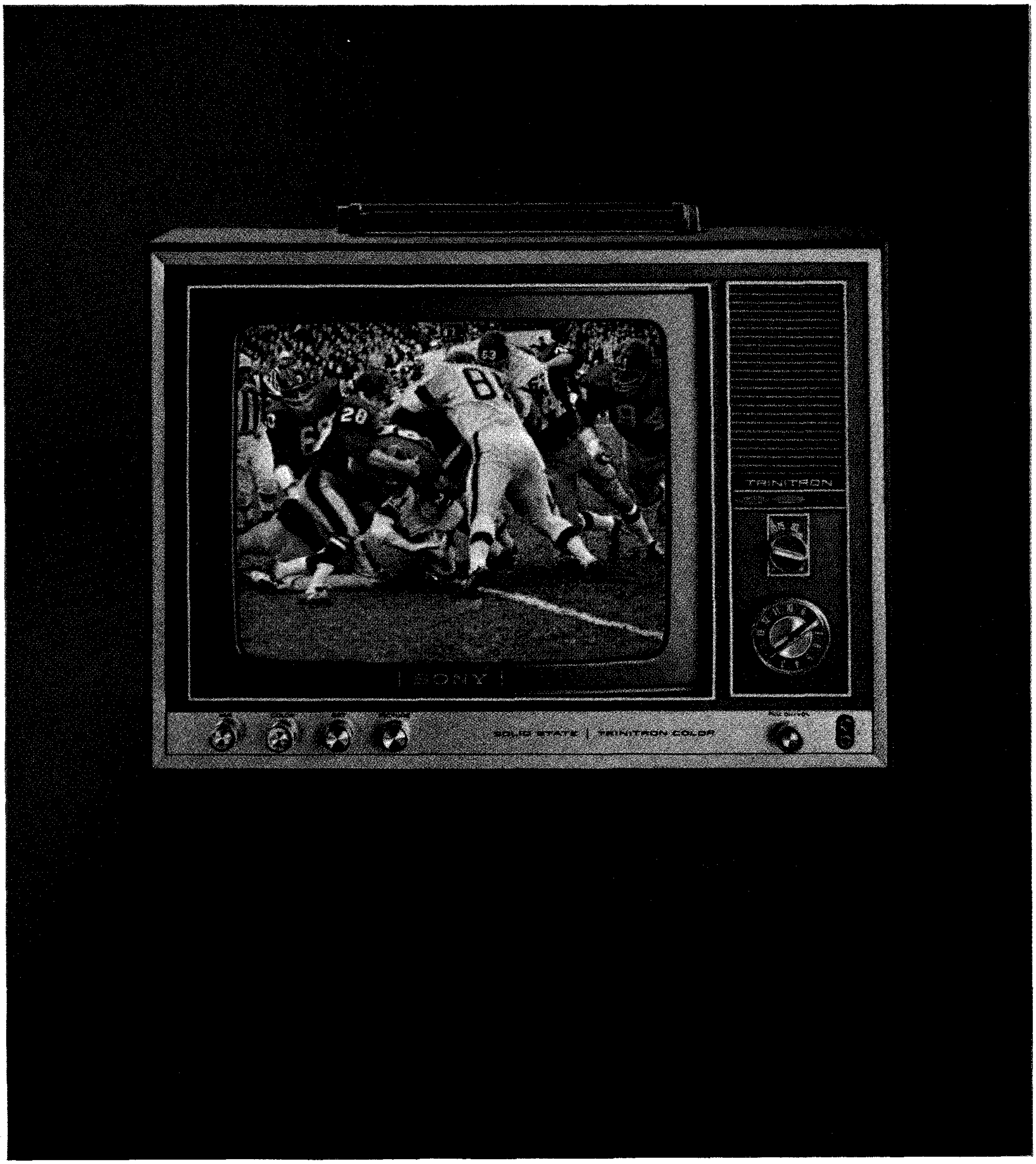
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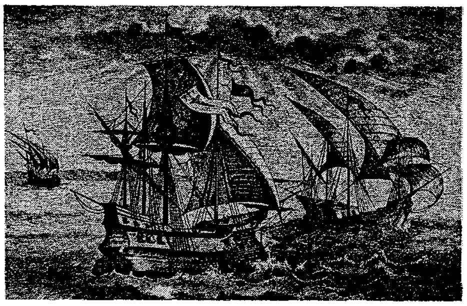

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that there's more excitement here in wrecking railways than in wrecking homes. And I remember Leslie Fiedler, in 'Love and Death in the American Novel,' saying that in America men are sort of out in the wilderness together. It's not a homosexual thing—it's just that Prometheus doesn't need a woman. Women have no real function in American life. A hundred years ago, as feminists, we could have said, 'Are we going to persuade, or infiltrate, or burn down everything and take over?' Feminist questions then were tied up with the contemporary values. Chastity. Motherhood. The Victorian family. Today, we have to acknowledge that the liberation of women isn't just a question of roles. It has to do with the values of our whole civilization. I remember when Doris Lessing read at the Y.M.H.A. Poetry Center. The audience had the look of 'the new young woman' about it, and there was this take-a-stand kind of hostility. People were demanding that she make some big, militant statement on women. 'Don't talk about humanity and the end of the world,' one of the women told her. 'Talk about the woman thing.' Well, Lessing was nearly fifty then, and she was moved and upset and very much aware of herself as approaching fifty. She said there were so many problems in the world that it would be sort of parochial to focus on only one. She said that, politics aside, her concerns were beyond feminism, or somehow different from it. Well, I was very much disturbed by the tone in that audience, because the problem of all humanity *is* to the point, and when you won't even let a woman talk about it . . . I'm not a literary reactionary, but I guess I'm not exactly in the vanguard, either. I think that people who can make political statements dogmatically, as some of the feminists do, deny in some way both the complexities and the sameness of human experience. All this doesn't deny my rage as a woman, but part of me has always been apart—always had this distance from events. This is the first time I've joined anything since a test-ban march in college, and I guess it kind of tempers my view. Hannah, for instance, tends to see things in terms of what's accomplished. Me, I look at the nature of the process. I think that if women are led into their decisions by other women, that's no better than being led by men."

Last fall, a friend told Beatrice about a workshop on Women's Liberation that was meeting once a week at a new, radical free school in town called Alternate University. Beatrice started

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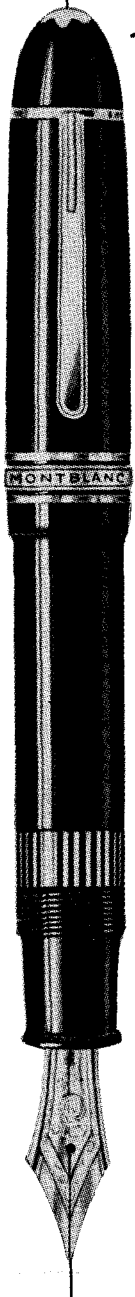

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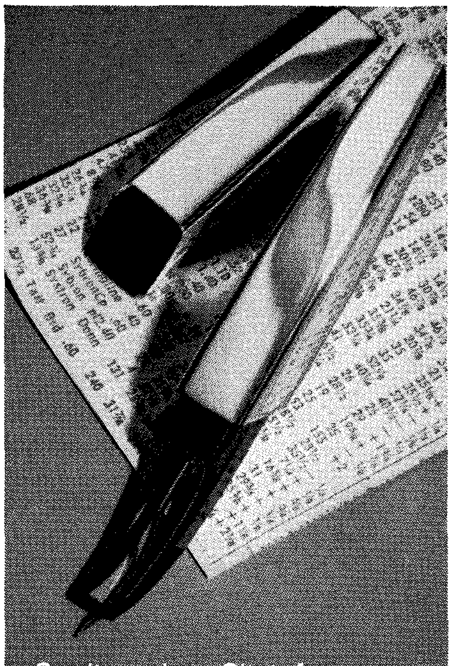
going, and at the same time she began reading about feminism. Kate Millett had just published a chapter from her book "Sexual Politics" in the *New American Review*, and Beatrice called Miss Millett to ask about a smaller group. ("I'm not an activist," Beatrice says. "If I had wanted impact, I would have joined NOW. They get things done right and left.") Miss Millett gave her Hannah's telephone number. Beatrice had just met Hannah at a Redstockings indoctrination session, and Hannah told her when she called that some of the women from Redstockings and the Feminists were going to have their own meetings.

"When the founding cadre formed, a month later, I told Hannah that some of the women left out would be hurt and offended," Beatrice says. "I asked her what, exactly, the criteria for being in the cadre were, and she just said, 'Well, these are the people we can work with.' I was angry about that—there had been some good women at those meetings, and now they were being treated insensitively—but I liked the cadre women. They seemed to know what they were talking about. They had more substance, more assurance, than the women at Alternate U., who were mostly political and gabby, or the women at Redstockings, who struck me as very young and sad. So I stayed with them. I wanted to keep my feminism closely related to my life in very concrete ways, and not turn it into some abstract problem, which is what I tend to do with things. At the beginning, at a lot of the meetings, I found the women interesting emotionally, but intellectually I was bored. I'm over that now, although I'm never sure to what extent my old contempt for women is still operating. I know that my feelings at Vassar were 'This isn't serious,' and I wonder now, when I look at women, if in some ways I still reject their seriousness and their pain and their sense of powerlessness.

"Sometimes I wonder, too, if in granting this super-humanity to women I'm denying it to men. When someone new visits the group and says, 'But men are oppressed, too,' the women all say 'Ugh!,' but it seems to me that too much of this powerlessness we feel comes from thinking of men as some great fantasy force with absolute control over women's lives. Where does it come from? Well, consider that until very recently most young women in the world were bearing children every year. Now, if for at least a few months every year you need protection and someone to take care of you, who can say that the vulnerability you feel—



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your sense of yourself as helpless in relation to the rest of the world—doesn't carry over into the rest of your life, and, in fact, into your daughter's life and her daughter's life, until that feeling of vulnerability becomes a conditioned response to being female? Still, to understand that you're conditioned is one thing; to feel that your conditioning is in particular hands can be a masochistic fantasy. Power relationships may be black-and-white on some big political scale; they're never black-and-white personally. I suppose it's some consolation to say that there's a conspiracy out there, that men are the enemy and won't give up without a fight, and that there's nothing you can do about it. In a way, it's a safe stand—to get out and do battle as if there were options is a lot harder—and then, too, like black paranoia, female paranoia is realistic. You *are* a victim. There *are* people out there who are out to get you, and the exceptions don't destroy the rule. That's why sexual politics is a bind for so many women. It's hard to say men are the enemy and then to say, 'I can love a man.' "

Last winter, while Beatrice was in bed with the flu, she spent a good deal of time watching old movies on television. She got acquainted with the Eve Arden, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, and Ginger Rogers of the thirties and forties, and afterward she remarked that they were all extraordinary characters—"women in suits," she called them—and that she rarely saw women like them in American movies today. Those old movies, she said, started her thinking about the decline of the independent American woman and about an oddly increasing rigidity in women's roles.

"What have the suburbs done to us all? They're such a horrible, reactionary concept. People are saying now that they actually caused the collapse of the old feminist movement, and it's certainly true that in a few decades the suburban family has managed to isolate most American women from reality. Joan Crawford in her suit has been replaced by Helen Gurley Brown in sequinned décolletage, waiting with the perfect Martini for her commuter husband. I don't think that the nuclear suburban family is necessarily something *evil*. I'm not a group person. I'd never want to live in a commune. I believe in love, and I think, like Lear, that your child is your immortality. But the suburban family has as its essence this isolation from other social relations, and the woman, not the man, bears the burden of the arrangement. It drives the woman to create a kind of counter-

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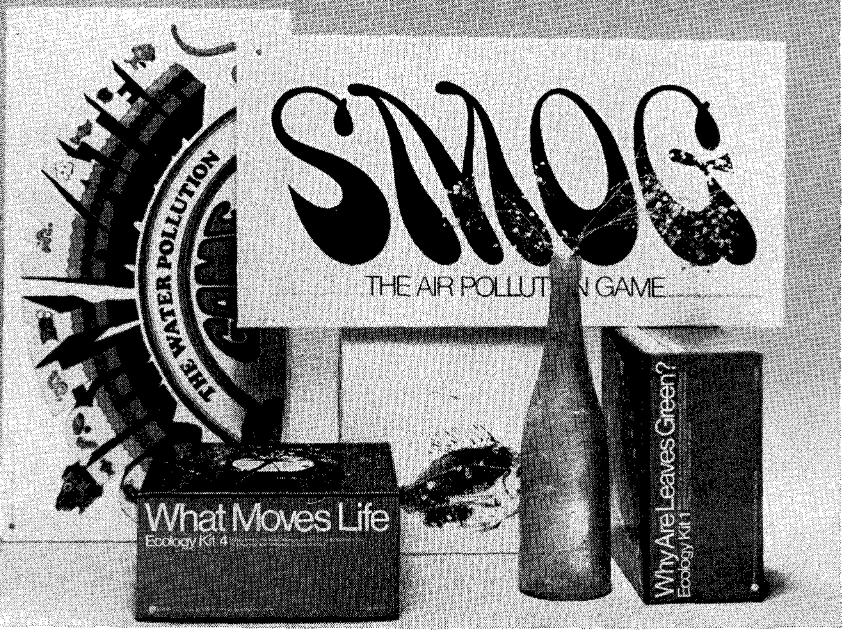

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reality, with its own priorities and crises, and to invest with tremendous significance decisions, like which detergent to buy, that will only seem trivial in relation to the real world. It drives her to use money in a compensatory way—to perpetuate the consumer society, which may be what the family's all about anyway. We've all felt the psychology of shopping—how we've bought hats and dresses that we didn't really need or want. De Beauvoir talks about it, and all the movement papers talk about it, but just to say we've felt it doesn't explain things. There's more to the relation between American consumer society and American family structure than detergent ads. Consumption's not a conspiracy to victimize the woman. A society based on the exchange of money limits *all* human relations and possibilities. But do men know it? And do the men who know it really want it?

"The irony, of course, is that men are so fascinated by women in the movement. I'm not very enthusiastic about most men—partly because I've had a boyfriend for the past few years and was living with him off and on until this spring—but suddenly, now that I'm a feminist, all these men call me up and say, 'You must be fascinating. Let's go out next Saturday night.' Well, I laugh, and I hang up, and I say to myself, 'Back to work.' But then I begin to wonder, from the point of view of feminism, 'Now, what's going on in *their* minds that makes me such a fascinating creature?' I don't know. All I know is that I'm so fascinating these days I don't know what to do with myself."

THE cadre met next at Barbara's, and Eve, Nina, and Hannah came to the meeting, along with Hannah's sister Ruth, who was on her mid-semester break from a college in Los Angeles. The apartment was a neat one-room walkup over a boutique in the East Village. There was a drafting table near the front windows, and several of Barbara's blueprints shared the walls with a print of two masked heads embracing and an enormous poster of Barbara's favorite ad. The poster pictured a very sexy, confidential-looking lady with a mane of lacquered hair, a glistening bosom, and a Virginia Slim cigarette in her manicured hand. "We make Virginia Slims especially for women because women are dainty and beautiful and sweet and generally different from men," the poster said. The women piled onto an open trundle bed, dispossessing three black cats in the process, while Barbara, in a canvas chair, flipped through a couple of twenty-five-cent paperbacks she wanted them to see.

"Dig this," Barbara said, pointing to a young woman who was fleeing in her nightgown from a gloomy castle on the cover of a novel called "The Mistress of Mellyn." "When you think about who reads this stuff. Some woman stuck alone at home—"

"With only her soufflés to protect her," Nina said.

"They're all the same," Barbara went on. "There's this young girl, not glamorous but sweet and innocent. And she marries this handsome stranger with a big castle. And discovers there's something evil in the house. But—get this—the handsome husband is always vindicated. It's, like, the maiden aunt or the jealous governess who's been trying to stab her in the tower at night. Now, I've been thinking—there must be some connection somewhere."

"Here's a woman from Cairo, Illinois, who says she's never been oppressed," Nina remarked, looking up from an issue of *Mademoiselle* that was devoted to Women's Liberation as well as to the spring collections and the makeup problems of the Black Is Beautiful set.

Hannah reached for the magazine. "And here's a story on 'The Enemy,' written by men," she said. "So they really *know* what they're like, after all."

"Those men are very slick," Eve said coolly. "There's no need to be surprised."

Barbara looked the article over and remarked that possibly, for money, men might start turning against their own sex soon. Then she said that she had talked with Beatrice, who was still at home nursing her flu, studying for her examinations, and in general protesting the argument at last week's meeting, which she had heard about, in various versions, from most of the other women in the group. Margaret was still writing and had decided to fall in love as soon as she had met her deadline. And Jessica, who was making one last visit to the East Side cadre, had phoned to say that she missed everyone and was definitely coming back next week.

The women grinned.

"Now, what do we do about the *Post?*" Hannah said next. "They're having this terrible article on women—like, they're interviewing Joe Namath and Mailer and types like that about us. So the reporter—listen to this, it was a

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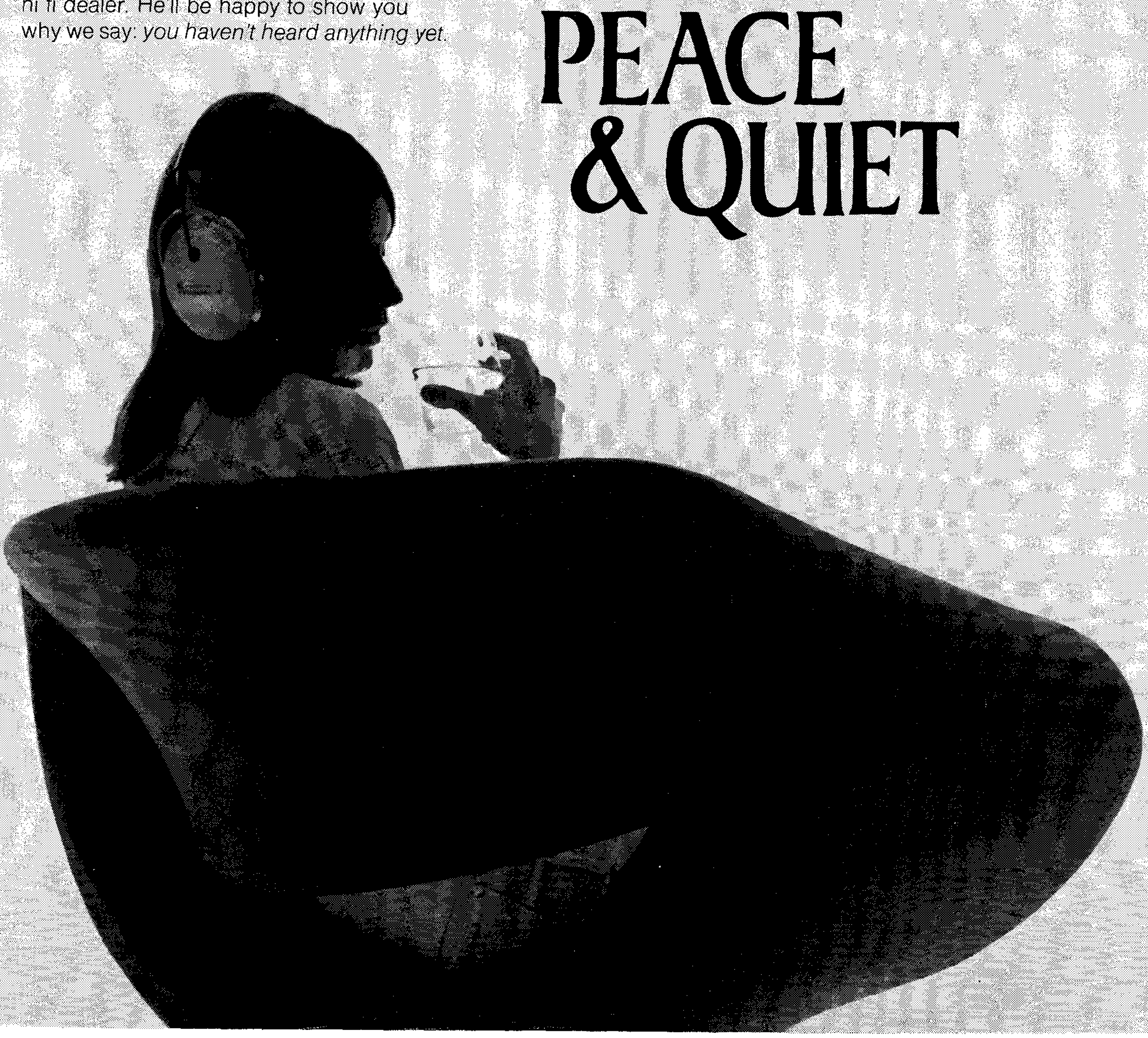

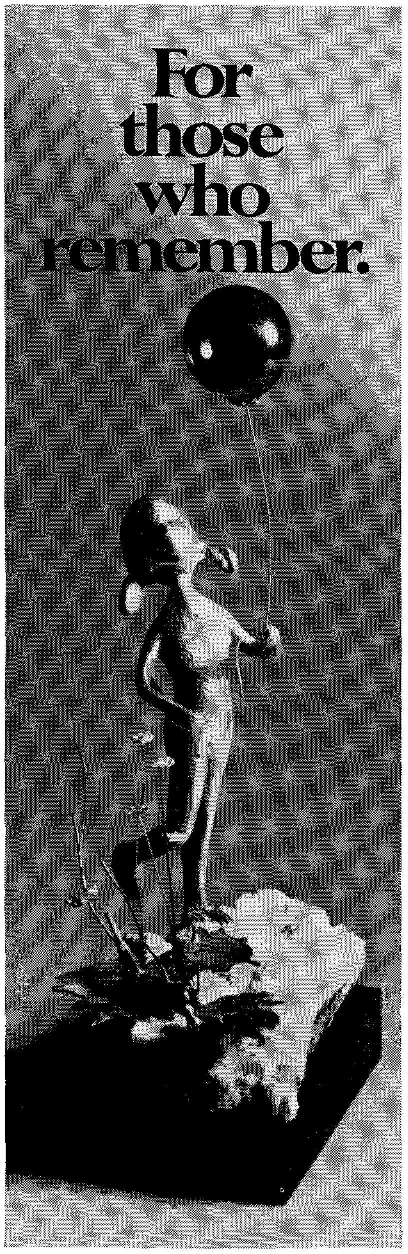

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woman—called me and complained that none of the feminists would talk to her. She said, 'This is crazy. It's like a mad cookie sale.' I said, 'What do you mean, cookie sale? This is no cookie sale. This is serious politics.' So then she got insulted and said, 'Well, you women have certainly put me right on the side of the men, with your behavior.' "

"Good for her," Eve said. "She was *always* there." Eve turned to Ruth and asked if the business of feminism was this complicated in California.

Ruth shook her head. She was a tall, pretty girl in granny glasses, orange tights, and a corduroy miniskirt. "They don't worry about that sort of thing in California," she said. "They're very Fascist. They have ministers of this and that—"

"We don't allow any leaders," Barbara told her.

"Well, then, maybe it's not so bad here," Ruth said. "But a group needs discipline. It needs discipline for unity."

"Groups should be united through political issues, not through leaders," Hannah announced, sounding very formal.

"I don't know—the scene here bothers me," Ruth told her. "Just the words 'sister system' that you use get me. You can't put friendship into your bylaws. That robs it of its essential quality."

"You mean we're trying to legislate friendship?" Hannah asked her. Then she said to Nina, "Speaking of friendship, I met an old friend of *yours*. She says you've turned raving-maniac feminist. Like, she says your husband blames *you* for all the trouble with the marriage."

Nina shrugged, and Ruth remarked that she had a friend with a terrible husband, too. "She used to be so bright and ambitious and all over the place doing things," Ruth said sadly. "Now she wants to see me. She says the only thing they can discuss in the house is him."

"Is there anything you can do so that coming to see you doesn't mean failure to her?" Nina asked sympathetically.

"I told her, 'Look, I don't know anything about your husband, but I like *you*,' " Ruth said. "The sad, female thing about the situation is that she says she can't leave him, because he needs her. He'd feel so rejected, the darling."

"Men," Barbara said. "You know, my father had this rule last summer that no one could visit my mother until after he got up in the morning, which usually meant about three in the after-

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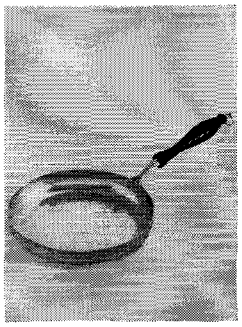

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noon. It didn't have anything to do with Mother. He was depressed and wanted to stay in bed, and so she had to suffer."

"With my friend, it's more like wanting to break up and being scared he's going to murder you," Ruth told her.

Barbara acknowledged that that was an experience she had never had. But Hannah said that once *she* had lived in "mortal terror" of a boyfriend.

"It's very satisfying, in a way," Nina said. "Like, you give power to the man, so that he can act out everything you already suspected about men. Some people must need to have their suspicions confirmed that way. I did."

"That's the problem with *your* friend," Barbara told Ruth. "She's letting herself get dragged in and drained."

"She might have wanted her ego smashed," Eve added. "Maybe, in subtle ways, it was always happening to her. It's just that there was nothing really substantial about it till now."

"You know how she met him?" Ruth said. "She was walking in the country on a beautiful spring day, carrying flowers, and he came up to her, out of nowhere, and said something—ugh—romantic."

Nina made a face. "Oh, boy, she'll never get out of that one," she said, and she added, "I had real insensitivity when I got married. I never took seriously the fact that I could get beaten down. Then I realized, 'Lady, if you've got a sick marriage, you wanted it.' "

"But most women are ignorant—they don't know about men," Barbara told her. "They go into a relationship with no alternatives, and, with no alternatives, it's hard for them to get perspective on how damaged they are."

"That's why male-identifying women, like me, are sometimes in better shape in the long run," Hannah said. "Like, I had this male-identity thing with men. Men were just for sex, not relationships. I used to keep a paper heart hanging from the ceiling for every one I slept with."

"Sex the male way," Barbara said. "That's what Ti-Grace Atkinson calls the whore mentality."

Hannah chuckled and said that she had certainly had it, whatever it was called. "I had already figured out how men viewed women and used them, and so the idea was to turn everything around and use the men. Turn the men into objects. Never get involved. It was a way to avoid realizing that I was still the object anyway." She thought for a minute, and then went

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on, "I didn't vacillate. I was *always* a male-identifier."

"But what you did—that was a *conscious* solution to the dilemma," Eve said.

"There's a third choice?" Hannah asked her.

Eve shrugged. She said that, anyway, she questioned the whole idea of male- and female-identifying women. "What we call male-identifying is very obvious. We pick out the icky things in men and call them male, and then we say that the woman who has them, like the aggressive woman who steps all over other women—we say she's a male-identifier."

"But there are a lot of *healthy* aspects to women who identify with men," Barbara cut in. "They may not be able to make it the way a man does, but they at least move, they accomplish. And that's good, not bad. Anyway, if we can call compassion a good female-identifying thing, why can't we call achievement a good male-identifying quality?"

"But you can't just divide personalities that way," Nina said. "Distinctions like that only get you off the track of what the basic *human* qualities are."

"Well, I think the distinctions are very revealing," Barbara insisted. "They reveal the alternatives, for one thing, and—"

"Male-identifying women still have a female identity that they're very much concerned with," Eve interrupted, climbing over the women on the bed to get her cigarettes.

"And let me tell you, it gets to you," Hannah said. "Like, I still can't handle shopping. I spent all day today in some creepy department store and didn't come home with a thing, and even lost my gloves. Shopping is what my mother did. So I must really know that if I'd identified with my mother it would have been disastrous."

"I call that extreme alienation," Eve said, lighting her cigarette. "Why not associate femaleness with something simple like growing up and getting married? Why does it always have to be with something *disastrous*?"

"Here's what *I* associate with femaleness," Barbara said. "Compassion, warmth, my mother's strength, and too much submissiveness."

Nina thought for a minute. "When I was growing up, my mother kept saying, 'Respect me, please respect me.' I didn't know what she meant then, but now I associate femaleness with that stubborn, pigheaded desire of hers to reach out to other people, because it was that same desire that kept me in my marriage for so long. Who

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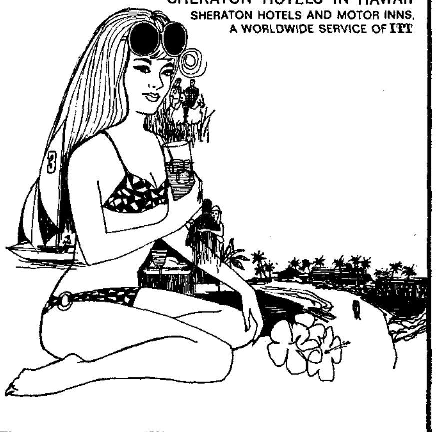

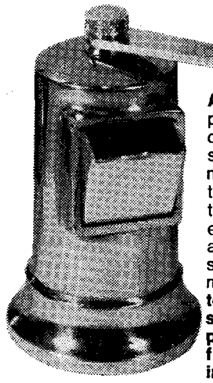

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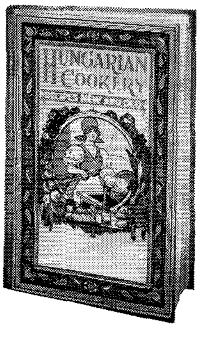

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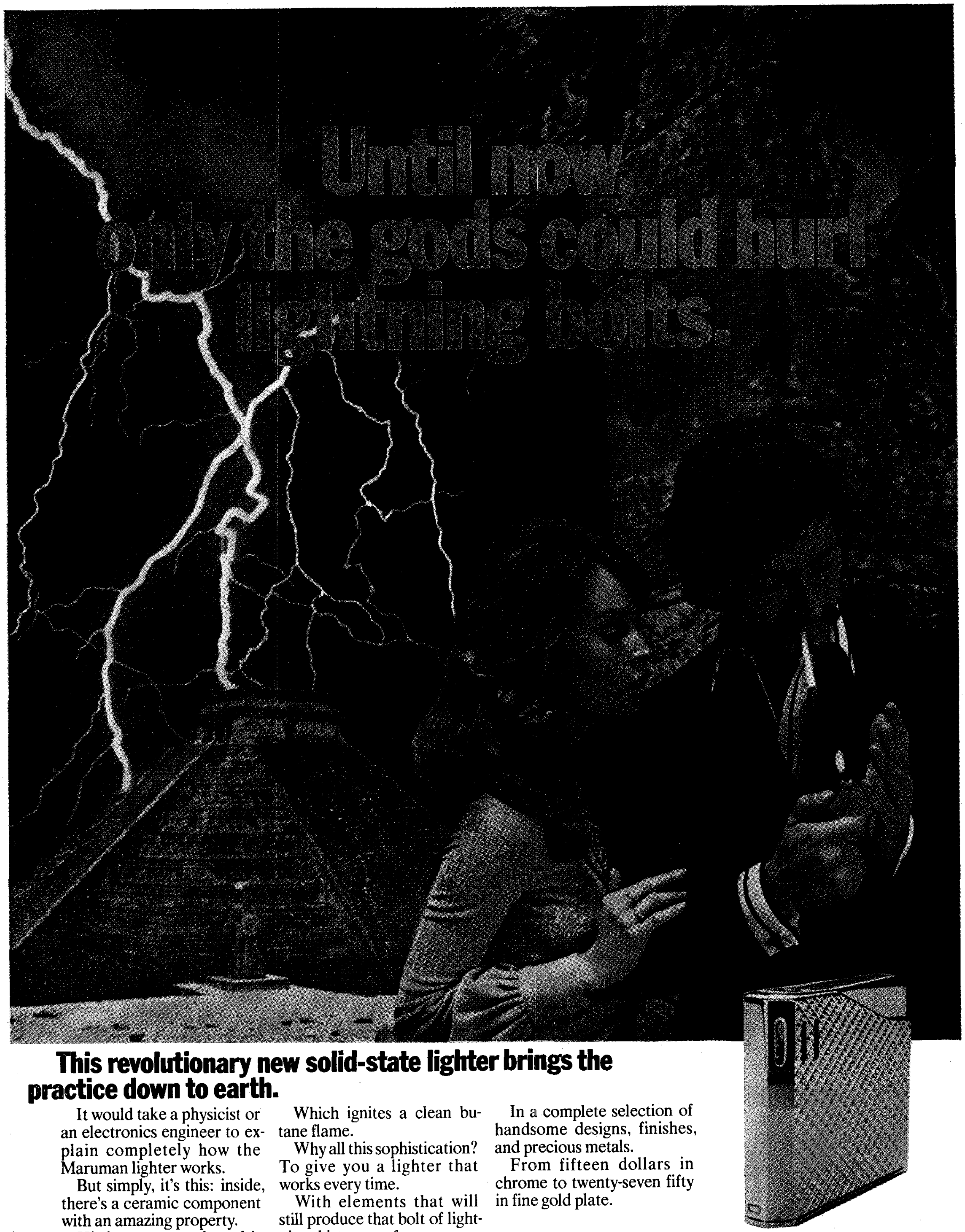

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knows? Maybe if I'd had a big, aggressive, male ego, I would have accepted my rage and got out earlier."

"Sometimes it works out best when you have really rotten parents on both sides," Barbara observed, walking over to her refrigerator for a pitcher of lemonade. "Like, what happened to my college roommate was really nice. *Both* her parents were rotten, and so she didn't become male *or* female in her thinking but something nice and new."

Hannah poured herself a glass. "Well, it certainly does seem like our associations are pretty bad ones," she said. "Like, I associate being female with lack of direction, inability to finish what you start, hysteria, defeatism. And with wanting to avoid bad situations and finding myself in them. I associate being female with having a big hollow inside. With never quite believing in what you do, because your whole development has been negative and defensive."

Ruth shook her head. "It's so heavy, listening to all this male-female talk," she said. "It doesn't click for me. Hannah identifies with men, but when I was growing up I didn't identify with either men or women. I was the mediator in the family. I was always waiting around to make sure my parents didn't kill each other."

"I was jealous of you," Hannah told her. "You got the attention. You were always being shipped off to Grandma's house to get fattened up."

"And I was stifled by you," Ruth said. "That ego of yours oppressed me. You'd talk and talk at night in bed, and I always had to listen."

"Well, how do you think I felt, knowing you were dying to go to sleep?" Hannah said, laughing.

"It's funny," Nina said. "My sister has the same thing. She says that she always felt powerless with me, and inarticulate. Even now, sometimes, she calls me up at work and says, 'I'm going to see my shrink. Now, what was it that I wanted to tell him?' It's like she's really asking, 'What am I feeling?' "

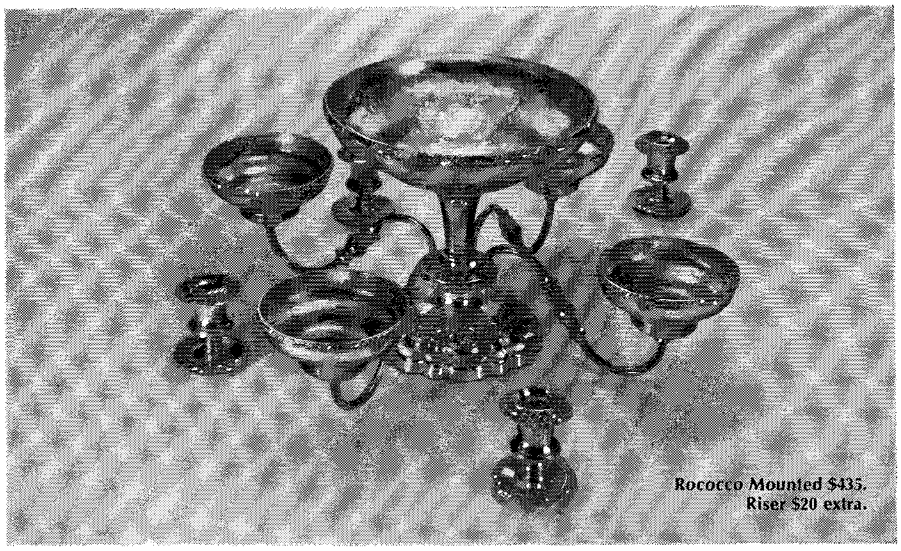
"My first lover was someone who was seeing Hannah," Ruth remarked.

"He met her at a party and liked her better than me," Hannah said dryly.

Ruth eyed her sister. "Well, I always felt that you had your mind and I had my femininity," she said. "Whenever you'd get into a mess with some terrible man, I'd say to myself, 'Not me. I'd never get into a mess like that.' "

"This is certainly interesting," Hannah said.

"I had the same thing with my



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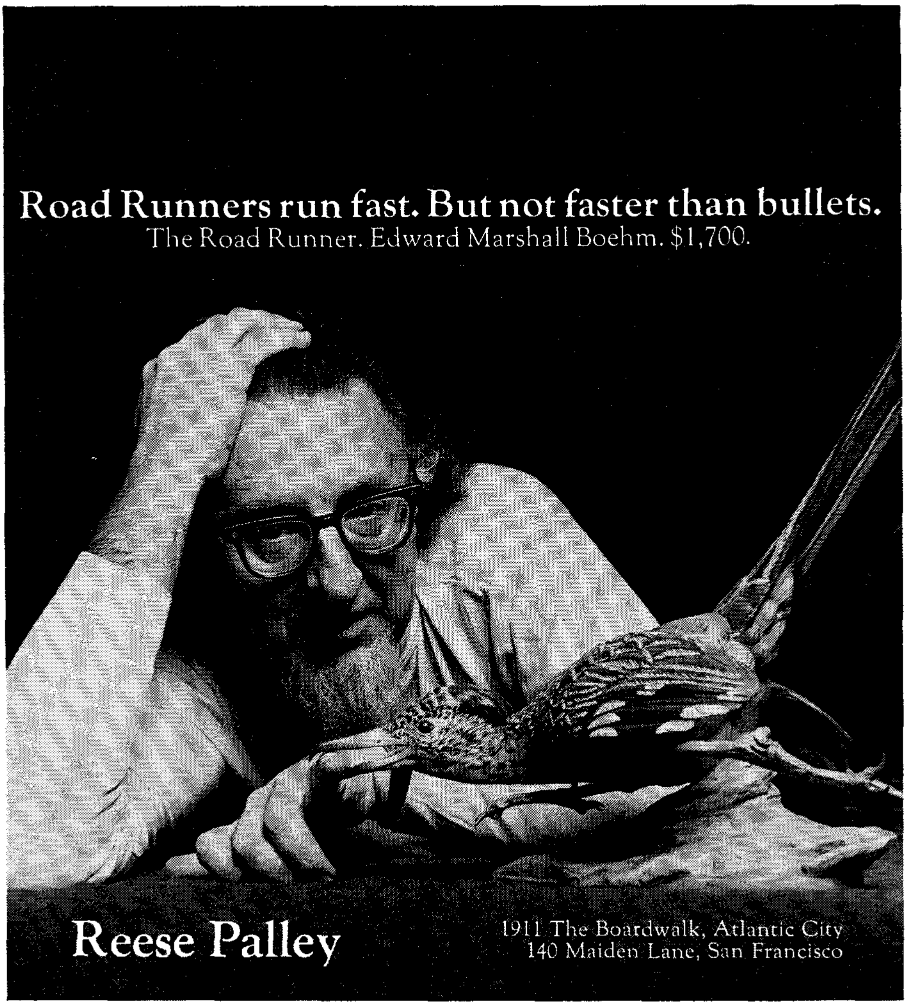

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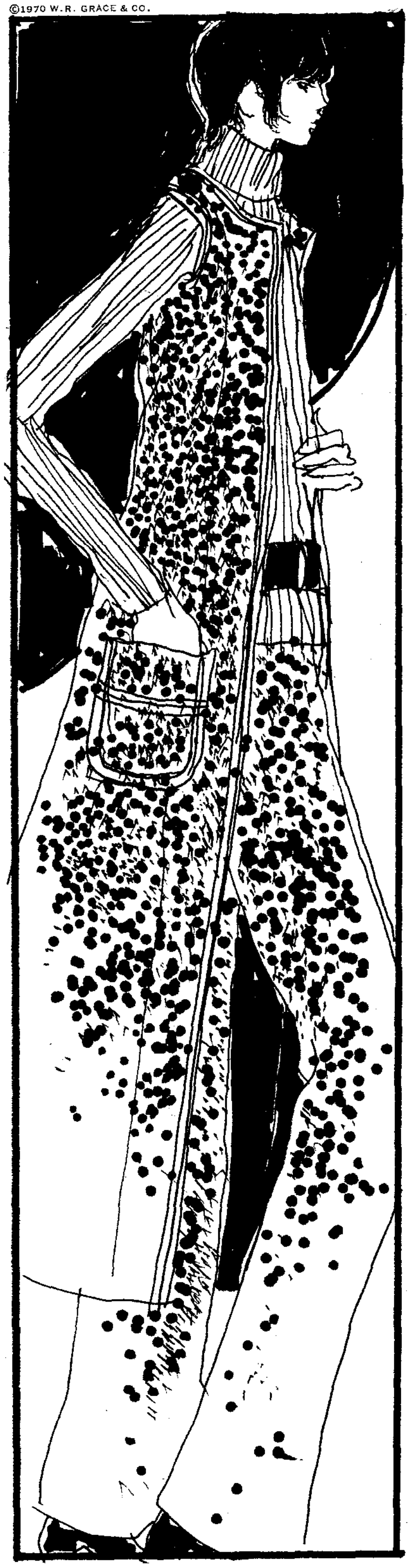

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sister,” Eve told her. “Once, when I was really working hard on a story, my sister went out and had an affair. She said, ‘Ha, you may have brains, but I’m a woman. I’m more experienced in sex than you are.’ ” Eve sighed and added, “Younger sisters must pick up very quickly on female attributes.”

Barbara nodded. “My sister was *older*, and she was this fierce male chauvinist,” she said. “She thought my mother was a complete washout, and as for me, she had this image of me as a sneaky little girl, full of feminine wiles.”

“Well, why not?” Hannah said. “Like, I remember Ruth lying there in her crib, looking smug, wearing these incredible red booties that my mother knit for her. I’ll *always* remember it.”

“And I remember that you got to have buckles on your overalls,” Ruth said, laughing. “Mine had those awful baby straps.”

“We have to watch out for that kind of power play among kids in our future collectives,” Barbara remarked.

“I was into power, all right,” Ruth said. “I’d wake up Hannah at night, and then I’d sneak into my parents’ bed without her. I’d know she was dying to come but she wasn’t allowed to anymore.” Ruth glanced over at her sister. “Once, I dared her to come with me. I promised that they’d let her in. Well, I got to stay, but when my father discovered Hannah there he threw her out.”

“Oh, no,” Barbara said.

Nina said that it was no wonder children had fantasies about being adopted. “It has to do with the lies parents tell you. They give you all that crap about death and Santa Claus, so when they’re cruel you’re sure they’ve been lying about you, too. Because what’s to stop them from saying, ‘You’re not ours’?”

Eve nodded enthusiastically. “That was my big childhood trauma, when I asked my mother about death and she wouldn’t answer honestly,” she said. “God, how insecure kids must feel without even realizing it.”

“Just like women,” Nina said.

WHENEVER Hannah feels expansive, she likes to compare herself to Simone de Beauvoir. Both Hannah and Mlle. de Beauvoir are Capricorns, a fact that Hannah says could hardly be coincidental. Then, too, Hannah frequently points out, when her book is published it is going to be the major American book on feminism, just as Mlle. de Beauvoir’s book is the major feminist book in France. Hannah first encountered “The Second Sex” on the back shelf of a Denver bookstore when she was sixteen. She spent a week reading it, and she says that by now she understands de Beauvoir better than anybody she has ever met. Once, in college, she stopped speaking to a young man who had been her closest friend, because he had “the typical male insensitivity to put de Beauvoir down.” They were arguing at the time about the first volume of de Beauvoir’s autobiography, “Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter”—a book that Hannah maintains is remarkably reminiscent of her own girlhood. She says that she relied on the memoir as “a kind of guideline for what to do to break away.”

Hannah comes from a big Orthodox Jewish family that left Hungary in the twenties and made an unlikely enclave for itself in Colorado. The family was known in Budapest for the rabbis and Talmudic scholars it produced. Hannah herself says that she rejected Orthodoxy as a little girl, “on rationalist and feminist grounds,” but she likes to talk about the wisdom of her old relatives. “The reason I’m going to fit so easily into the intellectual élite is that I have the background for it,” she says. “It’s only a matter of time until I am discovered.”

Hannah’s father had a small business. Her mother had nine children. “I was always very aware of the female thing, because of my mother,” Hannah says. “Like, I never played house, because who, given a choice, would want to play house? Even the religion had contempt for women. The little boys’ prayer went something like ‘Thank God for not making me a woman.’ The little girls’ prayer went ‘Thank God for making me as You will.’ Well, I always said the boys’ prayer. I had contempt for women, too. I wanted to accomplish something. Once, I sold candy bars to the other kids on the school bus at a nickel-a-bar profit. I knew I had the smarts—the business smarts—even then. I had a menu printed, and I’d take orders, and then I’d buy the candy when I got off the bus for a minute to see this little refugee kid to his front door. My father found out about it from the principal, and he was kind of proud. My mother was furious. She just couldn’t understand why she didn’t have a normal daughter. I was independent, difficult, artistic. She couldn’t deal with me, and I had no patience with her. My con-

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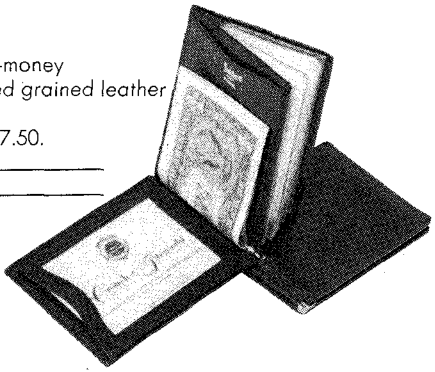

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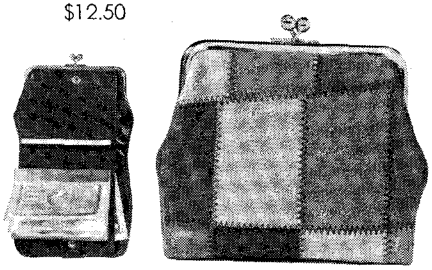

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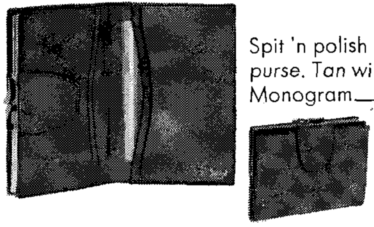

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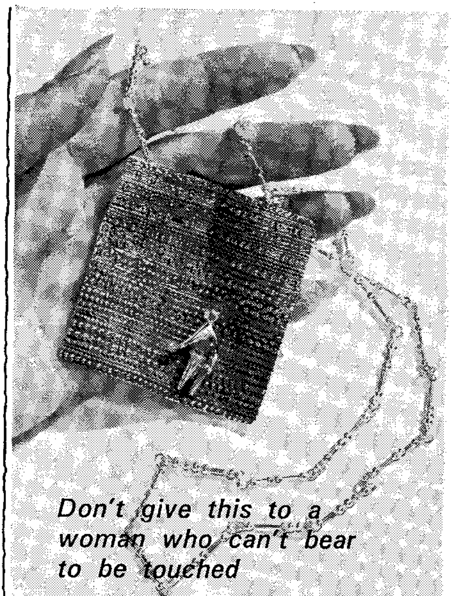
sciousness about her is changing now that I'm not projecting all my fears about what will happen to me as a woman on her. My consciousness about my father is changing, too. Now, sometimes, I can see him as he is, objectively, instead of as this super-male-chauvinist tyrant in my life, always anticipating the evil things I'd do. But for years we were in a running feud, because he knew that I would never be the nice, modest, helpful Orthodox woman I was supposed to be. I was always against him, always aware of being a girl and of not being listened to the way that boys were.

"The expectations for boys and girls were so different then. I remember how I began to study the Talmud, and everybody laughed at me, and I realized that no one wanted me to be learned, except insofar as it would help make me a better wife for some prodigy. Little girls were, like, really into roles. It was all ritualized. You helped, and you made a big show of being female. You chattered and gossiped and talked about clothes and who would make the best marriage. Well, I knew I was above that, but everybody else's main objective was to force me to acknowledge that I was female. Needless to say, the girls I knew hated me. I was considered bossy, self-centered, and domineering. Once, when I changed schools, they even sent me a letter saying, 'We're so glad you're gone.' All during that time, this one religious problem absorbed me: How could God have made everything so patriarchal? How could He have made it so that I, as a woman intellectual, couldn't ever be a rabbi or a leader but had to be content to be a rabbi's wife? I tried to resolve it. I went through a fanatical phase. Once, I fasted and kept a silence vow. But I was still very feminist. I swore I'd never marry—I remember getting in trouble for saying to a young rabbi's wife with a new baby, 'Well, if that's *all* you can do'—and so people called me *apikoros*, which means heretical, from the Greek for 'epicurean,' and was what the Hellenic Jews were called when they became secularized. And I really was a heretic, though I was afraid to admit it to myself. My biggest fight at religious school was about sleeve lengths, because the length of your sleeves was supposed to indicate how modest and devout you were. They had a word for that kind of modesty, which wasn't really modesty at all but more like subordination. Like Ruth was modest. She was a good wife to Boaz because she didn't just bend over—she knelt.

"Finally, I wrote a long, involved



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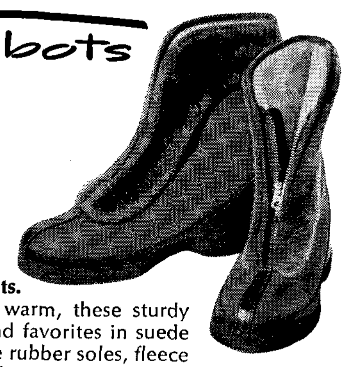

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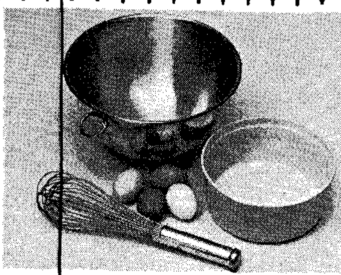

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essay on the problems I was having with religion and God and philosophy. The essay, of course, alarmed everybody. The teacher called me in. 'I respect your views,' he said, 'but they're dangerous, and you're exposing the other girls in the school to them when *you have no right to.*' Well, he was a good teacher and had taken my views very gravely, as if I were his equal, but he was the only one. So one night, with the rabbi, I got down to the crux of it all—the woman issue. The rabbi said, 'But, Hannah, what could be more glorious than to be the bearer of children? You could be the power behind the throne.' I said, 'I want to be the power *on* the throne.' That was the end of my religious education, because the rabbi stormed out, tearing his hair and screaming, 'I can't deal with you anymore!' "

Hannah says that when she finished high school, her parents' biggest problem was what to do with her. All her friends were starting at Orthodox teachers' seminaries, and *their* parents were already busy at the matchmakers', but Hannah persisted and got herself a loan to study at the nearest university. A few years later, with another small tuition loan, she left home for Philadelphia to finish college and learn photography. The apartment she found there was a fifteen-dollar-a-month slum flat, and the job she found to pay for it was behind the counter in a local hash house. She says that the menu was like a foreign language to her—"What was a cheeseburger? What was a milkshake? All I knew was that they weren't kosher and would probably poison you"—and that life in the working class was lousy, despite the fact that the students she knew at school had discovered the left and kept talking ardently about the beauty of the oppressed. "I knew what it was all about," she says. "And all I wanted to do was to get out."

Hannah stayed in Philadelphia for three years, photographing female nudes, slum children, and "psychological compositions" of her college classmates. She says that she hated the Waspish ambience of the school, but she had got a scholarship at the end of her freshman year, and she wanted to keep it. By the time she left Philadelphia, she had her Bachelor of Arts and, she says, a record of having been fired from more bad jobs than anybody else she knew.

Hannah arrived in New York in the fall of 1967, after a trip to the chaotic New Politics Convention in Chicago and a shaky conversion to the cause of other women. "At first, I used my

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feminism to get ahead," she says now. "I never gave women any weight, because my serious life was photography, and then it was writing when I discovered that no one listens to artists anymore. But after a few meetings of the New York Radical Women I got involved. It was clear who the real feminists were and that maybe something could be done. The politicos there—some of them were bright and beautiful girls, but they were, like, very chic radical-establishment types, and some of them couldn't open their mouths without saying, 'I studied with Marcuse.' It was a shame, because we were a really good-looking group then, whereas the group got less and less attractive as the politicos dropped out. By the end of the spring, I decided that it was time to have an action, so I sat on the women till they had put together 'Notes from the First Year,' which turned out to be a really significant collection of feminist thinking. It made four hundred dollars, and naturally the politicos in the group wanted to use the money for some movement schlock. I was furious. Of course, what we really needed then was a good radical-feminist magazine, but I was already thinking, Why not write my own book? Why waste my time on other people's stuff?"

That summer, Hannah went to Europe on money she had made as a part-time coffee-maker in a Village espresso house. When she came home, she found that New York Radical Women had practically dissolved. Barbara was just leaving for the Feminists, and most of what Hannah calls "the better politicos" had already left to found the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell. Hannah stayed with the group through January, when the women went together to an anti-Inauguration rally in Washington. Then, at the next meeting, Hannah and a number of her friends made a formal announcement that they were leaving the left to form a militant, radical-action feminist group. The group was Redstockings. Its first "radical action" was a church rap session at which a few hundred women came to talk about their abortions, and Hannah says that for a while it was a good group, with a membership of young writers and artists. She spent a year in Redstockings. By the time she quit for the founding cadre, the group had been taken over by a former New York Radical Woman. "She made people very insecure about having any more actions," Hannah says. "In fact, she persuaded them that to do anything at all they'd need at least three years under her

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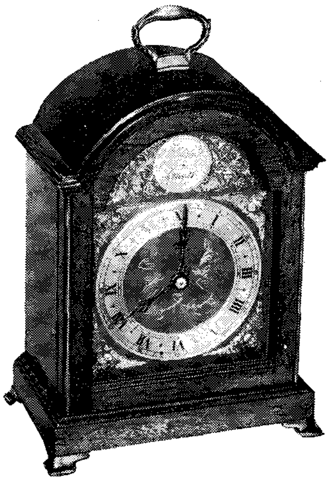

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guidance to think it over." But by then Hannah had already made her own name in the burgeoning movement.

"I'm always being accused of ego in the movement, and sometimes it makes me paranoid and I keep thinking, Everybody hates me," Hannah says. "But, as one of the good women told me once, 'you've got to promote yourself to survive.' Maybe, the way things are now, it's the only way to achieve anything. I'm an interim person. I'll try to work into more of a class commitment later, but it would be suicidal for me to give up my ambition now. So I'll keep on as a male-identifier. I won't get married. Even the good men can't really accept my way of thinking. Like, once, here in New York, I met this young doctor. In thinking, he was five years behind me, but I knew when I saw him that he was what women would call 'good marriage material.' So I asked him to change his ideas about what he wanted from a woman—not a total relationship, not a marriage relationship, but a real, human one. I said, 'Me, marry? *I* follow de Beauvoir!' Now, of course, he's married to a girl who is just the opposite of me. Most men are like him—they're so predictable. As for original, *new* men—I certainly haven't met any of those. I'm way ahead of most of the men I know, and I'm going to have to wait till my book comes out and I get into the really brilliant circle where I belong to meet an equal and maybe have a love relationship. Of course, my private solution is different from my ideal, which is a society where all monogamous patterns and structures are broken down. But until the technological preconditions for a breakdown of the biological family are met you can't really get rid of the old taboos. All the accommodations you make, like free love, orgies, and the rest of the sexual-revolution nonsense, are ultimately decadent.

"The trouble is that I've changed since I joined the movement. I don't even look the same. Before, I could turn men on. Now I always start lecturing them on women's rights. So whatever men I do meet in my old haunts—they don't take me to bed, they shake hands and say, 'Gee, I really respect you. You're such a fine person,' and go away. Well, they're all so conditioned. You know how de Beauvoir said that there's no innate intellectual difference in men and women—that geniuses are made, not born, and that that's why there are no women geniuses. Well, men still expect a difference, and they let it interfere with everything. If you're a

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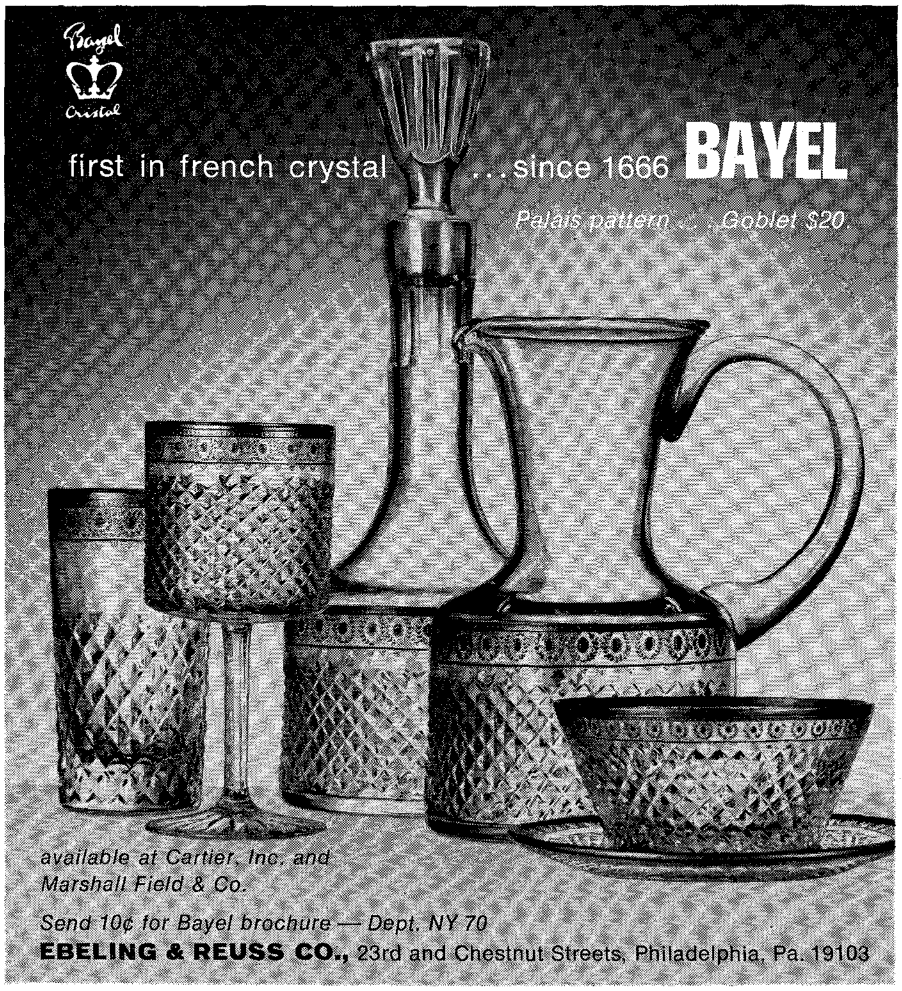
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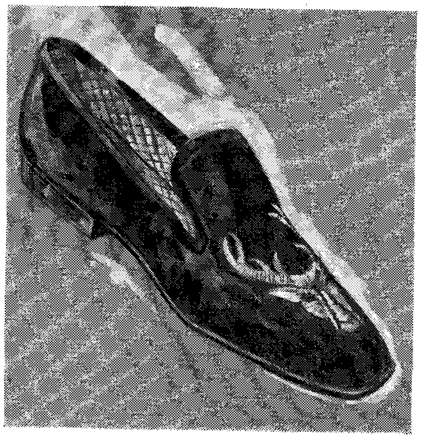

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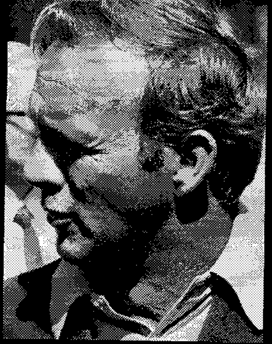

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smart woman, like me, men get so confused and threatened that they won't come near you. I remember a male analyst I went to once in Philadelphia telling me that my I.Q. was probably only a hundred and thirty, or something terrible like that. 'You're an over-achiever,' he said. 'Your problem is unrealistic goals. Why don't you just accept the fact that you're an average woman?' 'Average woman?' I said. 'Like, what does "average woman" mean?' "

Hannah offered her apartment for the seventh weekly meeting of the founding cadre. It was a tenement floor-through on a tough side street in the South Village, and she says that even her landlord asked her, "What's a nice girl like you moving here for?" Over the year that she had lived there, Hannah had acquired an I.B.M. electric typewriter, a battered school desk, a couple of old stuffed chairs from a local junk shop, a cover for her bathtub, which was in the middle of the kitchen, and a queen-size mattress and four cement building blocks to hold the mattress up. Ruth, who was still in town, was napping on the mattress when Eve and Jessica arrived that night. At Hannah's insistence, Ruth had decided to write a feminist book of her own. Last night, they had settled on "sexism and aesthetics" as an appropriate subject, and Ruth had spent a tiring day looking for a publisher.

"*You* do a book," Hannah told Jessica, who had just been invited to write on Ezra Pound and the woman issue for a new feminist quarterly. "Everybody's doing one. Don't waste your time on articles."

Eve started to say something, but Hannah ignored her.

"Well, maybe when I have a subject," Jessica said. "I do think having a subject is the important thing." Then she asked Ruth, who was yawning, if she had come upon Northrop Frye's book "The Anatomy of Criticism" in the course of her aesthetic research.

Ruth wanted to know who Northrop Frye was, and when Jessica told her, she said that she would have to look into him. "I was almost an English major once," she added. "So I'm very interested in these things."

"It's not important, anyway," Hannah said. "Ruth's title is better than his."

"Well, I certainly admire you," Jessica told Ruth. "Aesthetic theory is getting so complex now."

"Oh, I'm not into that," Ruth said.

"Then your approach will be

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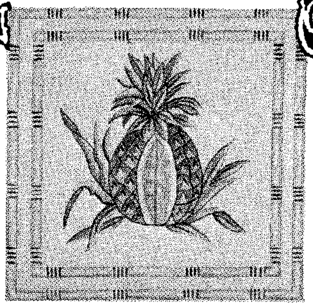

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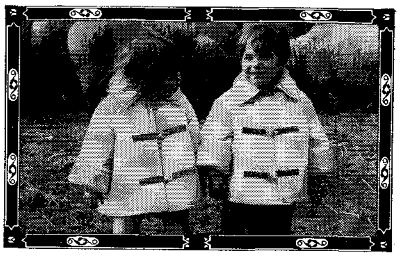

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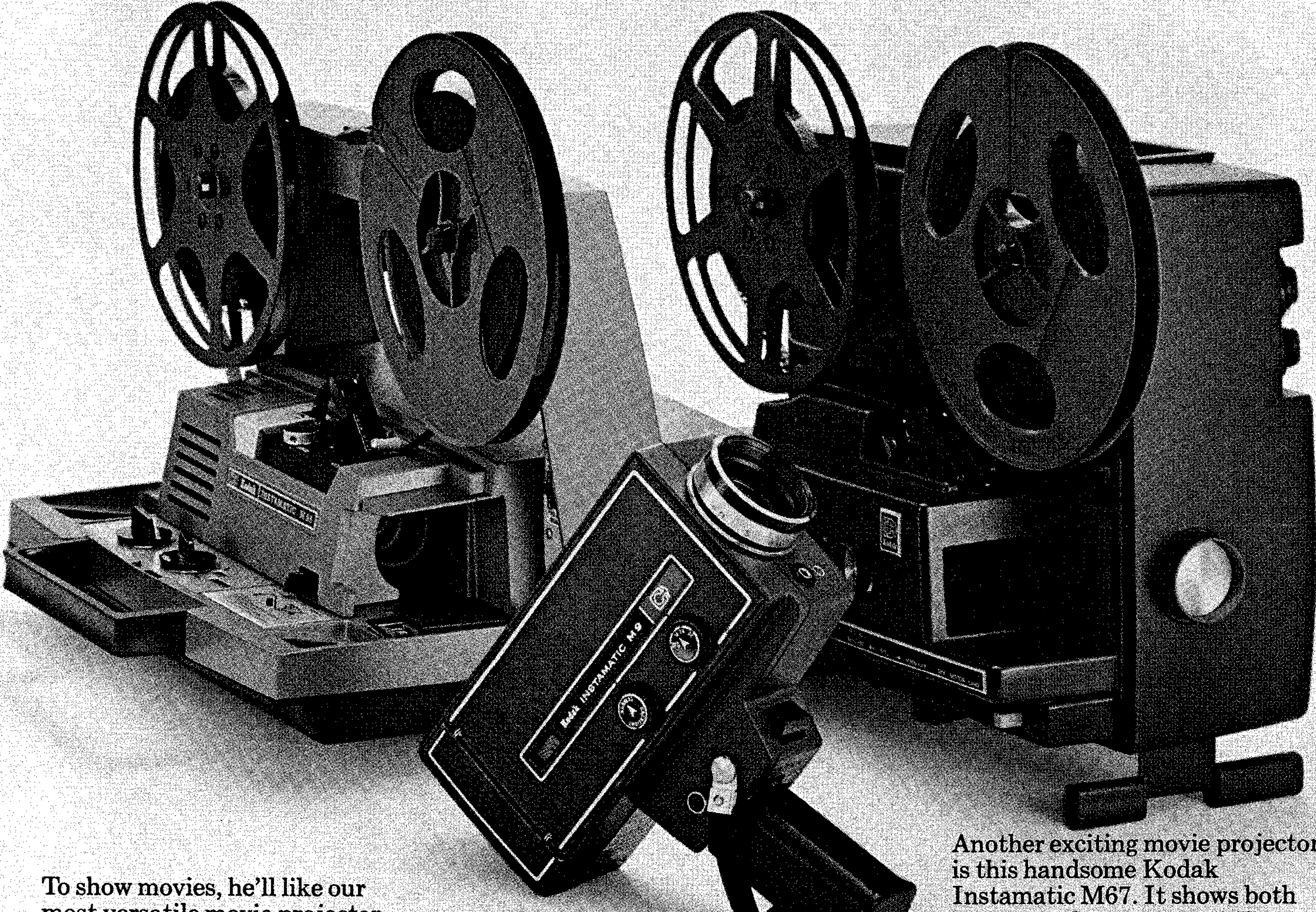

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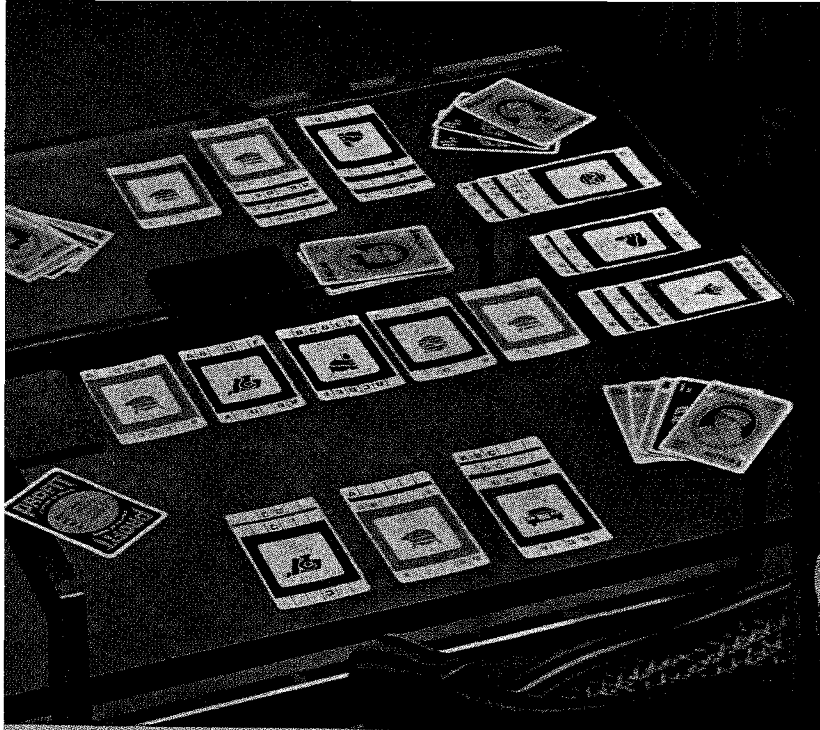

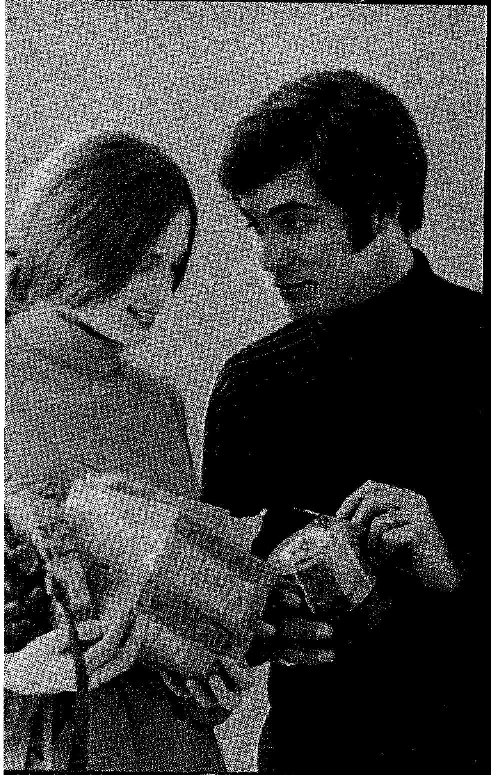

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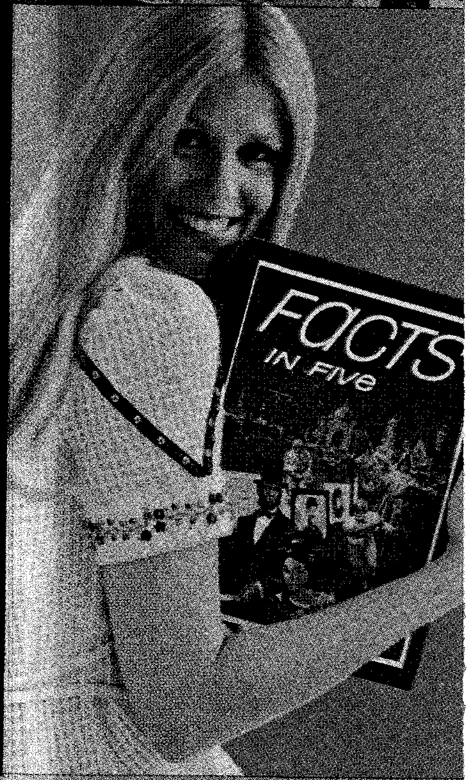
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more—more sociological, shall we say?" Jessica said.

"That's it," Ruth said. "Sociological."

Just then, Beatrice and Barbara came in. They talked for a minute about boycotting Basic Books, which was putting together a feminist anthology and had solicited essays from the women without giving them what they considered a sufficient financial guarantee, and then Beatrice asked Jessica for a rundown on the tribulations of the East Side cadre.

The cadre, as it happened, had just divided itself into two cadres, and Jessica, along with two young women she knew, called Winifred and Joan, had tentatively chosen one of them. Winifred was what the feminists liked to refer to as an ex-politico; Joan was planning to produce a morning television show on women's rights. "It's been the same old problem," Jessica said. "The new girls kept resisting consciousness-raising, and now they think we're trying to ram it down their throats. And they think that Joan's neurotic because she's high-powered and a little pushy, and because she's married, with kids. They want consistency."

"You just can't have advanced feminists like the three of you in a beginning group," Hannah told her.

"But that's why there has to be one or two of us at those meetings—to show by example the depth you can get to in a good session," Eve said.

Hannah went on, to Jessica, "Look, as long as you three are there you polarize the group. So maybe Winifred and Joan should come to our group, too."

"I'm glad you said that," Jessica said. "We should *certainly* leave if what you say is true—that we polarize the group with our presence." And she added, "We'll get out altogether, and a few of *you* can go up to the next meeting and straighten them out."

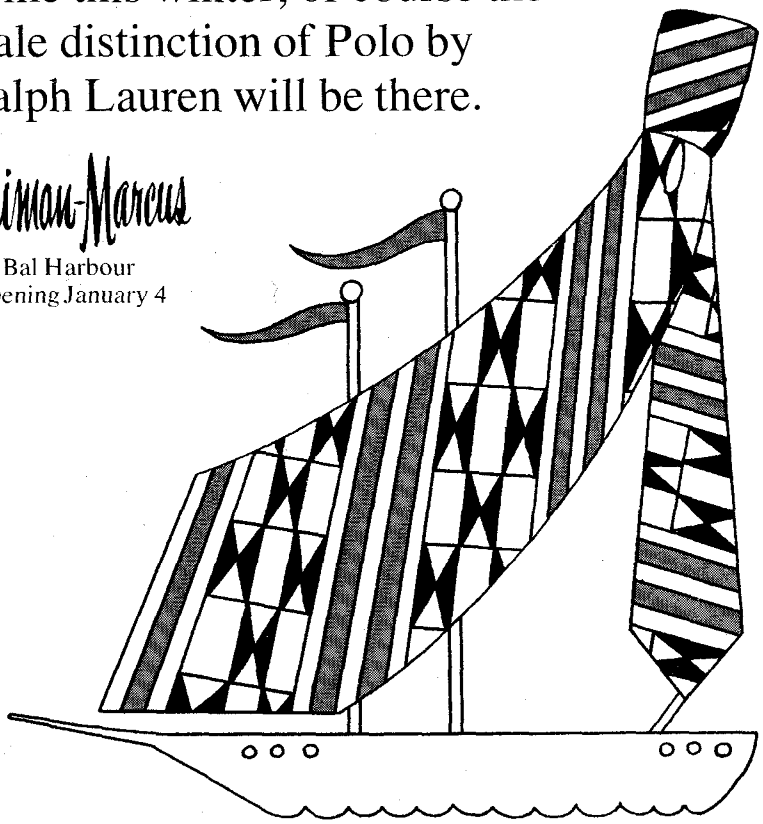
Hannah thought for a minute, and then she suggested that they send a girl she knew who was "big on consciousness-raising."

"I object," Eve said. "She's not in any cadre. You can't just send someone who isn't even in a group."

"Well, she wants to be in *our* group," Hannah said. "But we're too advanced for her. And, besides, I don't like her."

"You don't like her?" Eve shouted. "You're *taking* someone you don't like and palming her off on the East Side?"

Barbara, however, agreed with Hannah that they should send the girl. Then she suggested that Nina go up to the East Side cadre with her, since



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no one at the meeting that night seemed to want to do it.

Eve jumped up. "First you send that girl, and now you dump the responsibility on Nina, who isn't even here." The women looked at her curiously. "I can't talk about it, I'm too enraged," Eve said, and she grabbed her coat from the floor and ran out of the apartment.

"Well, well," Beatrice said after Eve had gone. "I've been feeling hostile, but I didn't know everybody else was, too."

"Hannah always interrupts Eve," Ruth remarked.

"Then why aren't you talking about it?" Beatrice asked the women. "I've been gone two weeks, and I come back and you're still into all this boring cadre business. It makes me feel so *alienated*."

"What Eve's going through is an extreme form of the same disease," Jessica said. "Alienation. That's what feminism is all about."

"But how far do you extend yourself?" Beatrice said. "We want group solidarity, but does that mean that to get it we have to extend ourselves to people who run away? Like Hannah and Margaret, with their books? Or, for that matter, like me last week?"

"Well, *I* didn't want to come tonight," Barbara said. "I knew Eve was building up to this. She came over Sunday, after we had the general meeting, and she was, like, a combination of sullen and hostile. But I could take that. I can take anything but this—this storming out."

"Hannah tells everybody but Eve to write a book," Ruth commented.

Hannah shrugged. "I don't think she's ready to write a book. It's a question of ego, not ability."

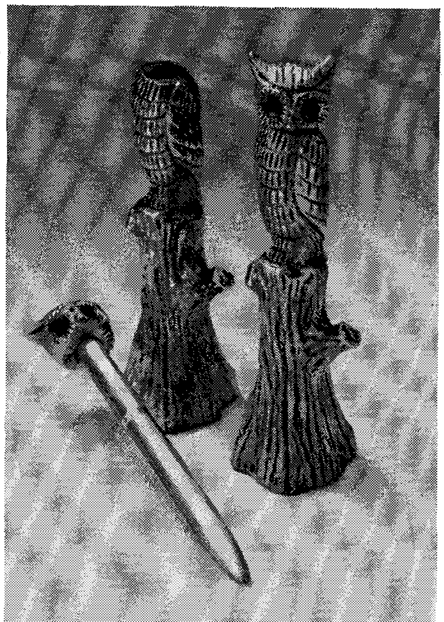
"Well, I'd like to see the group be able to handle these things when they come up," Jessica said. "Of course, if we were doing consciousness-raising every week they wouldn't come up."

Beatrice was watching Barbara, who had got up and was pacing the floor. "You still upset?" she said. "Want to talk about it?"

"Let's just say that at a certain point things begin to disgust me," Barbara said. "I have no grudge against Eve, but I can't stand this getting into personalities." She sat down again, and added, "I hate these things you can't put your finger on. Like, where's Nina? What's bugging *her* tonight?"

Ruth suggested that Nina might be upset because Barbara and Hannah had taken over the general meeting and none of the other founding-cadre women had had a chance to talk.

Hannah changed the subject. She



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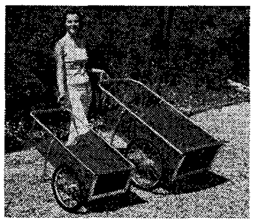

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said that she was ready to discuss ambition now that Beatrice, who wanted to, was back.

"It's just that I feel this competitiveness here," Beatrice told her. "It's *funny*, but I don't feel it so much with men—I feel it in the group, with women. It's as if, for women, building your own ego up means taking other women down."

"For me, the feeling of being in competition comes when other people are in the position of deciding whether or not *I* can do something," Jessica said. "It happens when I'm being judged, rather than choosing for myself."

"Well, all I can say is that I have a tremendous amount of guilt about ambition," Hannah said.

"I do think perspective is important," Jessica said to Hannah. "Because books aren't *the* only contribution of the movement. It's the fact that we can write books and do other things, too, that's significant."

"That's the good thing about the movement—there's room for all sorts of creative things," Hannah said.

"Exactly," Beatrice said. "So there's no need to feel guilty."

"But I remember, before this, I'd be, like, the one intelligent, ambitious woman at the cocktail party, and all the men would be titillated by me, because I was different," Hannah said. "That's a big temptation to women intellectuals."

Barbara broke in to say that she felt very distant from the entire discussion. "Maybe the ambitious woman is really someone who wants approval from men," she said.

"But the point is that, with ambition, we can maybe accomplish something," Hannah told her. "Like, Freud said men achieve by redirecting their sublimated energy into things like ego and ambition. Women don't sublimate, and they don't get anywhere."

Beatrice remarked that since she had joined the movement *she* had been learning to redirect her energy. "I seem to have more of a sense of myself lately," she said. "And a sense of achievement. I've been happier than ever, and I don't want to give that up."

Jessica announced that she was very much relieved to hear that Beatrice felt that way. "My reality principle tells me that the revolution has not yet come," she said. "And so for anyone to say that out of ego, whether it's out of book-writing or even marriage, nothing good or radical can come—that's obscene."

"But is marriage the same as living with someone?" Beatrice asked her. "Because I'm seriously considering liv-

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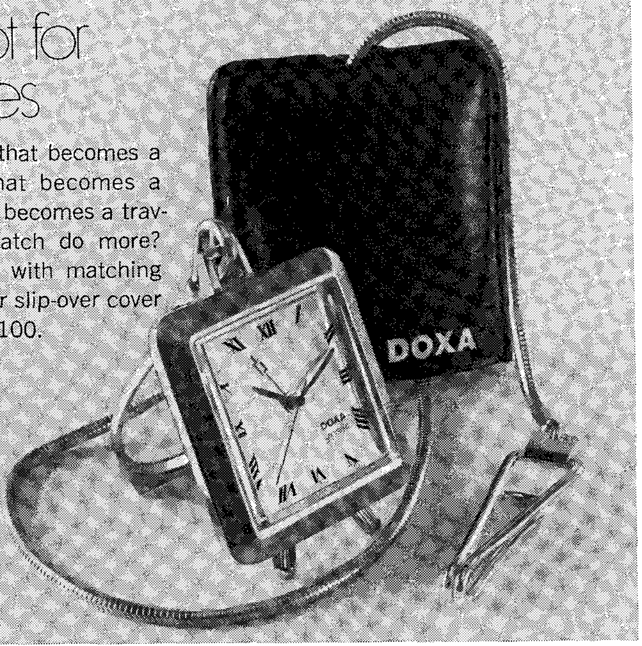

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ing with my boyfriend again, but I'd never consider getting married."

Barbara told her that the difference was emotional.

"But living together still has to do with property," Jessica said. "For instance, *my* biggest problem living with my boyfriend was whether or not to move my books in. That was a tremendous decision."

Barbara said that books weren't really property—they were more like identity.

"No, they're property, too," Jessica said. "I know that whenever I think of leaving I think first of the bother of gathering all my books up."

Ruth looked at Jessica. "Would you condemn someone who got married?"

"For me, the point of cop-out isn't marriage, it's pregnancy," Jessica said. "Get married all you want. But pregnancy—that's another story."

Beatrice nodded. "It's at that point that I'd say no to a woman in the movement," she said. "Maybe someday childbearing will be a matter of free choice, but it's not now, for most women. It's still a part of their condition."

Jessica said she disagreed. "Maybe I'm more of a relativist," she told Beatrice. "Maybe some women in the movement who get married and have children do it because creating new forms is simply not their strength. It's not my strength, and it seems to me that to overdefine 'radical' just forces women out of the movement."

"That's why I left the Feminists," Barbara remarked. "They wanted to penalize women for being in a bad situation, like marriage."

Beatrice raised her hand. She said that she wanted to talk about her own situation. "I keep asking myself, 'Why do I want to try living with this man again?' " she said. "Part of it, of course, comes from feeling good about myself, so we're happier together. Then again, I want a larger apartment."

"Get a live-in maid," Barbara said.

"I can understand your wanting to live with someone," Hannah told Beatrice. "It's just that at this point in time you're really taking a big chance. It's likely that it won't work out."

"Just because you're ready for a total relationship doesn't necessarily mean there's someone there who's ready, too," Barbara added.

Jessica laughed. "What's wrong with happiness?" she said. "If you can find an oasis and it's good and you understand it—take it."

"I've always had a thing about happiness," Beatrice acknowledged.

Then Barbara asked Hannah how

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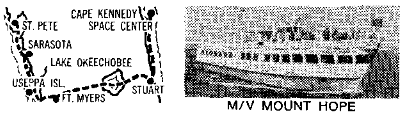

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her own experiment in love was coming along. Hannah, it turned out, was weighing the pros and cons of an affair with another photographer.

Hannah shook her head. "I still can't decide," she said. "It's not happiness or love, really, that's involved—I'm not even attracted to him. It would be a calculated relationship. Like, he's very successful, and I can talk to him, and I know I wouldn't be dragged down." She thought for a minute and added, "I don't know. It doesn't sound good, does it?"

All of the women told her to go on.

"Well, the problem is that I know what *he'd* gain, which would be an education, but I don't know what *I'd* get out of it," she said. "I don't know. I don't really trust any of them. They use you for a few months and then take off. Like, this other guy I know suddenly called up yesterday. When I was down and out and needed him, he disappeared, but now, when I have something he wants, he calls." She sighed and said, "I was listening to Ruth the other day, on the phone with her boyfriend, and she was literally apologizing to him for being strong. It was as if she were saying, 'Don't worry, I still need you. I'm not really independent.' Well, who needs that to stunt her growth? I'd rather be alone."

A FEW weeks after that last meeting, Eve and Nina left the founding cadre. (They eventually joined another cadre, in the East Village.) Beatrice got sick and had to drop out of the movement for a while. Margaret, who had finished writing, never came back. Jessica stayed, and brought Winifred and Joan to the meetings with her, but by summer the founding cadre was, for all practical purposes, defunct. The organization that the women started, though, is thriving. On August 26th, the fiftieth anniversary of the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution, hundreds of groups modelled on the founding cadre were meeting in cities and on campuses across the country. The women in these groups have spread the word, and they are raising the consciousness of everyone around them. —JANE KRAMER

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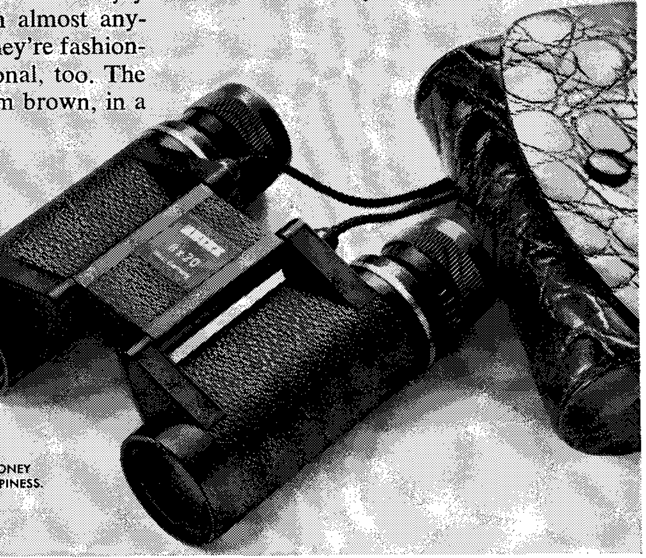

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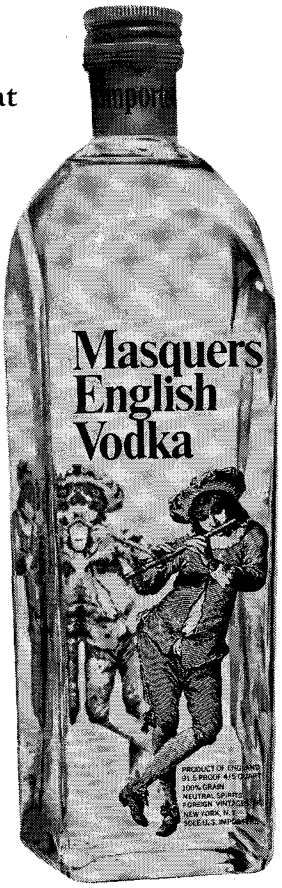

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# THE THEATRE

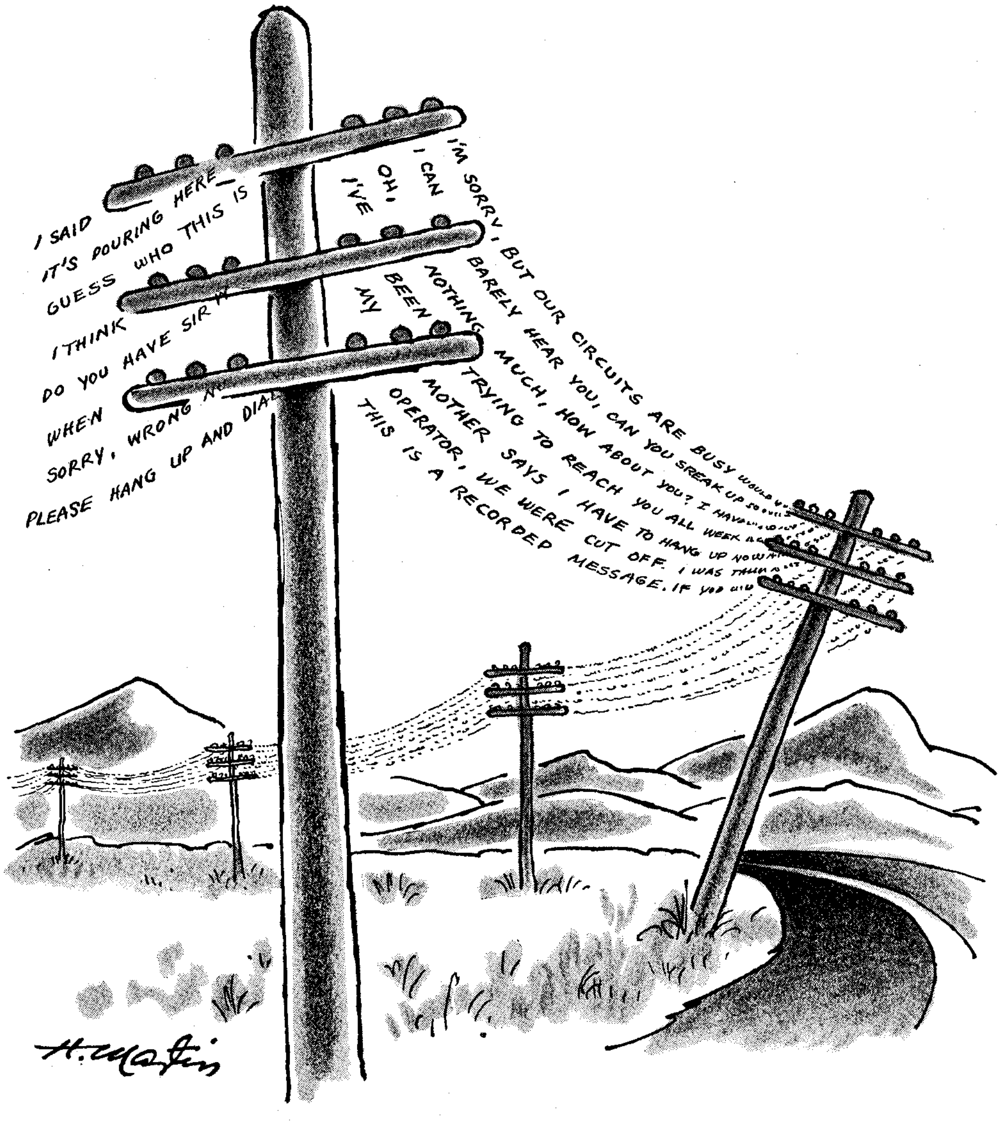
## ONLY CONNECT

"HOME," by the young British playwright David Storey, is an exceptionally good play, acted to perfection by a cast that consists of Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mona Washbourne, Dandy Nichols, and Graham Weston—all veterans of the successful London production at the Royal Court Theatre. "Home" has been announced as playing a limited engagement at the Morosco, and I hope that this is a tease on the part of the producer, calculated to foster a queue at the box office, and not a matter of unpostponable obligations elsewhere. The so-called Broadway audience is constantly accused of being sleepy, besotted, and eager only to be entertained by big musicals—indeed, it is often accused of being against the theatre in the very act of patronizing it—but I try to remain skeptical about such accusations; the degree of my skepticism will be much diminished if Broadway fails to storm "Home" and so prevail upon it to continue well beyond its scheduled departure date of January 9th.

Mr. Storey has composed a comedy upon a tragic theme, and the grace and warmth—to say nothing of the formidable technical skill—of its composition insure that although the subject matter is grim, the action of the play transcends the merely depressing to the point where it becomes, in an uncanny fashion, humorous. We are prompted to laugh, never without compassion, in the presence of what is obviously an intolerable misery of body and spirit. Why do we laugh? Because Mr. Storey is an artist, and takes far too serious a view of life to be content with the frivolities of making us weep. Not the least taint of sentimentality stains his unfinished, seemingly vagrant, and at last incantatory lines, which amount to a thesaurus of those conventional usages of polite speech by which we disguise our failure to connect with others and conceal from ourselves our awareness of the dreadful end to which we are being hurried against our will. Little by little, it is revealed that the setting of "Home" is an insane asylum; the title has a double poignancy, standing as it does for both the small, private place that the characters in the play have been denied the privilege of possessing and for the vast public institution that has incarcerated and all but obliterated them. Home in Frost's rueful sense of being "something you somehow haven't to deserve" has been lost to them because they have begun to lose their wits, and yet they remain alive and, what is more, *eager* to be alive; they reach out to the sun and to food and to one another with the passionate hopefulness and distrust of children.

The play opens with two elderly men, Harry and Jack (Sir John and Sir Ralph), conversing in a corner of the scruffy garden of the asylum. They exchange with wary civility the well-worn coins of received ideas about the weather, politics, school, war, and Empire that they have spent a lifetime accumulating. They would be friends—surely it is never too late to make friends? From time to time, Harry will smile to himself over some remarkable memory that is not to be shared with Jack or, for that matter, with us; at other times, he and Jack will be unable to hold back tears, and again we are never to learn why: they have pasts that continue to move them but that are perhaps no longer capable of being put into words. Soon the two men are joined by a pair of harum-scarum ladies—one a coarse-spoken, randy type (Miss Washbourne) and the other (Miss Nichols) a prodigy of sour suspicion of her fellows, especially men. The four meet, mingle, pair off for walks, go to lunch, return, and dawdle the afternoon away, waiting for it to be teatime. Occasionally, they are joined by a young man (Mr. Weston) who has had a prefrontal lobotomy and who believes himself to be a superior wrestler. He is a nuisance to the others, but they keep their unfriendliness in check; after all, he is one of them, he is at home in the home.

So a day passes, trivially eventful; it


I SAID
IT'S POURING HERE—
GUESS WHO THIS IS
I THINK
DO YOU HAVE SIR W
WHEN
SORRY, WRONG N
PLEASE HANG UP AND DIAL
I'M SORRY, BUT OUR CIRCUITS ARE BUSY WOULD
I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU, CAN YOU SPEAK UP
OH, NOTHING MUCH, HOW ABOUT YOU? I HAVE
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU ALL WEEK
MY MOTHER SAYS I HAVE TO HANG UP NOW
OPERATOR, WE WERE CUT OFF. I WAS
THIS IS A RECORDED MESSAGE. IF YOU
H. Martin

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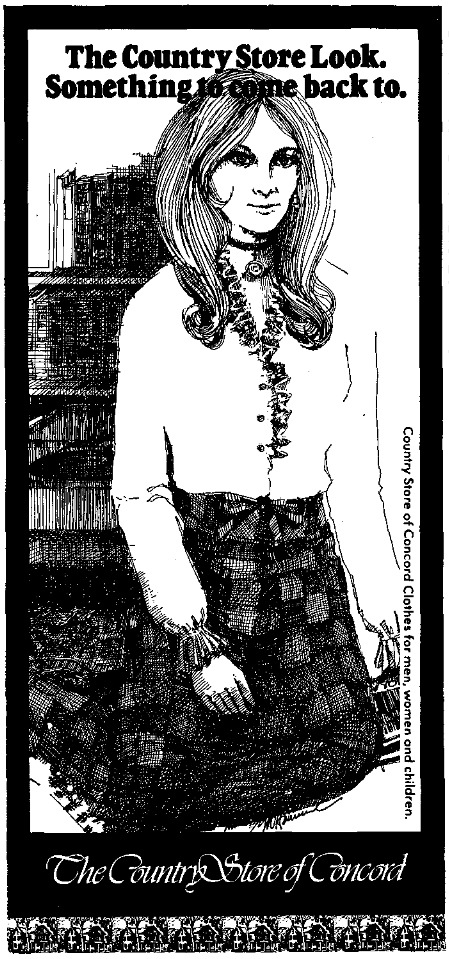
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would be hard to imagine a plot more meagre or, in the hands of this incomparable cast, more rewarding. Sir John and Sir Ralph have been acting together for forty years, and we are lucky to watch them sharing a stage at the top of their careers, inventing, with their beautiful, unlike voices and aging bodies, characters that are so touching in what they say and then still more touching in what they do not say. Miss Washbourne, Miss Nichols, and Mr. Weston are also admirable and, under the circumstances, gallant troupers. The play has been ably directed by Lindsay Anderson, and the simple set is by Jocelyn Herbert. You might not think a decaying balustrade and a flagpole could be frightening, but they are. —BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Beckett at Astor Place*

AS things stand now, you have only until December 20th to see "Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett," in the Newman auditorium at the Public Theatre. Having read about its tremendous success in Paris and Dublin, I went expecting an admirable recitation and, instead, saw and heard a complete performance—one of the best I can remember. The spirit of Beckett comes alive in the person of Mr. MacGowran—and for the very first time, despite all the productions through all the years. I think that even Bert Lahr, of "Waiting for Godot," and Ruth White, of "Happy Days"—both of them wonderful in their roles—would agree, if they were alive. At the start of the evening, the stage is bare except for a boulder upstage right. (The setting is by Ming Cho Lee.) Mr. MacGowran shuffles in wearing a ragged old black coat that reaches halfway down his bare legs, a tacky muffler around his neck, no socks, and rotten old shoes. He turns to the audience, and the characterization is already there—the despair and spleen and wit that the poet so mysteriously and magically combines with exaltation.

For his European performance, Mr. MacGowran selected the words—from the novels and poems as well as the plays—with the help of Mr. Beckett, who also directed him in the part; here, his double collaborator was Joseph Papp, the entrepreneur of Lafayette Street. One of the things that make Mr. MacGowran the actor he is is his total loyalty to the playwright. Every gesture, every movement, every tone of voice belongs; nothing is done for decoration or effect, nothing is "creative." Mr. MacGowran knows what being a truly dedicated actor means. He begins with "Malone Dies" ("Let me say before I go any further that I forgive nobody. I wish them all an atrocious life, and then the fires and ice of hell, and in the execrable generations to come an honored name"). Soon we have decayed old Molloy, talking with wicked, glinting malice about his old mother, with whom he communicates by knocking on her skull. As Mr. MacGowran speaks, he doubles up in rage and pain and then straightens to shake his fist; he crouches and stumbles and shuffles and breaks into defiant little dance steps. And all the while those glorious fragments of prose and poetry sound out through the house.

At the beginning of the second act, he is huddled beside the boulder but is soon back on his feet. The lines "May I say I spent some time by the seaside without incident. May I say that I feel no worse there than anywhere else" launch him into the funniest scene of the evening, in which he tells us of the sixteen sucking stones he has gathered on the beach, and, with the relentless pickiness and endless explication of senility, describes their arrangement and rearrangement in the four pockets of his suit. Toward the close, he acts out the beautiful recollection scene of the girl in the punt in "Krapp's Last Tape," and soon after that—"Well, there we are. There I am. That's enough." It isn't nearly enough. Yet the fragments do make a whole, and much fun and wit punctuate the bleak despair. Mr. MacGowran is the same decrepit old man throughout, in all the variety of his moods—quietly remembering, or clowning, or storming and thrashing, or trying to argue himself out of his own bitterness. It is easy enough to isolate the components of this character of Beckett's imagining, but it is impossible, because of its richness, to describe it fully, or even to say that it is Irish. It is certainly in-and-out Irish. Mr. MacGowran does encompass the character completely, and it is a measure of his eloquence and depth as an actor that Beckett is the star of the show. "Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett" is a triumphant evening in the theatre. The lighting, by Martin Aronstein, enhances every mood.

MEL ARRIGHI'S "The Castro Complex," recently at the Stairway, was a hokey but nevertheless rather merry little farce for three about a girl who is so smitten with her dream of

Fidel Castro that she insists that her fiancé, a businessman by vocation, grow a beard and get dressed up in a Cuban field jacket and pants before she will make love with him. The third character is a mysterious Latin American on the run who bursts into her apartment late one night to escape from a couple of killers in a Cadillac downstairs. The ingredients of the play included arbitrary exits and entrances, a number of funny lines and ideas, a few touches of satire, and enough sexual aberrations to stock several farces, and the actors, under the direction of James Burrows (son of Abe), kept them nicely on the boil. Raul Julia was both authoritative and comical as the fugitive; Terry Kiser, who was so very good in "The Ofay Watcher," did all that could be done, I suppose, with the rather thankless role of the fiancé; and Marian Hailey seemed right enough as the plain-Jane heroine. It must be said that there were many foolish and annoying, and even a few painful, moments, along with the jolly ones. Nevertheless, "The Castro Complex" seemed to me a far more serious piece of work, theatrically speaking, than Mr. Arrighi's earnest, dismal "An Ordinary Man," of a couple of seasons ago, and a sizable step forward. —EDITH OLIVER

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### CLEAR DAYS ON THE UNDERGROUND

[*From the New Statesman*]

What the LTB [London Transport Board] has done is to raise the minimum half-fare (6d, half of 1s) to 7d, in (unjustified) anticipation of the (untrue) argument that 2½ new pence cannot be used in a slot machine. (The sixpenny coin will be retained for two years; even 2 new pence and 1 new halfpenny could be used, though cumbersomely: not all tickets have to be bought by slot machines anyway.) The cheapest decimal half-fare will therefore be 3 new pence, which is rather more than 7d; and it will not be half of the decimal adult minimum, which is (or should be) 5 new pence, a shilling to the rest of us. So how long will it be before some tidy-minded administrator 'irons out' this anomaly by making the adult minimum 6 new pence (twice the child's fare of 3 new pence, naturally), thereby using decimalisation for a price rise of 20 per cent? This sort of thing gives arithmetic a bad name.

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Turning to other matters, the governor said he will continue his efforts to rid state welfare rolls of deserving recipients through the use of regulatory measures, but if that fails, he will turn to the legislature for help.—*Lebanon (N. H.) Valley News.*

The point is it's got to be *done.*

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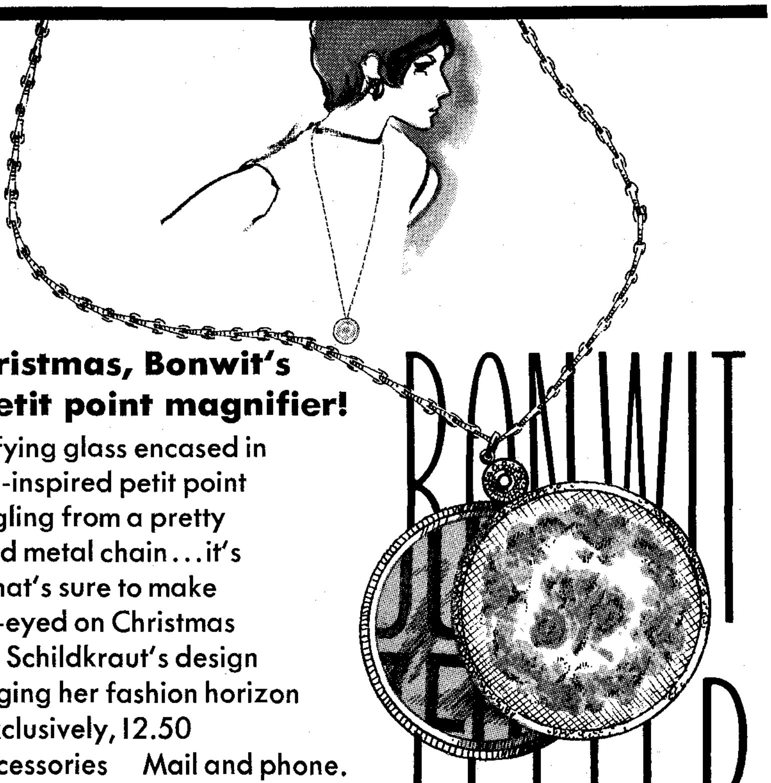

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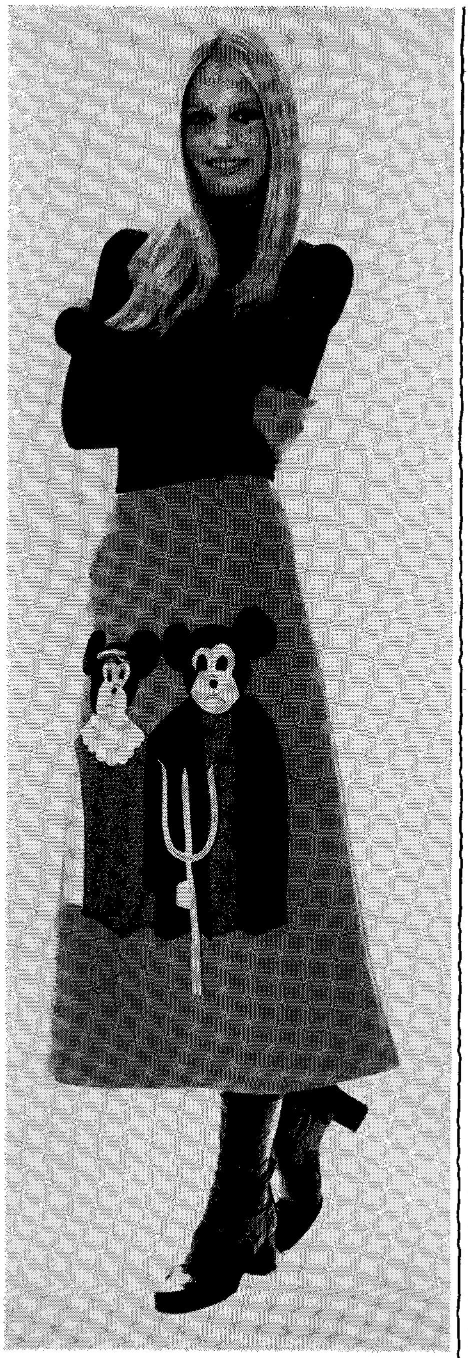

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# FOOTBALL

## *Olympus, Ascended and Descended*

Ron Johnson is a dragonfly, swerving in six directions all at once as he looks for the crease through which he can slide for a few more yards, and it is this instinctive skill, superimposed upon what men like Tucker Frederickson and Fran Tarkenton can do, that has given the Giants the touch of magic that the Mets had a year ago. An approving light from on high shines upon Johnson, it must be, perhaps guiding him in his bewildering veerings and certainly protecting him from calamity; when, a while back, he took off for the Redskins' goal in search of a highly necessary touchdown, the ball he dropped as he was slammed hard on the three-yard line pranced on over the goal, bounded away from the Redskin back who, slipping and falling, tried to snaffle it, and came to rest in the arms of Clifton McNeil, who plays on Johnson's side of the fence. Calvin Hill is a snowplow, who runs with the ball where there aren't any holes, rolls over insurmountable heaps of tacklers, and rams himself into the enemy secondary. It is a hard, if gloriously defiant, way of life, and exhilarating, and expensive; a Monday or so ago, when Hill, damaged once again by a fall on that synthetic turf that supposedly is so comfortable to fall on, had to be removed from the match between the Cowboys, which he gallantly represents, and the cool, collected Cardinals, the Cowboys began to look like the Eagles on an off day (i. e., almost any day)—and the Eagles look as though they would find it difficult to break even in the Ivy League. One of the reasons for bothering to look at the Cowboys at all (they live a long way from here) is that Hill, with the impossible athletic prowess of a Douglas Fairbanks, gives them a picturesque leading man; another is that the Cowboys can be remarkable even when they lose (as in their match with the Giants earlier on). A fondness for both the Giants and the Cowboys may seem to weave through these remarks, and it is there, all right. Whatever happens to the Giants, the feeling (embodied by Johnson) that they are destiny's pet must prevail; but as for the Cowboys, even though they reform themselves after that complete coming apart against the Cardinals, one will always have to remember that they are only mortal, like the Ivy League. A buff whose lifetime enthusiasm is the Cardinals says that they make teams look that way; I wouldn't know, for the Cardinals live a long way from here, too. The Redskins have not the compelling qualities to engross the eye that the Giants and the Cowboys afford, and so all that one could wish, when they went up against the Giants, was that Sonny Jurgensen, who represents durability in the avowedly professional league, would throw a good game for them but that the Giants would win. All this came true; Jurgensen, though he got intercepted a couple of times, popped a satisfactory number of throws to the right men, and the Giants came out ahead, 35–33—as good a squeaker as football is ever likely to produce. Jurgensen may be considered a classic himself, assuming, as he does, the stance of a javelin thrower when he is set to let fly. May he go on like that forever against everyone—everyone, that is, but the Giants.

Yale plays Dartmouth in Hanover next fall, for the first time in who remembers how many years, and the uncommercial Ivy League gives up perhaps two hundred thousand dollars in tickets, Memorial Field up there being the size it is. For anyone who worries about special football flights and the bad ends they can come to, this raises one more problem in logistics. Waking up at White River Junction in a Pullman bedroom on a Saturday assigned to, say, Dartmouth-Cornell imparted a sense of security that trying to set down after dark on a Friday night at the nearest airport does not. And the railway station in Ithaca, where on a November Saturday morning as many as sixty Pullmans dozed, along with their fares, is now a restaurant, and anything more than a heavy dew seems always to make the Ithaca airport unmanageable. What to do? What to do?

—J. W. L.

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The District meeting of the Elks will be Oct. 18, and Her d'eeuvres should be at the club by 1 p.m.
—*Woodstock (Ill.) Daily Sentinel.*

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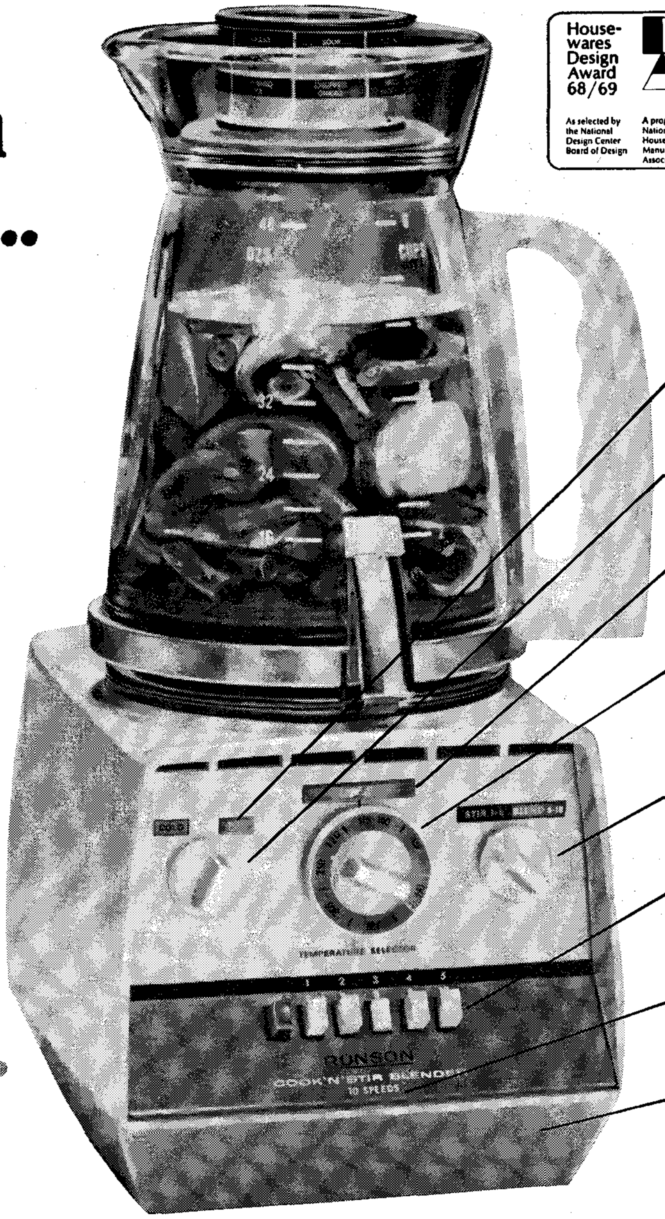

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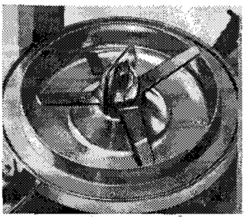

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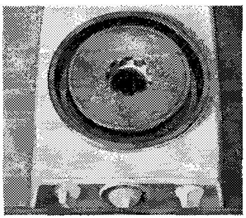

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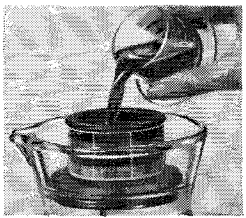

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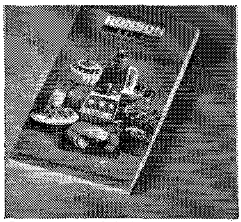

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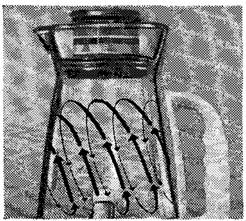

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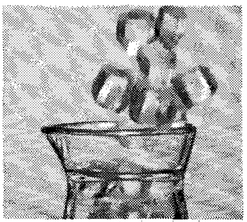

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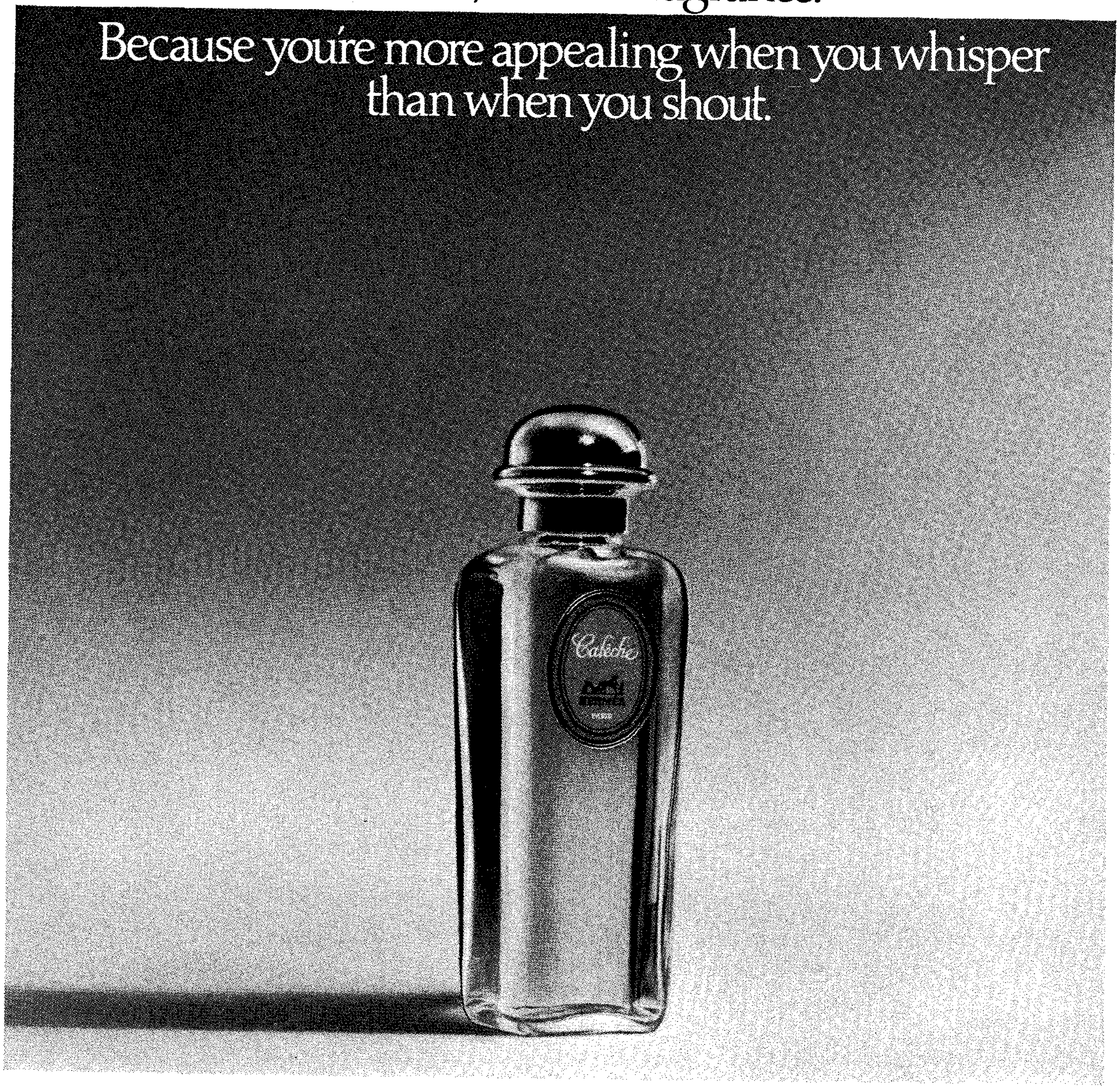
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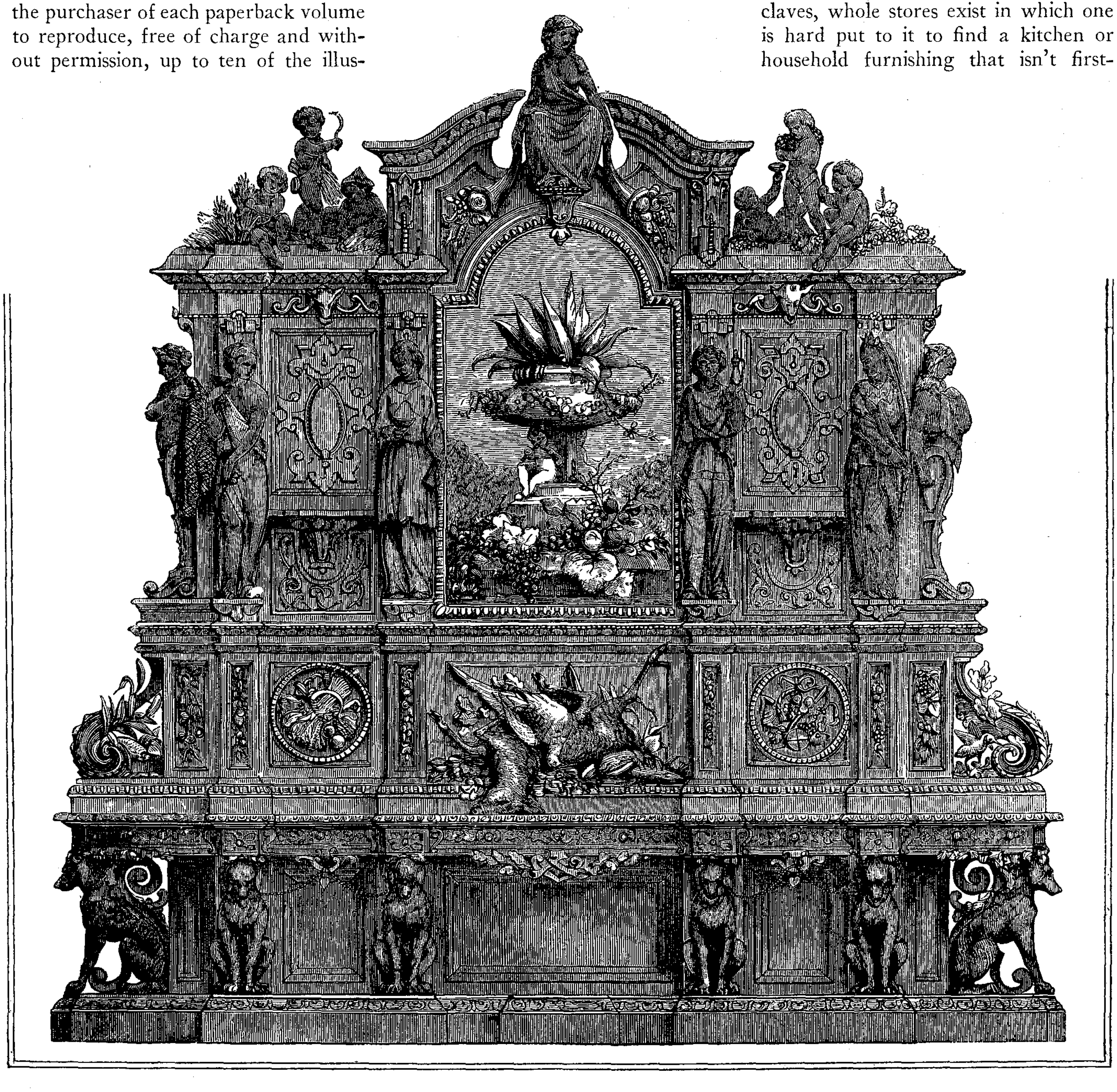
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

THE large object pictured below is a sideboard that was shown at the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, and was described as "one of the noblest works in the Exhibition" by a contemporary, who went on to say, "Its decorations are completely typical of the relations of the uses of the object. The entire food of man, both meat and drink, and the means and localities by and from which it is procured, are all charmingly expressed, and disposed in exquisite ornamental symmetry." The engraving and the quotation are taken from an illustrated catalogue of the exhibition put out by the English *Art-Journal* and recently reprinted by Dover Publications as part of their Pictorial Archive series—a singular publishing venture that invites the purchaser of each paperback volume to reproduce, free of charge and without permission, up to ten of the illustrations contained therein. We avail ourselves of Dover's handsome offer (this is no time to turn down anything free), but we have in mind an additional purpose in reproducing this monstrosity, and that is to remind our readers (and ourselves) that there are worse things than tasteful plastic bowls and functional chairs and tables. A standard of design now prevails that is beyond anything hoped for by William Morris and his fellow-reformers, and such a quantity of handsome, useful, and inexpensive things is available that we are beginning to take our fortunate situation for granted and are becoming unappreciative, like children with too many creative playthings. This year, the stores seem fuller than ever of the chaste fruits of the design revolution. Indeed, one of the functions of this annual report on Christmas presents for the house—to scrounge around among the useless, hideous, overpriced objects that manufacturers proffer at Christmastime and come up with the exceptional opposites—is being taken over by the stores themselves. Every department store in town has established in its housewares or furniture department a little oasis of beauty and utility that offers choice cooking and dining accessories (mostly imports) and makes the surrounding desert of ill-designed objects (mostly American) look bleak indeed. Macy's has the Carrier Cookshop, Gimbels and Bloomingdale's both call their shops-within-the-shop the Creative Kitchen, and Altman's calls its The Kitchen. In addition to these enclaves, whole stores exist in which one is hard put to it to find a kitchen or household furnishing that isn't first-



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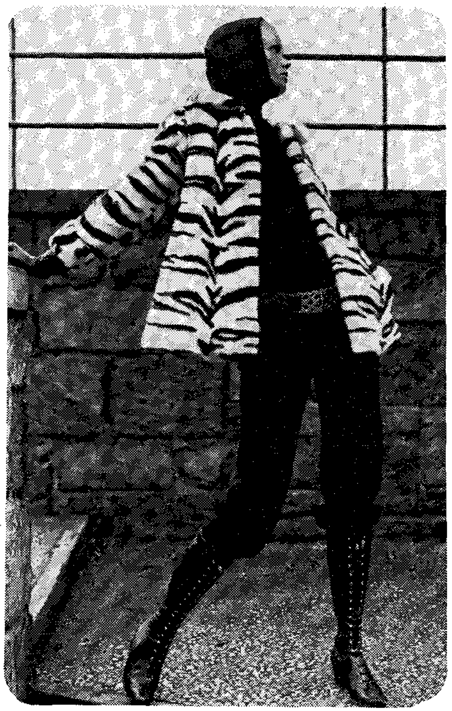

The lady and the tiger...the stalking jacket of stencilled Norwegian mink, black on tawny gold. Also zebra markings of black on white. From our New Generation fur collection.
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rate. These stores—which can be regarded almost as museums of good design—are Georg Jensen; D/R International; Bonniers; The Pottery Barn, 49 Greenwich Avenue (near Charles), 231 Tenth Avenue (23rd), and 227 East 60th Street; and The Children's Workbench, 470 Park Avenue South (32nd), and their peers among the stores limited to cooking equipment are La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd); Bazaar de la Cuisine, 160 East 55th Street; Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st); and Dione Lucas, 226 East 51st Street. A gift from any of these sources is not apt to end up in the pile destined for the Salvation Army pickup truck.

But neither is it guaranteed to give pleasure to the receiver. The felicitous state of design today makes going to stores less of an ordeal, but it hardly solves the problem of Christmas giving. We beg the reader to take this problem seriously. There is a great deal to be said against Christmas as it is now observed (in Sweden there are at least three organizations whose aim is to abolish it, and we shall doubtless see similarly determined protest groups here in due time), and all that can be said *for* the holiday in its present manifestation of an all but compulsory shopping spree is that we shop on behalf of others, and that inasmuch as we devote thought to what may give real pleasure, we contribute something to the world's (none too vast) store of good feeling. A gift that commemorates a shared experience or extends a private joke or gratifies a wish or satisfies a need is like the reaching out of a hand; a present that has no relation to the life of the receiver is like the averting of a face.

The Wall-All Organizer, as Bloomingdale's calls a new opaque-plastic import from West Germany, is designed to fill an all too common household lacuna: it provides an accessible resting place for all the gadgets and small pieces of kitchen equipment that accumulate over the years and, for lack of better accommodation, get thrust into an abysmal kitchen drawer. The organizer is a twenty-six-by-thirty-four-inch wall plaque whose surface is covered with pockets of various sizes and shapes, to accommodate such things as mixing spoons, balloon whisks, measuring spoons, spatulas, can openers, paring knives, larding needles, corkscrews, tea strainers, nutmeg graters, garlic presses, candy thermometers, potato peelers, corn holders, spaghetti tongs, pizza cutters, pastry blenders, citrus strippers, egg piercers, butter curlers,

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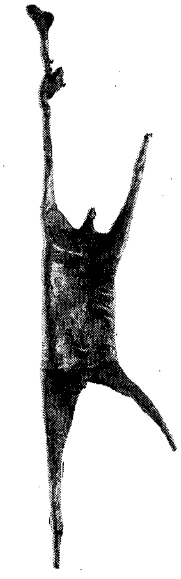

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shish-kebab skewers, bagel holders, anchovy unwinders, and pinfeather pluckers (to cite a few of our own necessaries); in addition, there are hooks for objects equipped with provisions for hanging. The organizer comes in red, black, or white, and when it is filled with the things it is meant to contain it looks like a work of art (as works of art go these days). And office supplies as well as kitchen things may be stored in the pockets. The price is $40, and sources, besides Bloomingdale's, are Altman's, Georg Jensen, and Tablerie, 1033 Third Avenue (61st). The Super Bowl addresses itself to a less urgent need than that filled by the wall organizer, but one that is evidently felt by enough people to warrant the mass production of this interesting-looking, unwieldy white plastic disc, twenty-six and a quarter inches in diameter, which passes for a table around which four people can huddle and eat. The disc, available for $17 at Bloomingdale's, Tablerie, and West Town House, 260 West 86th Street, is punctuated by thirteen concavities of various sizes, up to four inches deep, which are deployed as four place settings around a large central bowl, and the whole thing sits on the bottoms of the deeper concavities. People who aren't all that keen on communal feeding (or soup) may use the Super Bowl as a serving platter for parties and buffets; it also seems eminently suitable for the sort of mucking around that children like to do, known in child-psychology circles as "water play."

Someone all too familiar with the psychology of children must be responsible for an aluminum device called a pie divider, for sale at Dione Lucas. It consists of six toothed arms that radiate from a central knob and leave marks on a pie so that it can be cut into six *absolutely equal* pieces; $3.98. Dione Lucas's Chop 'n' Measure block saves one the trouble of picking up chopped parsley or shallot in order to transfer it from board to measuring cup. It is a chopping board, eight and three-quarter inches square, that has a hole at one end with a metal measuring cup nestled in it. One simply sweeps the chopped food into that; $5.98. A larger version (nine and a half inches by fourteen) costs $9.98, and is fitted with a purple, red, or orange plastic bowl instead of the measuring cup. A metal object named Ah-So by its West German manufacturer looks like a simple bottle opener, but it also houses the sort of cork extractor used by European sommeliers. Sheathed within the handle, which pulls off, is an instrument with

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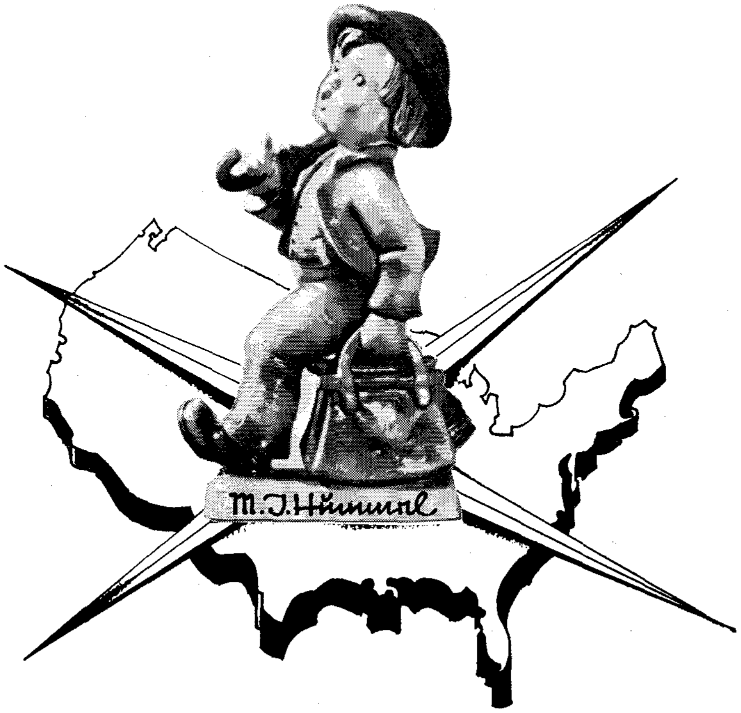

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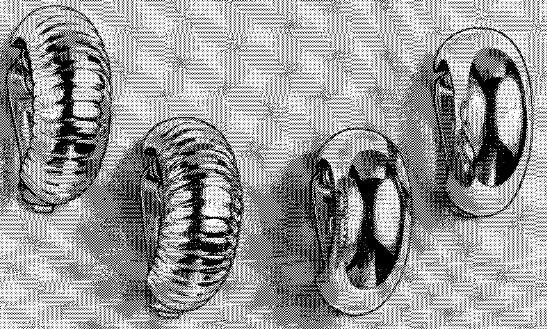

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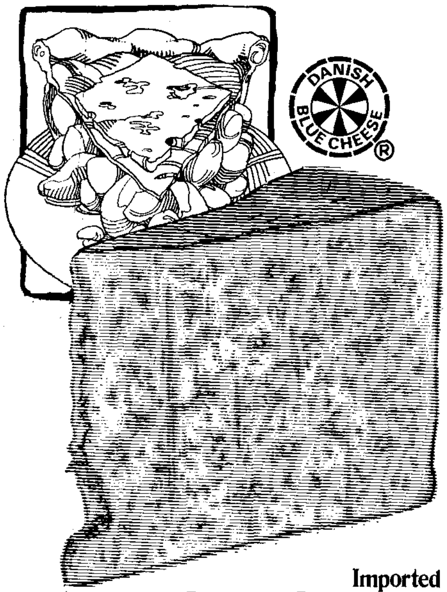

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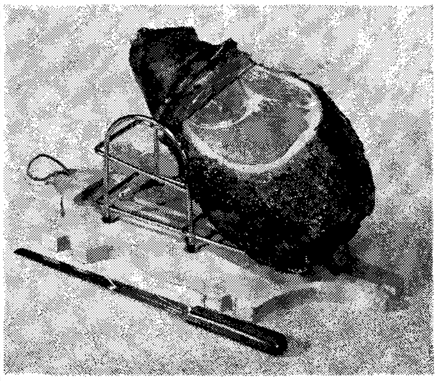
two flexible metal prongs, of unequal lengths, which are inserted between the cork and the inside of the bottle, and which bring up the cork. Ah-So is for sale at La Cuisinière for $3.50. The same shop's cheerful display of square or circular quilted-calico pot holders reminded us perversely of all the ratty, singed pot holders we see in the kitchens of friends (not to speak of our own); La Cuisinière's are ninety cents each. Altman's linen dish towels, made in Ireland at the Kilkenny Design Workshops, are printed with distinguished abstract designs in good, bold bi- or tricolor combinations. Some of them seem more suitable for framing than for wiping cups with; $1.25 each. At Merrill Ames, 41 East 8th Street, there is a woven-palm sieve from the Philippines that would be nice to see hanging on a kitchen wall, and it is useful for washing rice and berries. It is an oval basket, five inches long and three inches deep, with a handle made of the crotch of a small tree; $1.25. Merrill Ames' stacking canister of clear, yellow, or smoked Plexiglas is a good-looking two-story cylinder in which sugar and flour, say, or tea and coffee can be compactly and discretely stored. The top level is covered by a black plastic cap, and the bottom level is covered by the top level; the canister is eight and a half inches high and seven and a half inches in diameter, and costs $12.50. Tablerie offers a graceful oil-and-vinegar set on the same space-saving principle: a small bottle with a glass stopper (for vinegar) resides in the neck of a larger decanter (for oil) and serves as *its* stopper; $7.50. Tablerie's ceramic likeness of a white linen napkin folded around a bunch of bread sticks did not, at first sight, strike us as an appropriate item for a list of gift suggestions purporting to be useful and sensible, but when we looked at the object more carefully and saw that the bread sticks were *real*, we had to smile and concede that the thing has its nutty claims. A little red onion (not real) on top of the napkin serves as a handle, and the price of the bread-stick holder is $11. Also at Tablerie: A garlic press that is easy to clean. The usual basket from which it is hard to gouge out garlic shards is eliminated in this design, and all the parts can be got at readily; $2.50. A new plastic orange-juice squeezer, for sale at Seabon, 54 East 54th Street, and West Town House, is compact, good-looking, and effective. It breaks down into three parts: (1) an internally ridged dome, into which an orange half fits and which one presses and twists pepper-mill fashion over (2) a reamer



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with a perforated bottom, which, in turn, fits over (3) a beaker with a lip. When all the parts are in place, a small, fluted dome is formed, three inches in diameter and six and a half inches high, which betrays no sign of its function; $2.95, in red, yellow, white, green, orange, or blue. An admirable small aluminum grill from Sweden is for sale at Seabon, for $12.50. A steak or a couple of chops or a sandwich is placed between two skillets corrugated on the inside and permanently hinged together at one end; during grilling, they are latched together at the other end, too, by a metal ring at the extremities of their handles. The grill is seven and a half inches long, six and a half inches wide, and one and a half inches deep, and can be used over gas or charcoal fires. Also from Sweden, and available at West Town House, Merrill Ames, and D/R International as well as at Seabon, are some cheerful-looking, attractively shaped plastic mugs, which are red, blue, or yellow outside, with a thick white band at the rim, and white inside. They have a double-wall construction that keeps them cool on the outside when a hot beverage is within; $5 for a set of four. Seabon's nicely proportioned hurricane lamp from Finland is made of glass that has a kind of striated texture; its round chimney sits in the neck of a squat base enclosing a plastic candleholder; $5.95. Bonniers' new kitchen scale from France has that "Boy, am I well designed!" look projected by objects in the Museum of Modern Art's Design Collection, and we will not be surprised if the museum gives this piece the nod. It is a compact plastic spring scale (six inches long, four and a half inches wide, and five inches high) that comes with one loose pan, an inch and a quarter deep, in which grains or liquids can be weighed, and which is turned upside down on the scale when something that won't fit into it requires weighing. Up to five pounds can be accommodated, and the scale comes in red, yellow, or white; $14. Bonniers' big, straight scissors, from Finland, eight and a half inches long, with orange plastic handles, have a nice feel in the hand and a reassuring snick-snack; they cost $7.50. A great big round goblet (five inches in diameter and five and a half inches tall) at Bonniers has a gray-green tinge and small irregularities in the glass that indicate, but not crudely, its hand-blown character; from Spain, $5.

At Tiffany, we admired the form and wondered about the function of a white glazed-earthenware colander,

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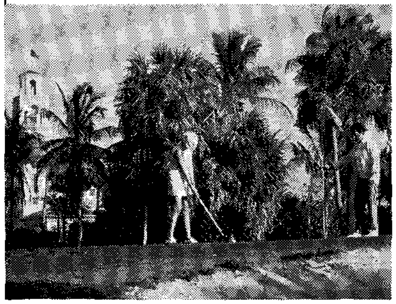

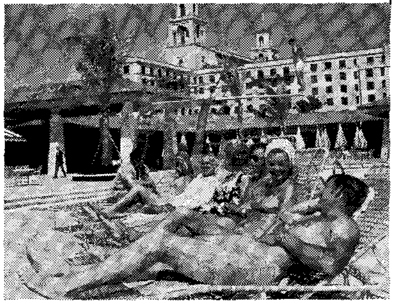

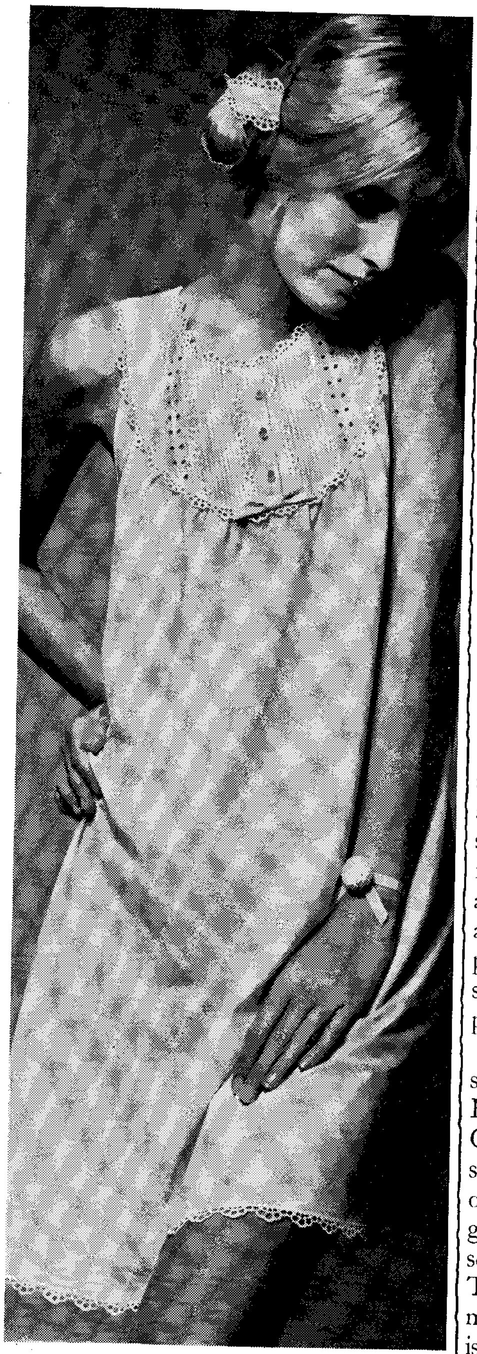

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eight inches across, with three small feet. We learned that it is a serving dish for berries, and we're glad to know that such a thoughtful appointment exists. It costs $14.50, and included in the price is a ten-inch underplate decorated with a mildly wavy raised border. Tiffany's handsome tall, straight, unadorned white French porcelain pitchers come in pint-and-a-half, two-pint, and three-pint capacities, for, respectively, $8, $10, and $14. A very elegant and unbabyish baby plate, originally designed for a Crown Prince of Denmark, has been reintroduced by Tiffany for the edification of wellborn American infants. The numbers 1 to 12 are printed in orange around the gold-edged rim of this plate, which is of fine white porcelain and costs $15.50. A matching bowl, for the same price, teaches the alphabet in upper case, and a little cup ($11.50) offers tiny lowercase letters. A new earthenware service at Tiffany has the look of old-fashioned spongeware, whose mottled surface was achieved by the dabbings of glaze-soaked sponges. Tiffany's version has rich, vivid blue, green, or yellow glazes applied to plates and bowls and cups and serving pieces of an appealing plainness and solidity. A five-piece place setting costs $19.50, a round cheese platter is $14, and a pie plate is $12.

D/R International put an enormous shipment of ovenproof buff-colored French earthenware on display in early October, and when we revisited the store a few weeks later nothing was left of it. You would think they had been giving the stuff away—and so they practically had been. The earthenware (which is momentarily available again) is very inexpensive and quite wonderful. Round bowls whose flowerpot rims are covered with a brown-yellow glaze come in dollar and two-dollar sizes; shapely, undecorated plain-buff one-pint pitchers are $2, and one-quart pitchers are $3; stolid, sizable canisters, also plain buff, are $3.50; and oval casseroles are $2.50. La Cuisinière's oblong, yellow glazed-earthenware terrines from England have small side handles, and the lids are decorated with a simple relief design surrounding a central knob handle; $5.50, $6.50, and $9.50 for pint, quart, and quart-and-a-half sizes. Jensen's set of six natural-wood kitchen implements hanging from a ten-inch-long board have in common with earthenware a warm, life-giving character. The implements are a rolling pin, a potato masher, a tenderizing mallet, a spatula, and two mixing spoons; the set costs $15. A comely shaker for coarse salt or powdered sugar is for sale at West Town House, for $2.50. Made of tin, it is three inches in diameter and is attached to a four-inch underplate; there is a handle, and the perforations in the domed top form a star. West Town House's File Cube, a cardboard box that just misses being a cube (it is eleven inches high, eleven inches wide, and twelve and a half inches from front to back), is appointed with hanging folders and a top that lifts and then conveniently slides down in behind, out of the way. The set comes flat and, we are told, is easy to assemble. Color choices are blue, gold, gray, and orange, and the price is $5. A two-drawer cardboard file cabinet, twenty-two inches high, thirteen and a quarter inches wide, and seventeen and three-quarters inches deep, is available at the Manhattan House Stationers, 1247 Second Avenue (65th). The top and sides are black, and the drawer fronts, equipped with flexible black rubber pulls, are olive green; it, too, comes disassembled, and it costs $6.95.

RETAILERS are beginning to exploit something that perceptive householders have long known—the fact that functionalism is not confined exclusively to the productions of self-conscious functionalists but exists among ordinary, everyday, anonymous objects such as are sold in the five-and-ten or sit on the counters of beaneries. Altman's has taken note of the excellent design of the glass-and-stainless-steel sugar holder that is a standard fixture of inexpensive eating places, and is selling it in its kitchen department, for $1.25, in either the usual restaurant size or a smaller, three-inch-tall version. The container, as you will recall, has a vertically ribbed glass body and a conical stainless-steel screw-on top with a hole at its apex. A grated-cheese shaker (the sugar holder's body with a perforated stainless-steel top) is offered in either the restaurant or the three-inch size, for $2.50. Bonniers' explorations in the vernacular have yielded some airtight glass jars from France that resemble our Mason jars and, as they are displayed in the store, full of things like green noodles, lentils, sunflower seeds, and lollipops, present a lovely sight. There are six sizes, ranging from one pint two ounces, for $1.50, to three quarts three ounces, for $4. A wire hinge keeps the glass lid permanently

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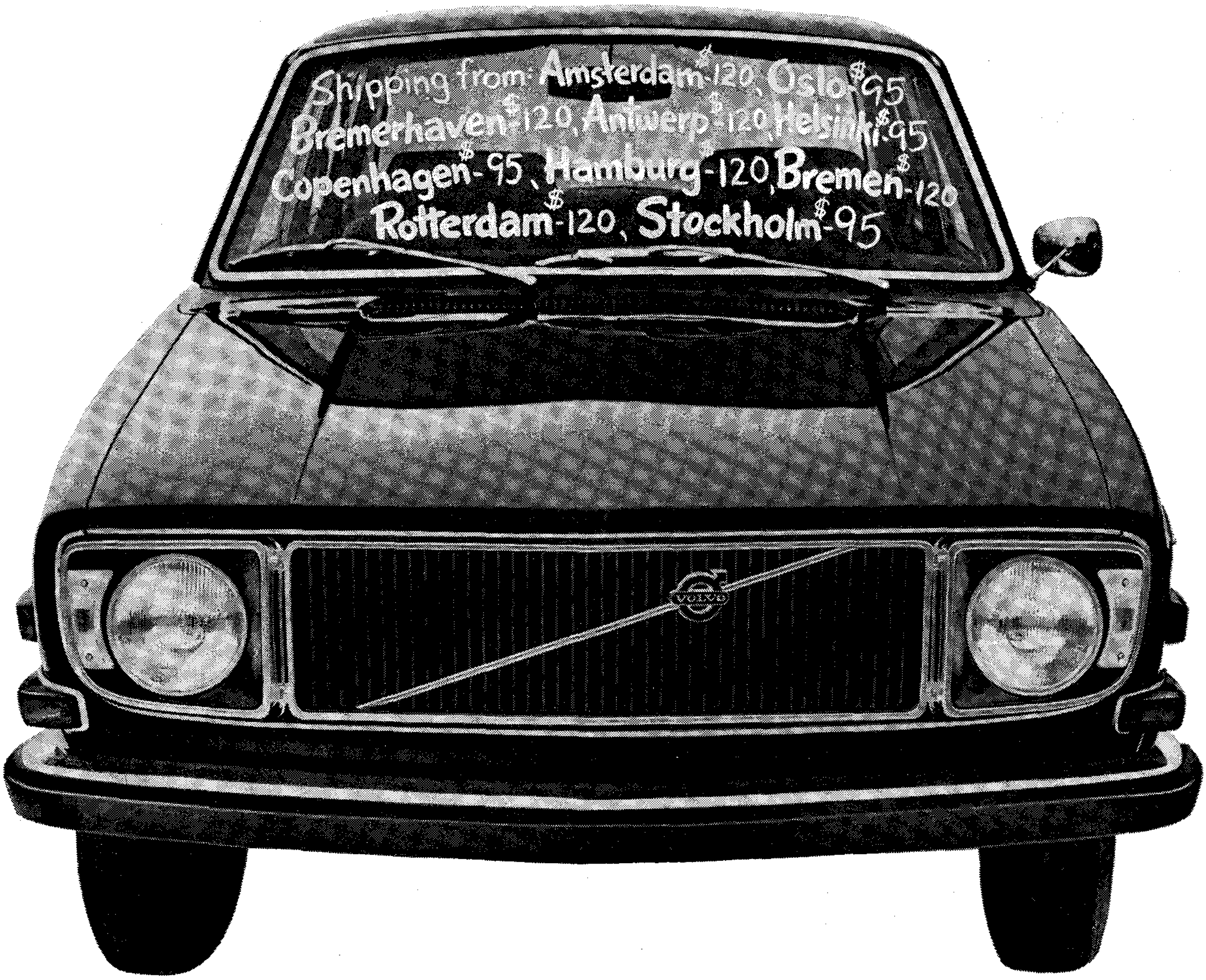
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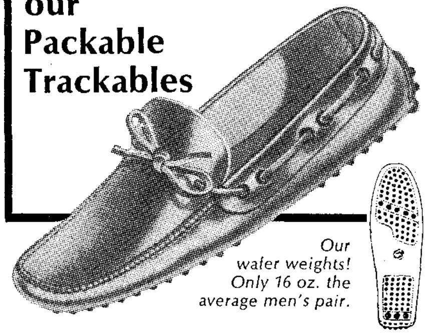

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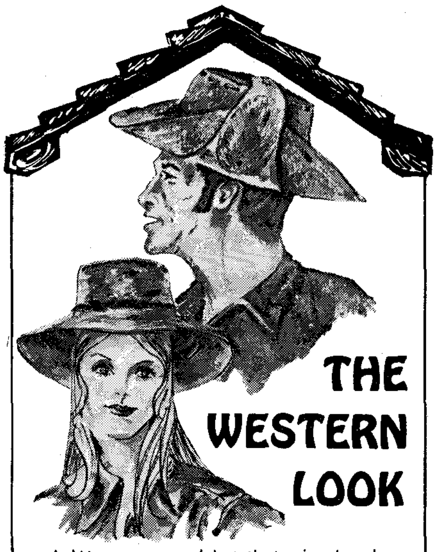

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attached on one side, and a wire clamp, on the other side, seals it firmly. The words "Le Parfait" appear in relief on the surface of each jar. Dione Lucas has seen the household possibilities of the traditional peddler's scale, which is still a fixture on pushcarts and at outdoor vegetable stands, and she offers the commercial Detecto scale—a metal cradle hanging by a chain from a round dial that registers weights up to ten pounds. It is available, for $25, in the authentic plain metal or painted red or yellow. Hammacher Schlemmer has probably gone further in its exaltation of the everyday than anyone else: it sells a glorified hot-dog cart, equipped with spoked wheels, stainless-steel compartments, an ice chest, a propane-gas cooking unit, a cutting board, shelves and cabinets for bottles, glasses, napkins, buns, and so on, and a great big umbrella. Hammacher has dressed up the original street model with orange, red, and yellow stripes down the sides, yellow and orange paint on the wheels, and a fringe on the umbrella—perhaps to discourage owners from trying to make an extra buck by selling hot dogs on the side. The price is $1,295. A cart *exactly* like the ones most hot-dog venders push around on the street—a considerably less *luxe* vehicle than the one at Hammacher—is available, for around $600, from the Admar Bar & Kitchen Equipment Corporation, 47-22 37th Street, Long Island City. This cart has bicycle wheels, a blue-and-orange umbrella that says "Ice-Cold Drinks, Hot Frankfurters," and the same stainless-steel compartments, ice chest, cooking unit, and so on, of the lay cart, which, as it happens, Admar makes for Hammacher.

Uses for the beige plastic boxes in which the Borden company used to deliver its milk cartons to the stores have suggested themselves to many parents of small children. The Borden company no longer distributes milk here, but parents will be glad to hear that similar boxes—which make fine building blocks and toyboxes—can now be bought. The Children's Workbench sells plastic boxes that have all the merits of the milk crates (they're light, graspable, small enough to tote, big enough to sit in) and some others besides (they're bright yellow, blue, orange, or red, and come equipped with casters); $9.95 each. The new playhouse at The Children's Workbench is a big Masonite drum, twenty-eight inches in diameter and twenty-nine inches high, which is entered through a seventeen-inch hole cut in its side. It has been suggested (as what hasn't?)

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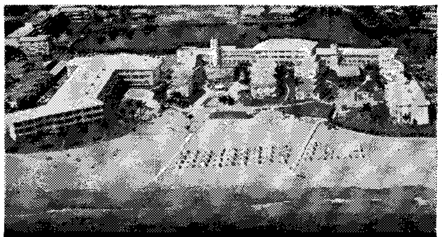

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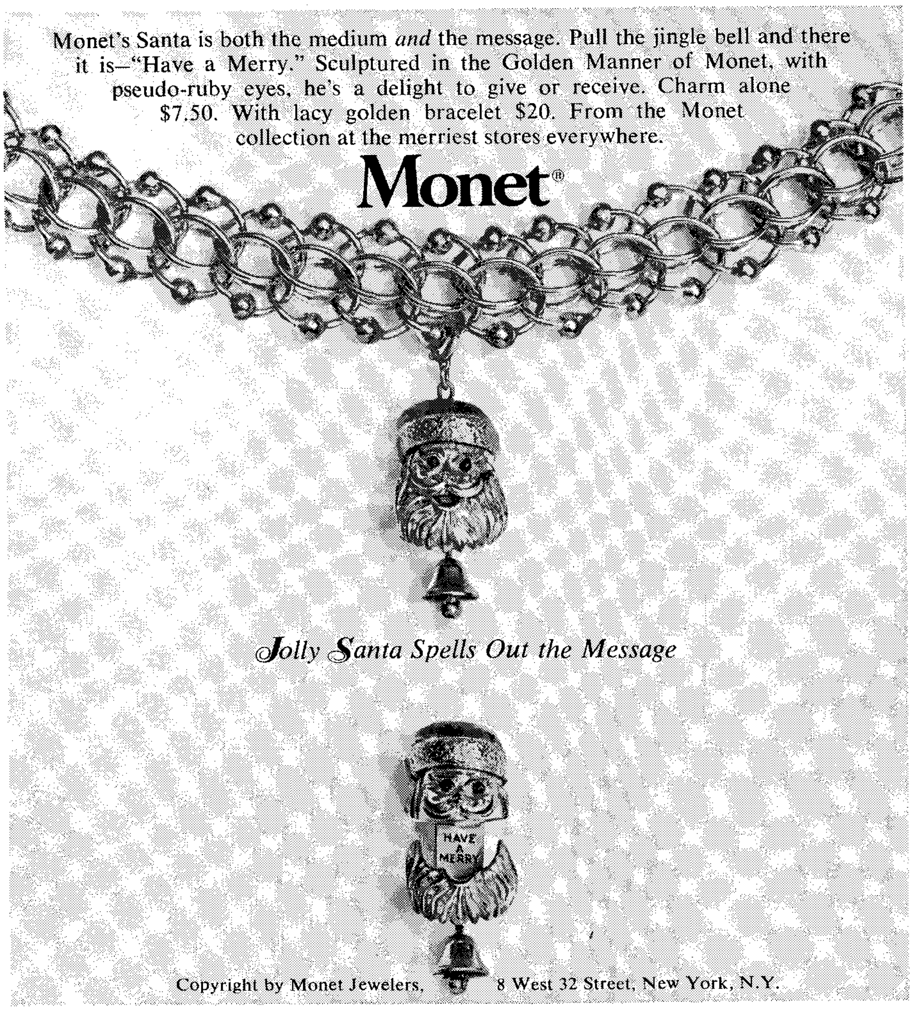
that architecture is but an extension of the propensity of small children to make "houses" for themselves out of cushions and chairs. The Children's Workbench playhouse should please children very much but will probably not inhibit their architectural depredations on the living room. The playhouse is orange on the outside and yellow within, and its price is $41. A child-sized version of the beanbag chair is available at The Children's Workbench, for $50. This terrible-looking, wonderfully comfortable piece of seating equipment is simply a vinyl sack loosely filled with Styrofoam beads. Bright red, yellow, and blue are color choices, and a strap is attached by means of which a child can drag the thing around. Parents in quest of a more presentable chair—one that could be kept in the living room, perhaps—might consider the Workbench's diminutive bentwood rocker. Its curlicued frame is painted red, and the oval seat and backrest are the usual natural wicker; it's a pretty chair, and its price is $60.

Gimbels' "bentwood" rocker, for grownups, which is made of chrome-plated steel and beige vinyl upholstery, is a comfortable and extremely successful version of the Thonet design. The rococo curves of the rockers mitigate the coldness of the chrome, and yet the chair has all the dash of modern steel-frame furniture. It would be a fine addition to a modern room whose strict verticals and horizontals need to be varied by something rounded; the price is $199. We saw a small rosewood rolltop desk at Gimbels that seems to us a perfect thing of its kind—a piece that efficiently and ingeniously performs its function, and is beautiful as well. When the desk is closed it looks like a kind of lectern; when the single front drawer is pulled out the tambour top rolls back to expose compartments and cubbyholes, and the narrow flat surface in front of the storage area extends over the drawer to provide ample room for writing. There are graceful trestle legs, joined by a long stretcher, that have a branching appearance reminiscent of the work of Guimard, though more controlled. The desk comes from Italy, and is twenty-two inches wide, seventeen and a half inches deep, and thirty-six inches high. It costs $295.

WE enjoyed a pleasant respite from our shopping the other day on the eighth floor of Bloomingdale's, where we stretched out on a water bed, which the store has thoughtfully made up with a mattress pad, a sheet,



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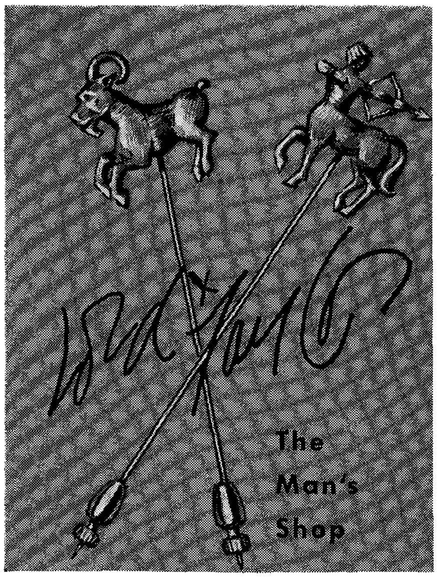

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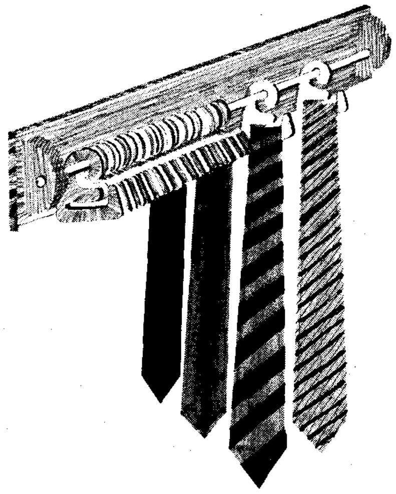
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and pillows, and which it invites passersby to try out. The bed ($600) is a rubber mattress filled with water, which is kept at body temperature by an electrical control, and the mattress is set in a simple white hard-plastic frame, reminiscent of small children's outdoor wading pools. The water bed is extremely comfortable, in an odd sort of way. It feels soft and hard at the same time, and the slightest movement causes a lurching, sloshing, wavelike motion beneath one. The bed was invented for hospital use, and we're not sure it's really practical or right for the home. It's certainly not a bed anyone would want to make love in. But it is nice to see in a department store, and we bring it to the attention of shoppers as a place to go to put their feet up or park their cross children.

The feather bed, in contrast to the water bed, is homey and uncomplicated, and many people who have come here from Europe still miss the ones they used to snuggle under. Friends of such émigrés can assuage these yearnings. Lord & Taylor has imported some feather beds from Denmark and offers them for sale in their bed-and-bath department for $50 in the twin size, $65 in the full size, and $90 in the king size. The feather beds are filled with duck down and goose feathers, and are covered with pink or light-blue cotton. They're the real thing—fairly heavy, and very soft and warm. If you know a child who is longing for a sleeping bag—and many children are—West Town House has some nice ones, for $13.95, of cheerful quilted printed cotton on the outside and solid flannel within. We especially like a multicolor patchwork-quilt print, and a yellow calico with red and black flowers. Children whose wish for a sleeping bag has already been gratified could be supplied with sheets and pillowcases printed with Peter Max's unmistakable and, to our eye, insufferable psychedelic Art Nouveau designs, which children seem to find perfectly beautiful. And why disabuse them? Children will learn about "good taste" soon enough—preferably not from their Christmas presents. The Peter Max linen designs have such names as Quasarian Sunshine and Olympic Flyer 2000. The sheets and pillowcases are made of no-iron polyester-and-cotton, and are for sale in Bloomingdale's basement. A twin-size sheet costs $4.19, a full-size sheet is $5.99, a twin fitted sheet is $4.39, a full fitted sheet is $6.19, and a pillowcase is $1.79. A complacent message from Peter Max appears on the cellophane

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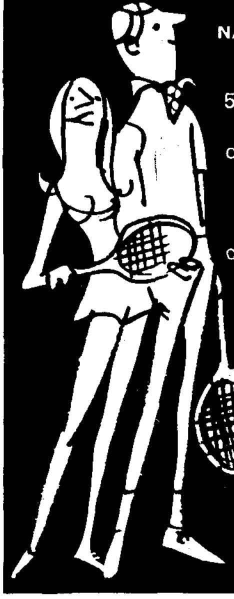
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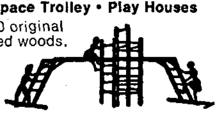
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in which each sheet or pillowcase is wrapped. It reads, "In today's state of technological evolution, every surface that is manufactured is a potential communication media. What better way to *groove my contemporaries on earth* than to decorate their material life with mind-expanding design?"

READERS who have been insufficiently grooved by our foregoing suggestions might try the Argosy Gallery, 116 East 59th Street, where prints pertaining to just about every subject anyone could conceivably want to see illustrated—and some that many of us would not—are stocked, so neatly classified that one has only to mention a subject and a folder marked, say, "Bowling," or "South Dakota," is instantly produced. A folder entitled "Eating and Drinking" caught our eye as a possible source of remembrances for friends with whom we have shared gastronomic experiences. A nineteenth-century print from *Harper's Magazine* entitled "Ten Minutes for Refreshment" and depicting a scene in a railway-station restaurant beautifully conveys the atmosphere of utter misery and discomfort that pervades overcrowded eating places. Lunch hour in midtown Manhattan is evidently not a horror confined to our own time and island. The restaurant illustrated here shows harried waiters holding trays high over their heads in an attempt to squeeze between tables set much too close together, at which people are sitting with expressions ranging from fury to that look of resignation about to turn into hysteria that we've all seen (or felt) in bad restaurants. The print measures nine inches by fourteen, and the price is $5. A pleasanter scene is portrayed in "The Last Guest—The Morning After Christmas," also from *Harper's*. A deserted table littered with the remains of last night's feast is in the center of the page; off to one side, at a window whose shutters she has just thrown open, a housemaid stands rapt in a daydream and oblivious of the black cat who has been feasting on the table and now crouches at the edge, poised for flight, looking over its shoulder at the housemaid with anxious malevolence. We don't know about housemaids, but we've seen cats in precisely the pose and mental state portrayed by the artist. The price of "The Last Guest" is also $5.

The Argosy's quiet nineteenth-century scenic representations of American colleges and universities seem very remote from today's troubled campuses, and yet, as at least one of these relics

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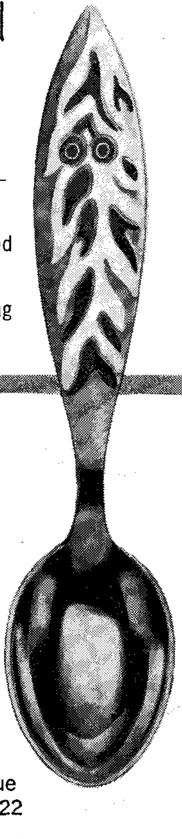

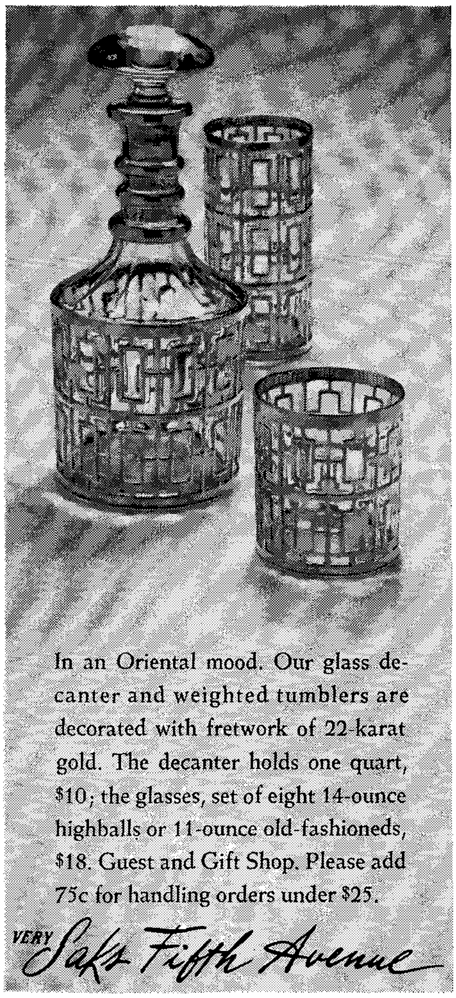

In an Oriental mood. Our glass decanter and weighted tumblers are decorated with fretwork of 22-karat gold. The decanter holds one quart, $10; the glasses, set of eight 14-ounce highballs or 11-ounce old-fashioneds, $18. Guest and Gift Shop. Please add 75c for handling orders under $25.

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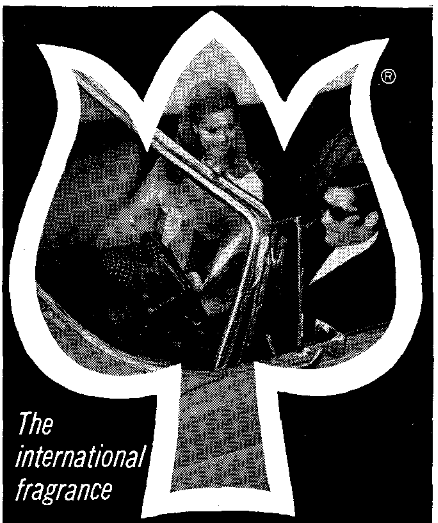
reveals, student unrest existed even in the days when cows grazed just outside college buildings and mace was something Mother put in pumpkin pie. Under the mat that frames a small, pretty hand-tinted engraving of Harvard in 1842, a page of text appears that tells an astonishing story—one which "shows that trouble on account of college commons is not confined to any particular period," as the page itself points out, and concerns "one Mr. Nathaniel Eaton and his wife [who] were, it appears, brought before the general court at Boston to answer for their misdemeanors toward students." At the trial, Mrs. Eaton broke down and said, "I must confess that I have denied them cheese . . . for which I shall humbly beg pardon of them, and own the shame, and confess my sin. . . . As for their mackerel, brought to them with their guts in them, and goat's dung in their hasty pudding, it's utterly unknown to me; but I am much ashamed if shame be in the family, and not prevented by myself or servants, and I humbly acknowledge my negligence in it." The price of this priceless print is $20.

At John Gordon, 313 West 57th Street, we contemplated a funny, pretty watercolor by an anonymous nineteenth-century American artist, in which a girl with a large cross face that looks like Lucy's (of "Peanuts") stands beside a monument inscribed to one Geo. Wash. Overhead, an enormous eagle, whose feathers look as if they were made of raccoon fur, swoops down to drink from a liberty cup that Lucy proffers in one hand. A river and a town are seen in the distance. The picture is one of the earliest examples of the mourning piece—a folk genre that originated at the time of Wash.'s death and was much practiced throughout the nineteenth century, in needlework as well as in painting, but Mr. Gordon's specimen is so far from being lugubrious that it can be given as a Christmas present with confidence. It is eleven inches by eleven and a half in its original gold frame, and costs $1,600. Mr. Gordon next showed us a needlepoint picture, seventeen and a half inches square, made in 1827 by Amelia Margerum—a lovely, delicately faded work of naïve art depicting a house and lawn thick with children, animals, trees, and flowers. The picture has the "blue sickness," which afflicts needlework that has been around for more than a century: while every other color fades, blue gains in intensity. Miss Margerum's picture has become a pattern of drab beiges, yellows, and grays punctuated by rich, vivid blues. It puts one



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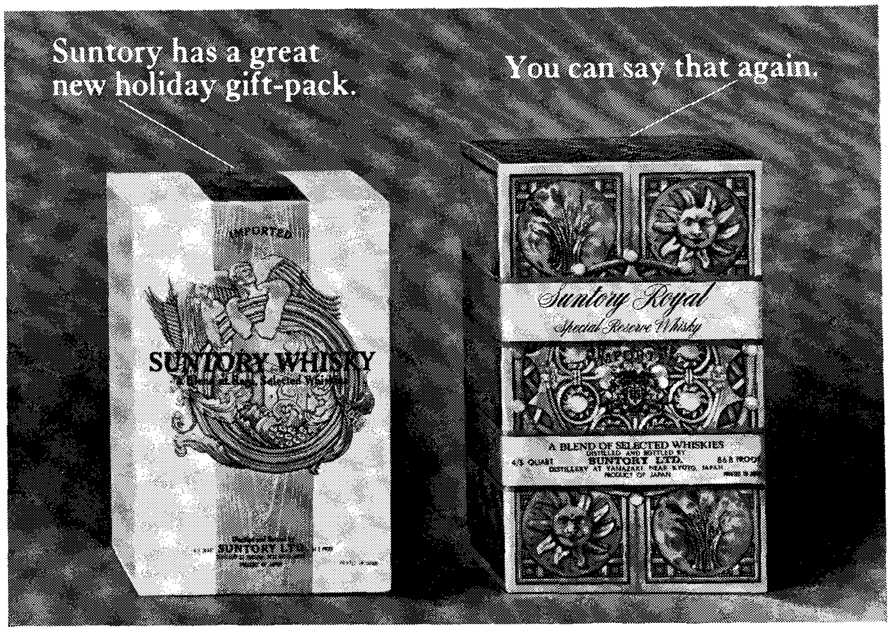
in mind of old samplers, though there is no alphabet. It is in its original wood frame, and the price is $450. An intensely colorful hooked rug—with a bird in the center and flower-filled urns at either end, and a lozenge-patterned border—impressed us with the vigor and assurance of its design. It measures thirty-nine inches by eighty-seven, and would look best in a room where it could be regarded from a distance; $1,250. A plain, beautiful pre-Revolutionary single-handled silver porringer, made around 1760 by a Boston silversmith ($3,600), prompted a discussion about the original function of porringers (today they are used mainly to pass macadamia nuts around), in the course of which it developed that neither we nor Mr. Gordon knew anything about it. So when we got home we looked up "porringer" in our new "Dictionary of Antiques," by George Savage (Praeger, $14.95 until December 31st, then $17.50), and learned something interesting. The vessel that we think of as a porringer is not what the English mean by the term. The English porringer is often confused with the caudle cup, "a vessel of swelling globular shape below, curving inwards above, and then outwards to the rim," Mr. Savage writes. "It has a handle on either side, and looks somewhat like the prototype of the later loving-cup. It should have a cover, although this is often missing. The porringer is a vessel similar in general form, also with two handles and a cover, but with straight sides. The division, in these days, between the two is a conventional one, and the purpose of either is to some extent doubtful. Porringers may have been used to serve porridge of one kind or another, and caudle was a thin gruel mixed with wine and spices. . . . A vessel known as a porringer in America was made from the 17th century onwards until about the middle of the 18th. In form it resembles the English bleeding bowl"—which, we found out on another page, was used by barber-surgeons in their bloodletting. We leafed through the "Dictionary" and learned, among other interesting facts, that Sharawaggi, a "word of unknown derivation, was first employed under the impression that it was Chinese by Sir William Temple in 1685, who thought it meant the studied beauty of irregularity, one of the key concepts of the rococo style," and that the Purdonium is "a closed coal-scuttle, the 19th century invention of Mr. Purdon, which has a removable sheet-metal container for coal." The "Dictionary" is illustrated with photographs of antiques,



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Frozen in bronze by the noted artist Curtis Jere. A. Finch, 22", bronze and steel, $25; B. The Nest, 7x11x4", bronze and steel, $30; C. Flushed, 6x8x4", bronze and onyx, $15. Designed to grace a table, add character to a room, stir a collector. Hudson's Picture Department.

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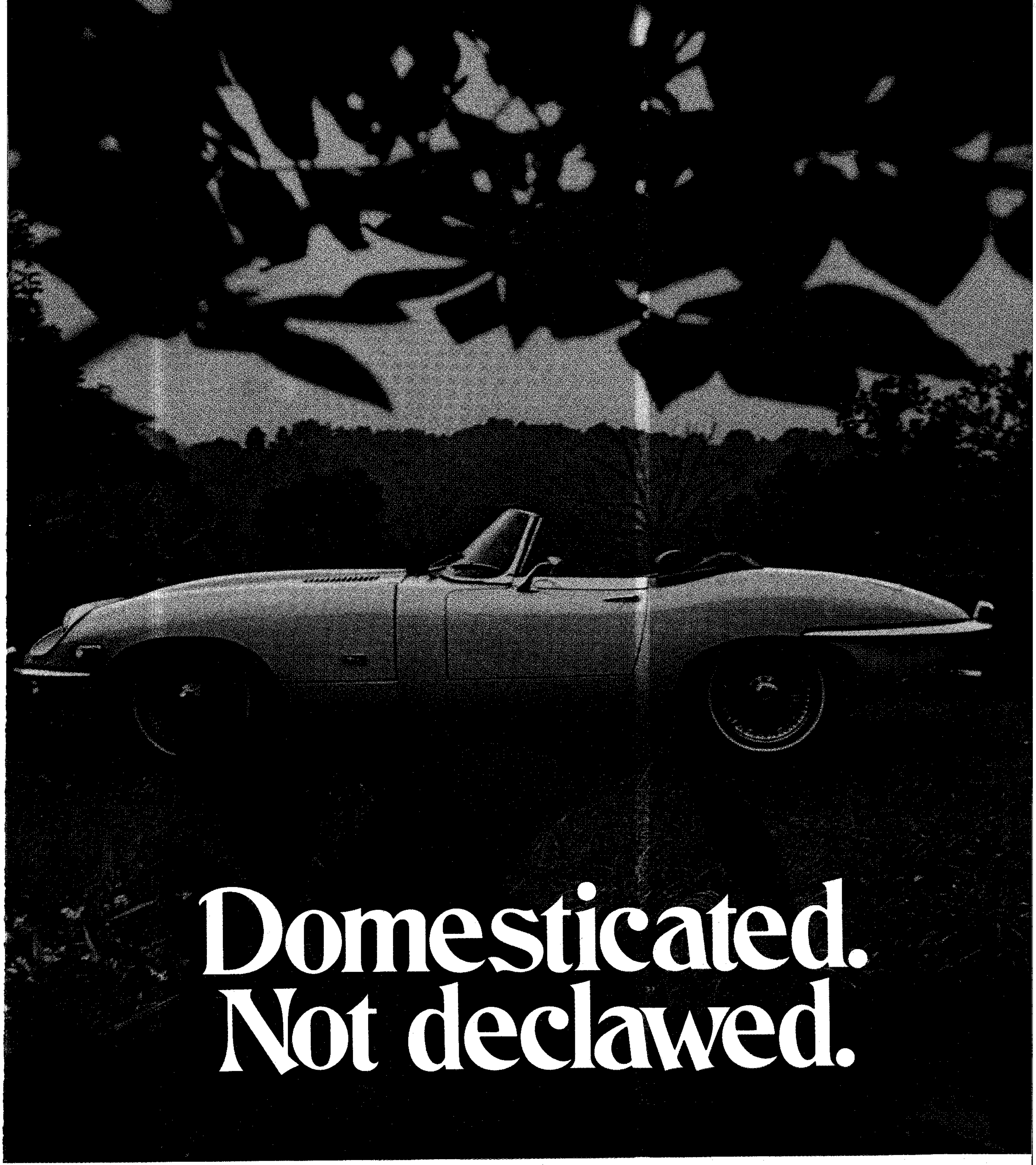
and gives a good reading list, arranged by subject, of books on antiques.

Mr. Gordon's collection of quilts should not go unmentioned. All are at least a hundred years old, and each is a distinguished specimen. A quilt made in Pennsylvania in 1828 looks almost brand-new (quilts that have never been used are sometimes discovered in old chests and cupboards, and this appears to be one of them) and is covered with a concise appliqué pattern of bright-green, red, and yellow tulips, birds, and stars on a white background. It is a rarity on two counts: (1) a kind of shading with walnut stain was applied to the petals of the yellow flowers and the bodies of the birds, and (2) the elaborate quilting follows, rather than overrides, the appliqué pattern. The quilt is a double-bed size and the price is $750. A less expensive ($85) but no less attractive quilt, done about 1840, combines pink roses on green stems with starlike formations of pink and white triangles on a white background. The roses are done in trapunto, so they look plump, and the quilting is dense. (Early quilts can be distinguished from later ones by the copiousness of their quilting.) Another lovely quilt is divided into nine panels outlined in dark green, each of them filled with four green-stemmed red roses, which radiate from a central stylized red flower; $650. A quilt that is decorated with embroidery rather than with appliqué comes from Maine, and it has a fresh, innocent look. Its white, thickly quilted surface is covered with specimens of flora, done in simple red outline stitch, that look like botanical drawings and include ferns, pinks, tiger lilies, grapes, and daisies. It dates from about 1825 and is seventy-two inches square, and the price is $75. The most unusual quilt in Mr. Gordon's collection was made in 1838 by Ellen D. Norris, who was inspired by a piece of red-and-blue printed chintz that came into her possession to cut out the exotic palm trees and pheasants and flowers depicted in the print and use them to decorate a rather ordinary blue-and-white sunburst-pattern quilt. The result is quite extraordinary—the cutouts surround the central geometric pattern and impart a lovely strangeness. The quilt has faded appealingly; it is a hundred inches square, and costs $325.

Friends of quilt fanciers with less money to spend than Mr. Gordon must charge for his rarities can find lesser but worthy quilts at America Hurrah, 316 East 70th Street, and at the Peaceable Kingdom, 390 Bleecker Street, near 11th Street. Both shops have a large number of nineteenth- and twentieth-century quilts on hand, most of them examples of simple country quilts done in conventional geometric patterns. Such quilts are very much liked today for the way they brighten and warm country bedrooms and children's rooms. America Hurrah's prices begin at $19 and go up to $65; the Peaceable Kingdom's go from $40 to $95.

Bonniers has for sale an herb garden—or, rather, an herb-garden-to-be—in the form of six small peat pots filled with growing mediums and seeds of chives, parsley, basil, oregano, rosemary, and thyme. The owner simply waters the pots (first dissolving a capsule of nutrients in a quart of water), and the seeds sprout. Germination is abetted by the clear-plastic-bubble package that the pots are encased in, which one de-staples to water the soil and staples back to keep the atmosphere properly humid. After the seeds sprout, the bubble top is cut off, and when the plants are about four inches high they are to be thinned and transplanted, pot and all, into larger clay pots. Eventually, the herbs may be put outside in the garden. The seeds are guaranteed to sprout, and the package says they should do so in from six to fifteen days. (Several of ours sprouted in four days.) The price of this "living kitchen," as the package calls it, is $3. For someone who is not an indoor gardener (or too intransigent in his ecologomania to accept plastic packaging even around something "organic"), we suggest a window box that arrives in the spring and in which nearly grown herbs unadulterated by pesticides are growing in soil uncontaminated by chemical fertilizer. The herbs may be ordered at a health store named Panacea, 323 Third Avenue (24th), which offers a choice of seven herbs from among parsley, rosemary, broad-leaved chives, pot marjoram, savory, pineapple mint, peppermint, lemon verbena, and basil. The window box is green-painted metal, the price is $10, and a gift certificate that lists the chosen herbs is provided.

At Panacea, we munched on an unsprayed (but mealy) apple and contemplated a clear-plastic object made in Switzerland and called Bio Snacky, which, according to an accompanying leaflet, is "a natural wonder which allows you at the same time to participate in the excitement of germinating your own seeds and in the growing of the tender plants and shoots." It is a multi-



The manners of this cat are impeccable. But its instincts—to spring, sprint, maneuver—are uninhibited.

Because we put tooth and claw into this animal when we build it. And then we test it, time and again, to make sure the instincts remain.

Example: after the parts have been balanced individually, the entire power train—engine, clutch, transmission—is balanced as a unit. Not just for power, but for stealth.

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Under this animal's lithe, monocoque shell lurks a twin-overhead camshaft engine that displaces 4.2 litres. At 60 mph, the engine turns at less than half its red-line mark of 5500 rpm. Jaguar has enormous reserve power.

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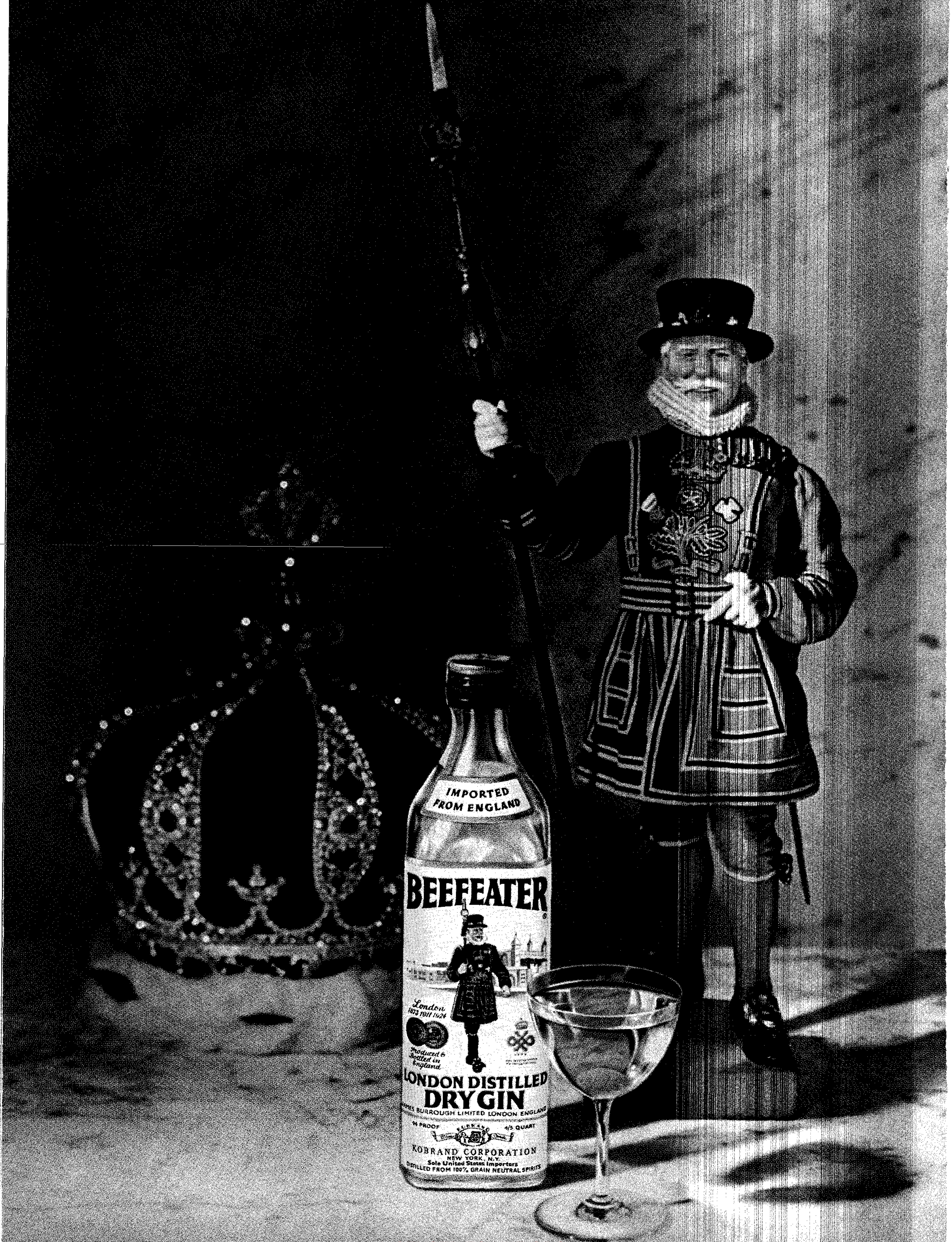
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level arrangement of four round pans in which seeds sprout, and it costs $14.95. The three top pans have corrugated bottoms and small drain holes, and the bottom pan is for water to collect in; under this arrangement, just enough water is retained in each of the pans to keep the sprouts wet but not inundated. Soybeans, sprouting wheat, and mung beans, all of whose sprouts are rich in Vitamin C, are sold at Panacea for use in the sprouter, for thirty-nine, thirty-nine, and fifty-nine cents a pound, respectively. Mung beans, as you probably know, are what the Chinese use in their bean-sprout dishes. What you may not know is that it is no longer necessary to trek down to Chinatown for woks. Macy's has them, made of stainless steel and with black hard-plastic handles. A twelve-inch wok with a ring stand costs $7.49, and a wok sixteen inches in diameter (also with ring) costs $11.99.

Ruskin observed, with some truth, it may be:

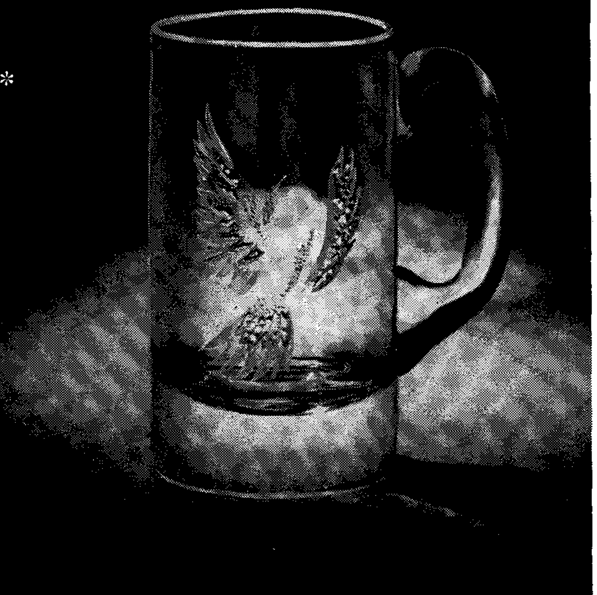
> There is a wide distinction in general, between flower-loving minds, and minds of the largest order. Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, tender contented people love them as they grow, luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered: they are the cottager's treasure and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the contentment of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own Pre-Raphaelites. To the child, and the girl, and the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their sake. They fall forgotten from the great workmen's and soldiers' hands. Such men will take, in thankfulness, crowns of leaves, or crowns of thorns—not crowns of flowers. . . .

"Flowers for All Seasons," the Metropolitan Museum's appointment calendar for 1971, will surely delight all the flower-loving second-raters among us, and may possibly even engage some of the large minds that occasionally appear on Christmas lists. The calendar is something more than a collection of pretty pictures of flowers. The intention of A. Hyatt Mayor, who selected the illustrations from among pictures and objects in the Metropolitan, is to show the diversity of flower representation in different cultures, periods, and mediums, and for

**Freden** $\$25^{00}$

**(Peace)**

**limited edition***



*Hand-engraved Swedish Crystal Pint Tankard, designed by Eugene A. Garand and executed by Asta Strömberg. "Freden" is the Swedish word for "The Peace," and the abstract dove symbolizes the fervent hope of all men of good-will.*

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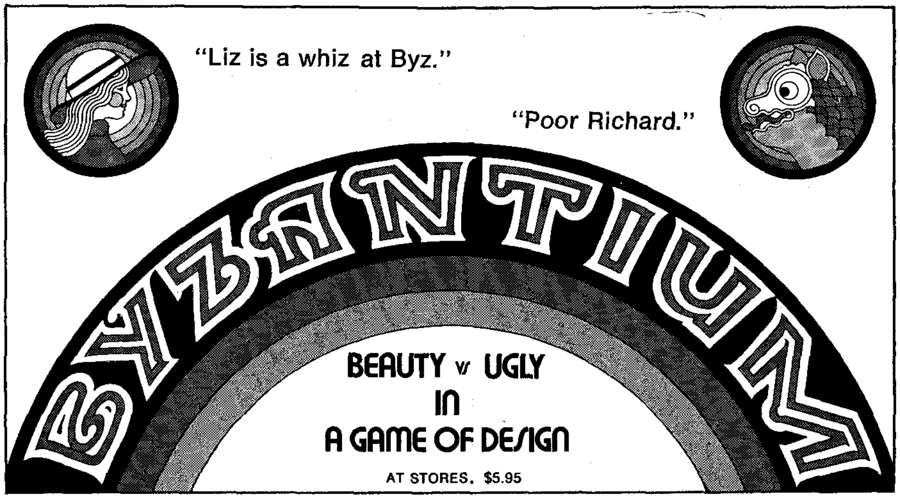

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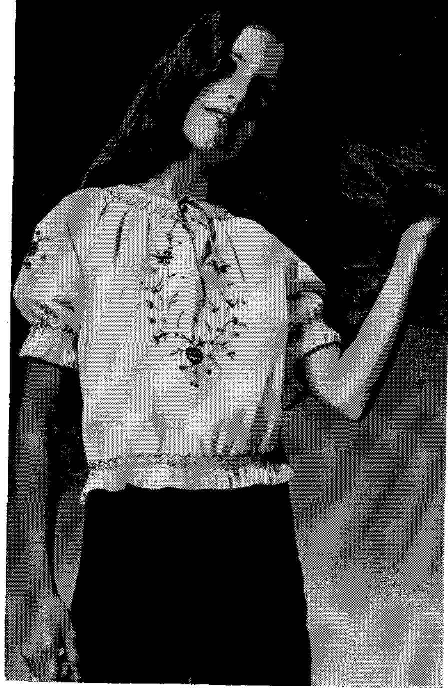

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this purpose he has drawn upon (among other works) Chinese scrolls, Japanese screens, French porcelain, American embroidery, Morris wallpapers, Impressionist paintings, Persian pottery, and Indian miniatures. Mr. Mayor observes in his brief, civilized introduction that flowers are "the only subject for art that people have always thought beautiful," and he continues, "In contrast, men and women, art's most frequent subject, seem masterful, seductive, demented, majestic, beaten, or sparkling, but rarely beautiful." The fact is, however, that flowers *are* beautiful. The flower painter is dealing with an artistic *fait accompli:* the forms of petals and leaves and stems cannot be "improved" upon, the way faces and bodies can (indeed, must) be transformed by art. Consequently, the flowers that appear in art are essentially alike, and the calendar, for all its stylistic variety, is as much a tribute to nature as it is an art survey. Great artists have given us paintings of flowers that have permanently altered our view of them. Van Gogh's "Irises" (a detail of which appears in the calendar) is such a work. And yet—as the detail brings out—the forms are the same as those found in botanical drawings, vase paintings, fabrics, and wallpapers, and in nature. The calendar pages (one for each week) in "Flowers for All Seasons" that do not face color reproductions are decorated with brown-and-white woodcuts of individual flower specimens taken from a sixteenth-century work entitled "Herbarum Vivae Eicones." The price of the calendar is $1.95, and it comes ready to mail.

The history of ornament, which reached its apotheosis and *reductio ad absurdum* in the middle of the nineteenth century, is intimately connected with plant life. The junk with which Victorian pieces were encrusted was often flower ornamentation that was in itself rather wonderful. The inappropriateness of this kind of decoration on chairs and tables—not to mention industrial machines—rather than the ornaments themselves was what provoked the reform that has brought design to its present deflowered state. Few people regret the lack of vegetable ornamentation on their furniture, architecture, and tools, but many people still like to see flowers and fruits in fabrics and on china as well as in pots on windowsills. This is a predilection that we share, and we cite below some things of this sort that we've found both beautiful and compatible with the functionalism that we've come to regard (for reasons of social conscious-

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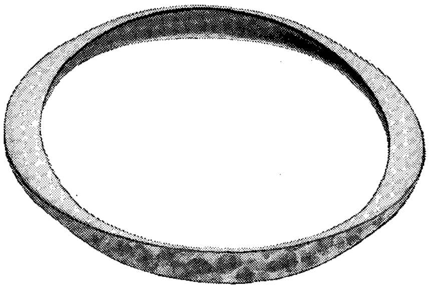

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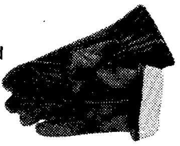

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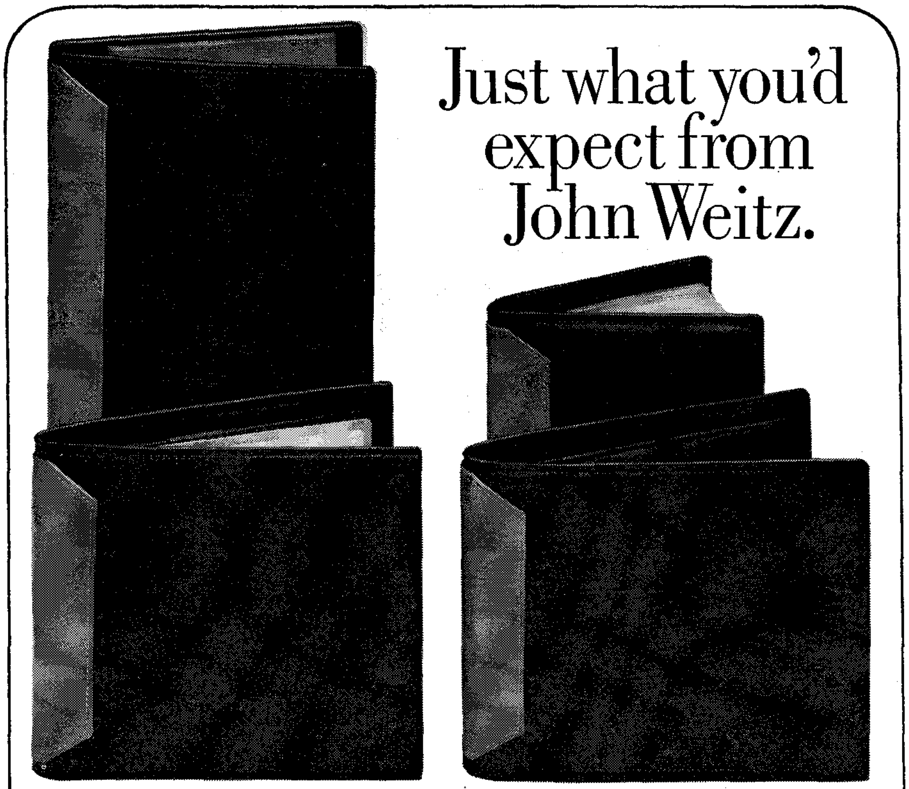
ness as well as aesthetics) as the best of all possible styles for today's interiors. At West Town House and at Tablerie, a Staffordshire ironstone pattern named Calico is for sale—a dense design of small white flowers and leaves on dark blue or dark brown that has a comfortable, old-fashioned aspect. A set of forty pieces costs $40, and canisters, mugs, measuring pitchers, soap dishes, and soup tureens are also available at both stores. At the James II shop of James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, we admired an early-nineteenth-century Staffordshire sauce tureen that is decorated with hand-painted clusters of grapes, plums, cherries, and peaches in rich, delicate purples, oranges, pinks, yellows, and greens on a ground of small blue dots. The piece has a lovely mellow, country look. Its oval underplate is attached, and its cover is a flat-topped dome; $185. Tiffany's new Astley china, made of true or hard porcelain, is decorated with somewhat Oriental-looking stylized flowers—purple, magenta, and orange—sparsely deployed on a white background. This delicate and elegant porcelain is ovenproof. A five-piece place setting costs $19, a large platter is $20, and covered casseroles are $17.50 and $23. Altman's sheets and pillowcases decorated along their hems with hand-stitched flower appliqués have a crisp, vivid prettiness. The stylized flowers are formed of bright, clear pink, blue, yellow, red, and green pieces, and the work was done in Madeira. The sheets are polyester-and-cotton, and will drip-dry, but machine washing is not recommended. A twin-size sheet is $25, a double or queen size is $35, the king size is $50, and pillowcases are $5 and $7. Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, has gained access to the tablecloths that Coq Hardi, a one-star restaurant outside Paris, uses, which are printed with charming folk-art patterns reminiscent of the designs on French-provincial pottery. The tablecloths are edged with thick borders of peacocks, roosters, and roses, and the centers are printed with little roses. A tablecloth fifty-two inches square is $27.50, and a tablecloth ninety-six inches long and sixty-eight inches wide is $37.50. Good-sized napkins are $5 each. The tablecloths are made of heavy white cotton and would be a fine sight on a table in a garden or on a terrace. La Cuisinière's jam pots would be a nice sight on a breakfast table. They are small, rounded white glazed-earthenware tubs with fluted sides, whose covers are thickly piled with cherries or strawberries or orange slices in colored



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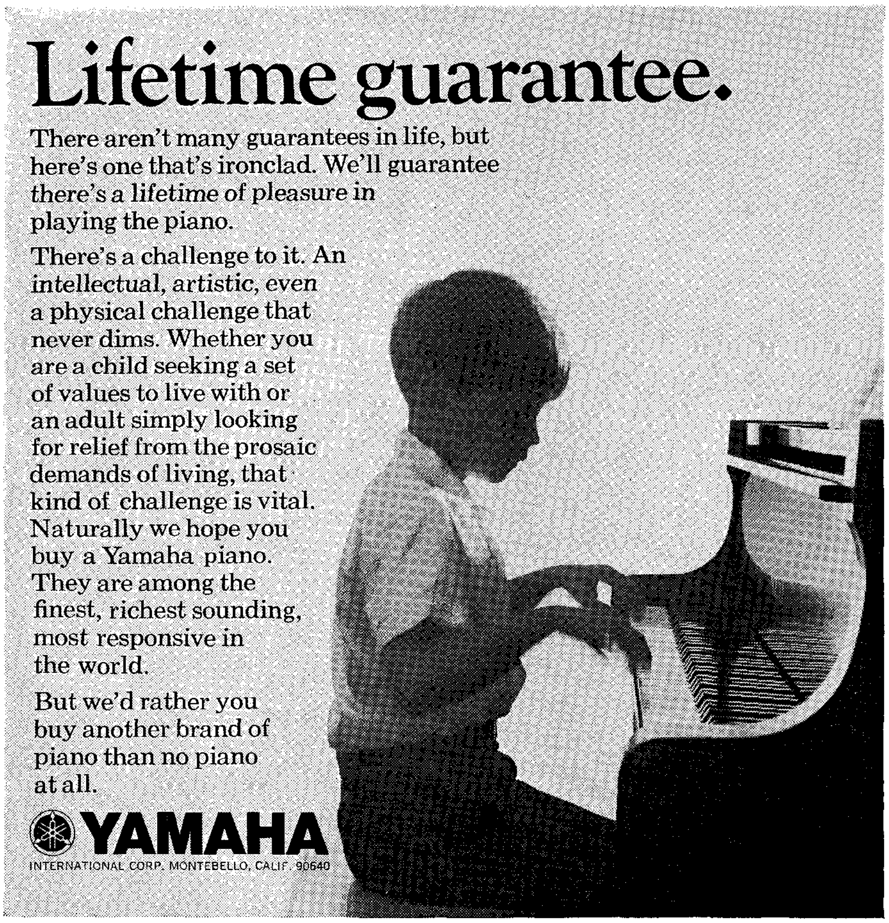

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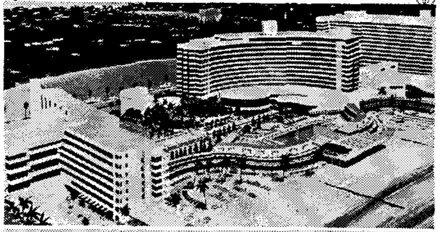

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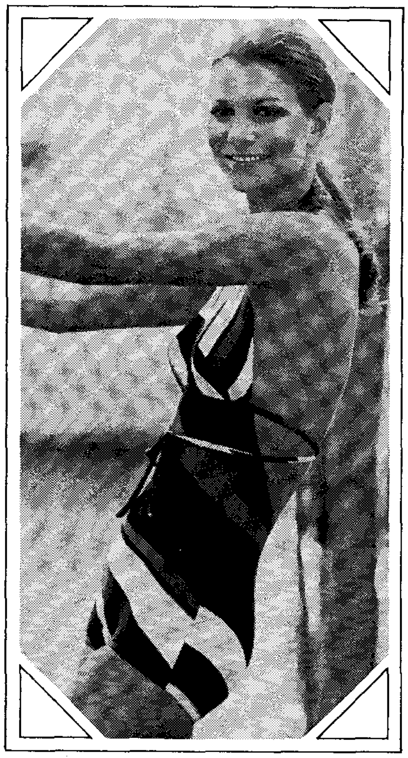

Florence Eiseman Swimwear.

relief. Each comes with a matching spoon and costs $13.95. Pierre Deux, 369 Bleecker Street (near Charles), has some appealing square pillows covered with hand-blocked cotton prints made in Provence. The patterns are Paisleys or small flower sprigs, the material is quilted, and the pillow cover consists of a central square surrounded by a contrasting border; $20. At Seabon, we admired some little wreaths hanging on the wall that looked as if they were made of artificial green foliage and blue flowers. Closer scrutiny showed that they were made of small pine cones and alder catkins painted green and blue, respectively. The wreaths come from Sweden, and are priced $5.95 for a six-and-a-half-inch specimen and $4.50 for a four-inch one.

WE have no Ruskin quotation on bird-lovers to offer the bird-lovers' bored friends, but we know of a wonderful birdcage. It is an enormous octagonal enclosure, twelve feet high and seven feet wide, of fine-mesh wire and wrought iron painted dark green. It comes from a garden outside New Orleans, and is now on display in a shop named Gemini, at 1269 Madison Avenue (91st), where it may be acquired for $2,400. This price does not include the colony of exotic tropical birds that currently occupies the cage—very happily, it seemed to us—and we don't like to think of what will happen to them when they are evicted. The shop won't be the same, either, without the rare sight (and sounds) provided by the aviary. The cage will undoubtedly find a buyer—everything does in New York—but go see it before it is gone; it's one of the town's more agreeable sights.

THE most unusual sight we came across during our shopping expedition we have saved for the last. It is contained in a wooden box—or, rather, in several wooden boxes—on display at French & Co., in the Parke-Bernet Building, 980 Madison Avenue (76th). The boxes (approximately seventeen-inch cubes) have small apertures in front and electric cords in back. When one puts an eye to an aperture and presses a light switch a tiny three-dimensional scene appears, which causes one to exclaim with delighted astonishment. The scenes show well-known artists and writers in surroundings that are familiar to anyone who has followed their careers and that have been constructed in exquisite realistic detail out of balsa wood, cardboard, plastic,

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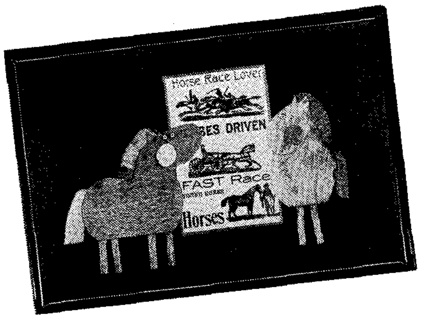

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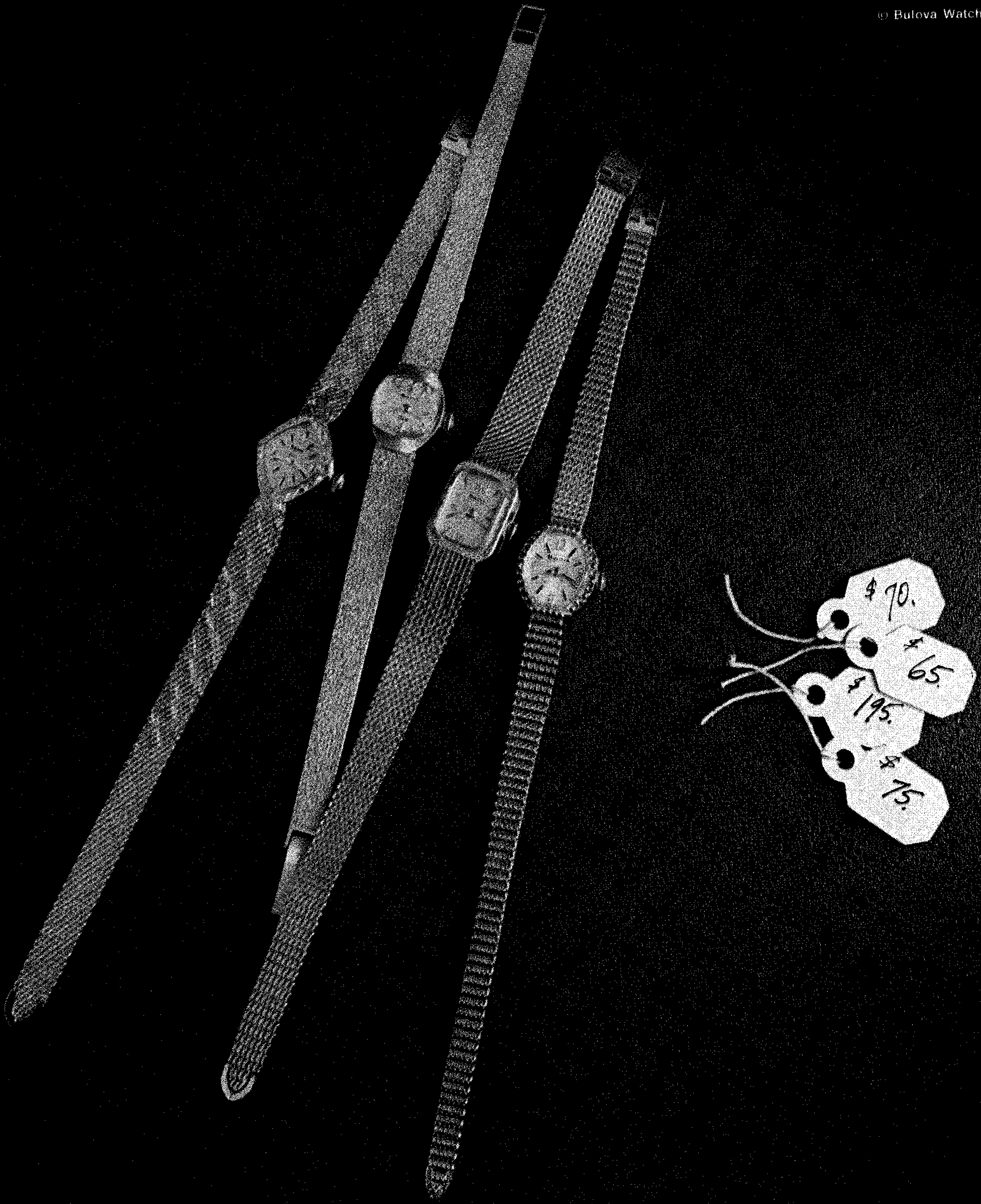

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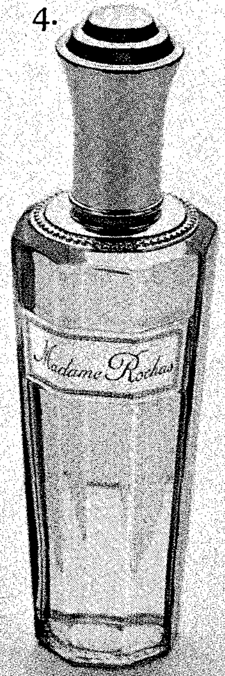
Madame Rochas

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris / New York

cloth, and paper. In one box, Gertrude Stein sits among her famous collection of paintings. In another, Apollinaire appears in the bedroom of his elegant, decadent flat in Paris. Jackson Pollock looms over his work on the studio floor, and Monet appears in his garden. Another box shows the maker of these remarkable dioramas—a thirty-four-year-old abstract painter and art teacher named Dick Haas. We visited Mr. Haas in his studio, in a loft on Broome Street, to see some more of his boxes, and also to find out what kind of man it is who does something so original and odd. Mr. Haas, as you might expect, is not a bit *outré;* he is a calm, grave, unaffected person, a good deal more preoccupied with his abstract paintings than with the boxes, which he considers a mere hobby. His paintings all look the same at first glance. They all have a thin-line grid superimposed on a soft, subtly colored, Turner-like background. The more you look at them, the more differences you discern in the backgrounds. Mr. Haas explained that the grid is a kind of light trap and that the paintings are studies in hung light. He said that he used to belong to the school of Lyrical Abstractionism but got thrown out when he started putting grids in his paintings, since the Lyrical Abstractionists are opposed to straight lines of any kind. When we returned to the boxes—we had peered at Frank Lloyd Wright in his study at Taliesen East, David Smith reflected in a mirror in his living room, and Bonnard in his studio—Mr. Haas told us about the research he does before starting work on one of them. He considers them "documents," and his aim is that they be absolutely accurate. He also took a box apart to show us that the depth of the interior is an optical illusion, achieved by a long trapezoidal corridor that leads from the aperture to the scene itself, which is almost flat-looking when it is seen outside its box. The boxes range in price from $600 to $1,500, and interested persons should apply to French & Co. rather than to Mr. Haas, who is away in Vermont most of the week, teaching art to Bennington girls.

•

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—*Holiday Inn Magazine.*

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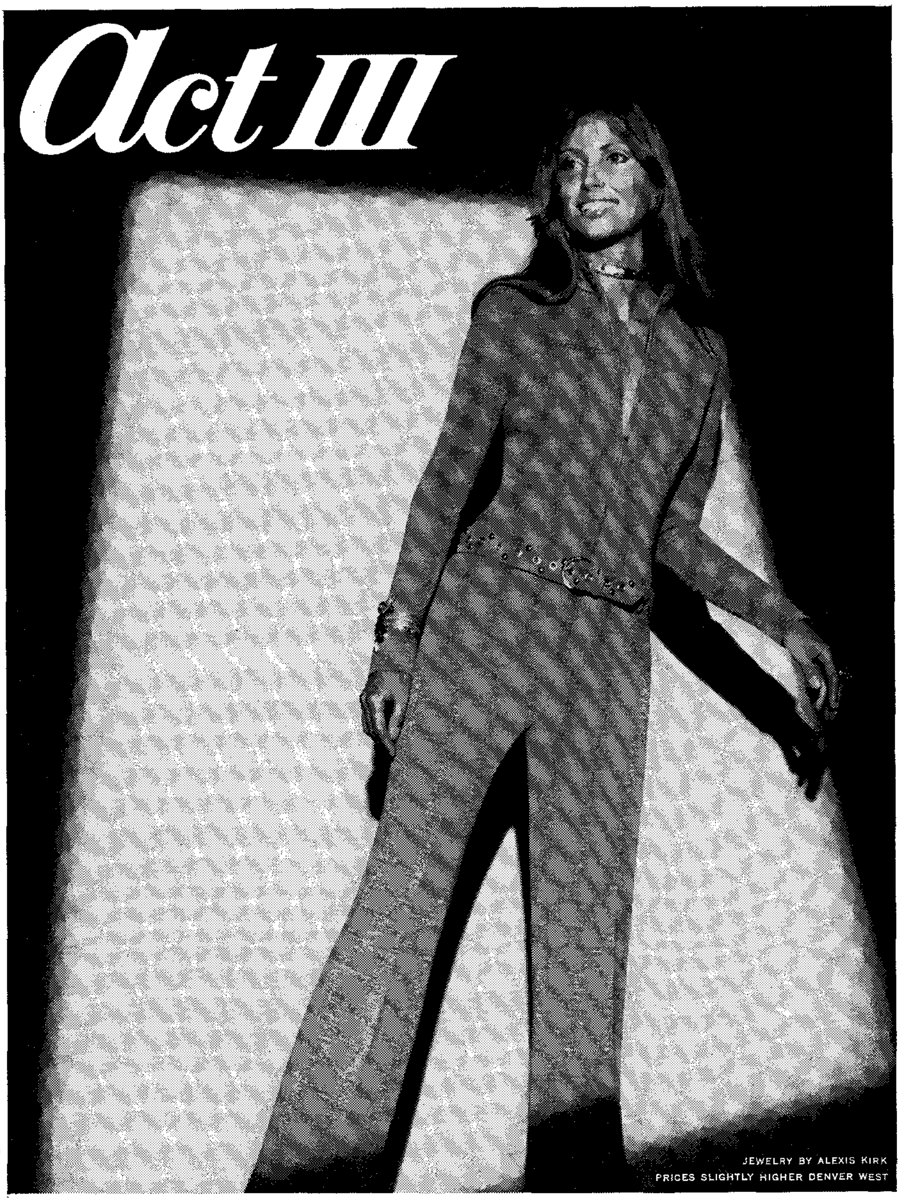

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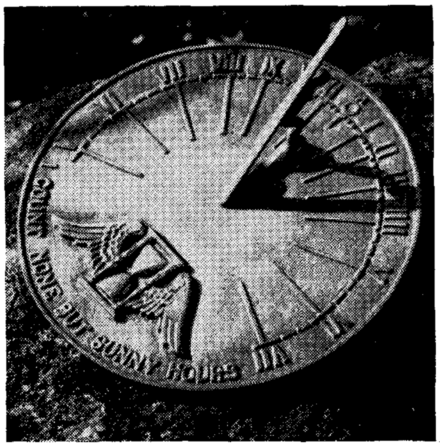

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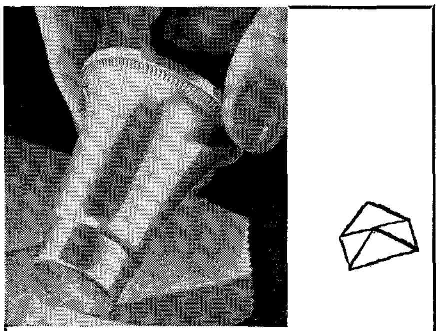

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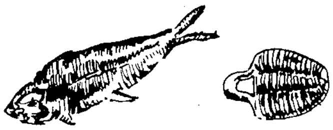

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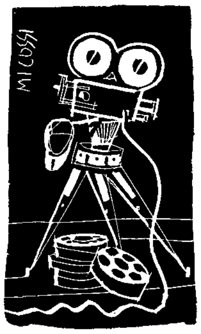
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Slapstick Tragedy*

HALFWAY through Marcello Mastroianni's superlative comic performance as a sleepy bricklayer in "The Pizza Triangle," I suddenly remembered the scrupulous intelligence and concentration with which his Meursault in "The Stranger" tried to understand the world, and I stared back hard at the flaccid moon face of his violent, foolish, suffering Oreste, the bushy-haired bricklayer who doesn't always smell good. Mastroianni is an astonishingly versatile actor, who seems to get better and better. Despite the stale American title (the Italian title was "A Case of Jealousy"), "The Pizza Triangle" is an original—a true plebeian, extroverted comedy, a modern romantic satire with jokes about the pollution in Rome and modern sex mores, with sight gags and slang and topical references. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't seem to be anxious; the picture is spotty, and some of it goes way off, but nothing is forced, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire.

It's a genial mutt of a movie—a comic-strip parody of operatic passion. Mastroianni's Oreste is married to an old battle-axe, a fat hag with a topknot, whose name one expects to be Katisha. (She's like the woman Chaplin was married to in "Pay Day.") He falls in love with Adelaide, a young flower seller, whom Monica Vitti plays with a soulful silliness that is a parody of generations of comic waifs and neo-realist heroines. When she betrays him with his best friend, a Tuscan pizza cook, the movie turns into a delicate cartoon of tragedy that is not altogether funny, or meant to be. It's a slapstick tragedy, loose and openhanded in its comic invention. The lovers meet on deserted piles of rubble; after a tender love scene, they pick debris out of each other's hair like monkeys cleaning out lice. The picture is punctuated with little motifs and routines, as in comic strips: people bang their heads when one least expects it; the slob hero has a blowfly who is his spirit; a careering ambulance marks the end of various episodes. This kind of folklore became so slack and repetitive in American movies that many of us could no longer respond, but it has sprouted in fresh ways here, with that mixture of simplicity and sophistication that our silent comedies sometimes had. The picture keeps shifting ground. When Oreste and Adelaide are in an amorous embrace and she says she loves him so much she'll do anything he wants, he pulls back happily and says, "Vote Communist," and we're in a Punch-and-Judy world. Later, when she's unfaithful, he becomes a crank, obsessed with the idea that there's a class basis for her betrayal. He tries to pin his misery on the class struggle, and, as in a libretto, jealousy drives him out of his mind and he commits a crime of passion. Oreste, the great *stupido*, whose face reflects a mind that has been emptied of everything but flukey ideas, becomes an operatic figure—the crazed lover.



The color is warm and bright, the music is light and nostalgic, like the score for "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," and the quick rhythm of the cutting again suggests a comic strip. The interrogation about the crime goes on during the action; there are voice-over transitions in which the characters explain matters to the police while they are in the events that they're commenting on. It's a more extended use of a technique that goes back to Sacha Guitry's films and the early sequences of "On Approval;" it's done so deftly that moving back and forth begins to seem perfectly natural and one forgets what a complicated time-juggling stunt it is. There are probably a good many jokes that depend on knowledge of the conventions of the *fumetti*, and others that are dependent on understanding the vernacular—and maybe that neat, compact Tuscan pizza cook seems funnier in Italy than here—but Noelle Gillmor has provided ingenious subtitles, and even if one misses out on specifically Italian references, there is enough to keep one giggling through most of the movie.

You need a bit of tolerance for some of it, but Mastroianni holds it all together. Monica Vitti, with her supple, humor-filled face, is adorable as the Raggedy Ann buffeted by her emotions, but it's Mastroianni's gift for getting inside his slob and then just *behaving* as that slob that lifts the picture above its makeshift genre. Oreste cracks before our eyes. I don't think I fully grasped what a sensitive actor Mastroianni is until I saw him in "Il Bell'Antonio;" perhaps he really

# The Winstons aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

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Through Save The Children Federation, the Winstons are helping Della. The cost is $15.00 a month. It's not a lot of money, but certainly the Winstons could have thought of a lot of other things to do with it. Fortunately they thought of Della first.

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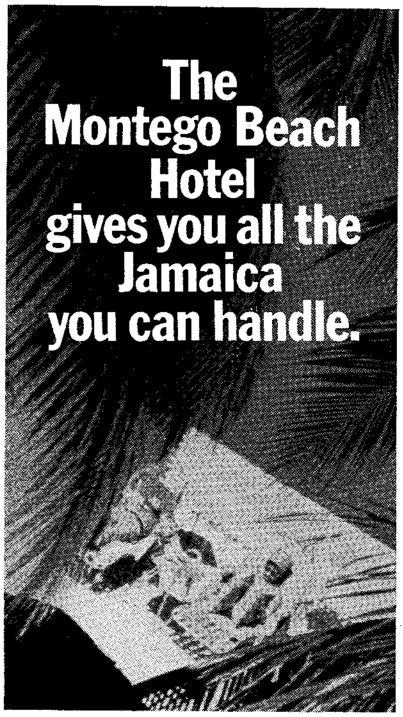
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stretched himself in that performance (the way Laurence Olivier stretched himself after his early career as a charming juvenile). He keeps growing. He has that gift that the greatest screen actors (as distinguished from stage actors) have of seeming to live the role so fully that we assume the character goes on about the business of living whether the camera is on him or not. This isn't a flashy gift—this gift for simply living as the character on the screen—and it usually isn't remarked on as much as more ostentatious acting. It can be exciting to watch a Vanessa Redgrave burn up the screen with a stage type of performance, but more often the overpowering performer becomes a movie-wrecker, while the easy, unassuming performer quietly develops. Without Mastroianni, "The Pizza Triangle" would be clever; with him, it has heart—and not just the heart that Italian comedies wear on a sleeve. But that heart worn on a sleeve is worth something, too. This movie tries to please the way a Mack Sennett film tried to please—not playing down to the mass audience but not taking itself altogether seriously, either. It's in touch with the audience without condescension, and that's still the open secret of comedy.

JAMES IVORY, who directed "Shakespeare Wallah" and last year's "The Guru," has now made "Bombay Talkie," which is about a bored, sensation-seeking English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). The glimpses of the confusion of cultures in modern India are ironic without unnecessary underlining, and the picture is full of wonderful marginal details: the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys; a guru preaching gibberish to his assortment of Eastern and Western followers and showing them color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles; a night club with an Indian chanteuse singing an American song. The atmosphere is like a Hollywood thirties movie, and this kitschy datedness, along with the exotic flavor, makes one feel affectionate and nostalgic. Everything is fine except for the maundering central story, which seems to belong in an old De Mille picture and is told in too artlessly simple a style. No doubt some of the melodramatic clichés are deliberate clichés, intended to comment on the way currently popular Bombay movies resemble old Hollywood movies and on the way the characters' lives

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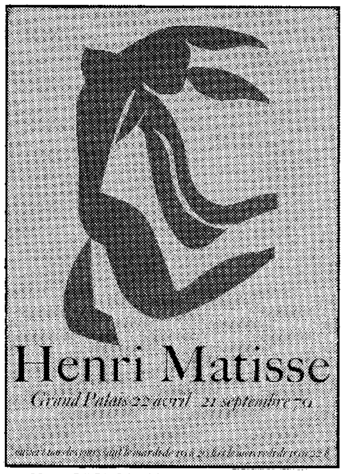

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echo cheap melodrama, but Ivory's technique is too naïve to sustain these conceits. His bead-stringing narrative method is appealingly innocent, but nothing *develops*, and when he attempts to use banality for his own purposes, the banality proliferates. The movie star's beautiful young wife shows her jealousy and impending suffering from her very first reaction shot, people signal their indifference by looking away from the person talking to them, and so on. The director may be doing all this consciously, but he's still doing it. Shashi Kapoor is enchantingly handsome, like an Indian version of the radiantly eager young John Gilbert, but the story of his ruin is tiresome. When the wife is being threatened by creditors, one knows to expect the scene in which the hero squanders his wealth on the mistress. Ivory must mean us to expect it, but that doesn't help, since the chemical change that would make it new doesn't take place. When the hero takes his decadent inamorata to a fortune-teller, the fortune-teller reaches for the woman's hand and looks at it, and then, a shadow crossing her face, refuses to tell what she sees. And a shadow crossed my face, too; I knew this picture would come to a bad end.

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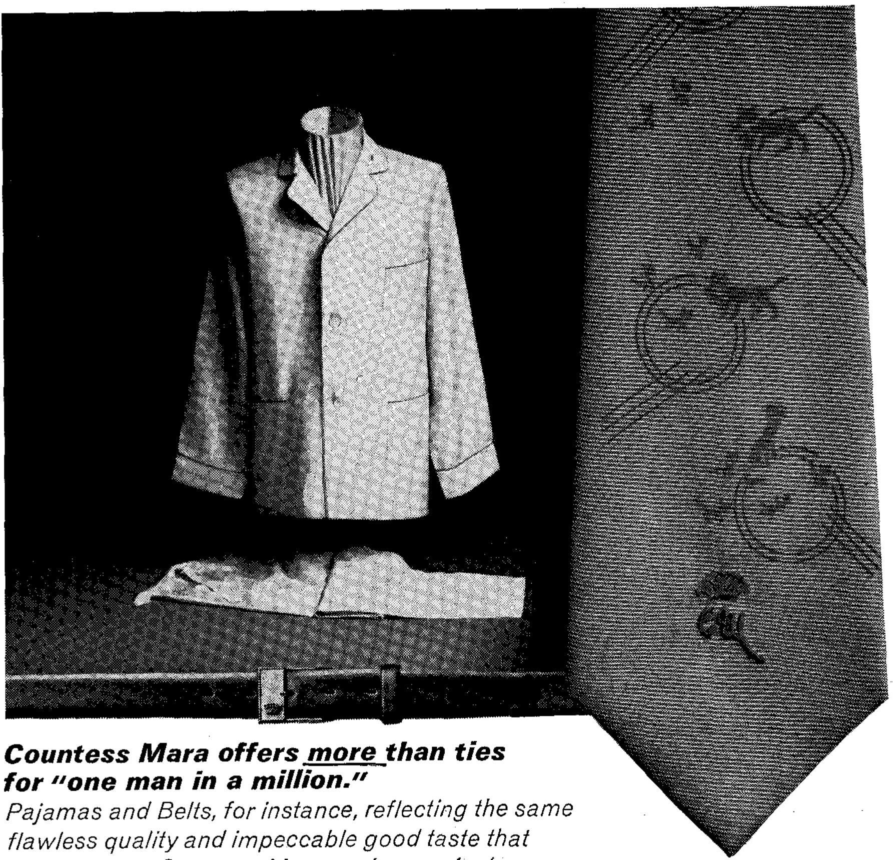

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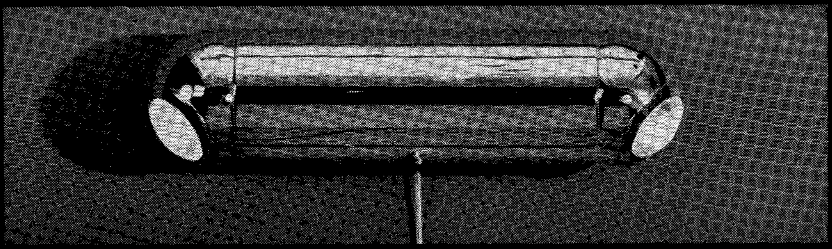

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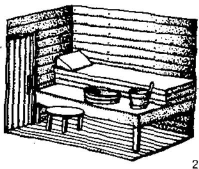

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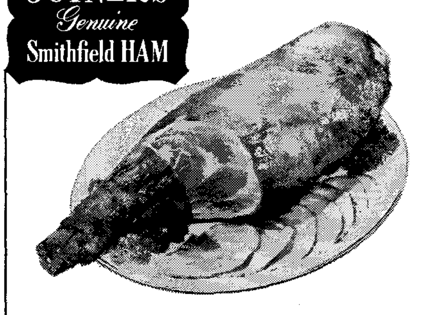

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classic. People without kids won't go to "Scrooge" anyway, and, there being so few "holiday" pictures to take kids to, people with kids will probably be trapped this year and for years to come. Will children enjoy it? I doubt whether they will, much. Bricusse also did the careful, uninspired script, and it preserves the Victorian melodrama without Dickens' buoyancy. Albert Finney plays Scrooge glumly and *realistically*, which is a terrible mistake. The gloom doesn't lift until the last twenty minutes, when Scrooge's cheerful repentance is accompanied by some bumptiousness and dancing in the streets. Alec Guinness camps up Marley's ghost a bit, and one is grateful for that, but the production is dim and humorless. When Finney sings "I Hate People," there's no verve, no spirit. When Kenneth More, as the Ghost of Christmas Present, sings "I Like Life, Life Likes Me," the words are so banal they contradict what they're saying. "Scrooge" smells of mothballs.

—PAULINE KAEL

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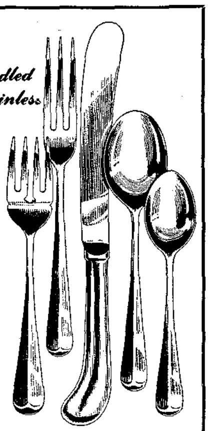

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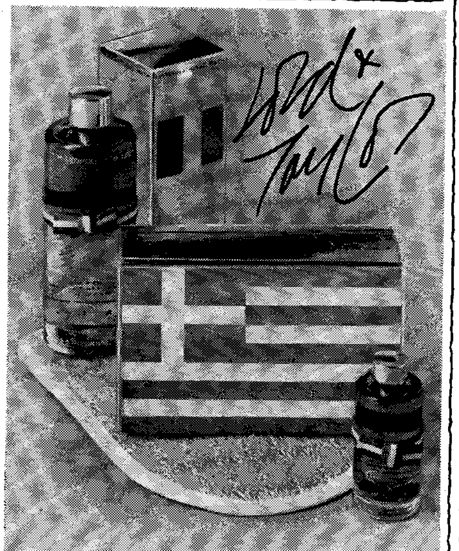

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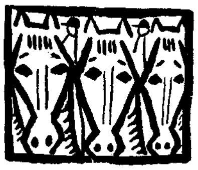

As no doubt you've heard, come January 11, 1971, New York City will have off-course betting. You can take a ticket on something in the trots at Yonkers Raceway that evening or a flutter on something running somewhere far afield—in Miami or in Maryland, say, or perhaps at Santa Anita—at an office in Grand Central Terminal or one in Brooklyn or one in Queens. Or, if you have established credit, you can phone in your bet. It hasn't been decided yet just which out-of-state tracks you can get action on, but it seems certain that the major ones will all be in on it.

One afternoon last week while mediocre horses were plodding wearily through nine races at the Big A, this department had a look at the setup of the New York City Off-Track Betting Corporation, headed by Howard J. Samuels, a lively, pleasant-spoken party, who said he had been at Aqueduct only once in his life. The corporation occupies two floors of 1501 Broadway—one floor for the executive and other offices, and one floor for the computers that handle the bets. The staff totals about a hundred. When the betting offices go into operation, all wagers must be made an hour before the post time of the race they're on—to bar any shenanigans, I suppose. Channelled from the branch offices to the central processing facility, and thence to the track, they will be the first wagers to show on the tote board. Holders of winning tickets won't be paid off until 6 P.M., and those who bet on the trots won't get theirs until next day. Offhand, I'd say that two-thirds of the wagers now being made with the book on the block are on horses running at out-of-state tracks, and I daresay the corporation expects a similar ratio. Such bets can't legally be sent across state lines, but the Off-Track Betting Corporation has overcome this difficulty by setting up its own tote, with two 360/50 I.B.M. computers, each backed up by a formidable complement of equipment. Someone said the machines can process a million bets a day. They certainly look as if they could.

The office now being readied in Grand Central used to be a ticket office of the New Haven Railroad. It will

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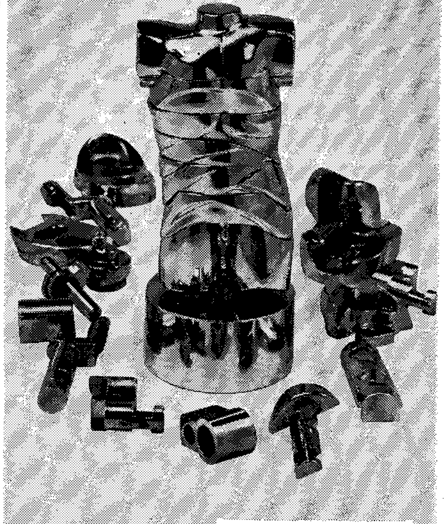

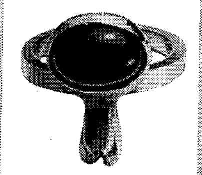

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have ten ticket-sellers; the offices in Brooklyn and Queens will have six. By the end of 1971, Mr. Samuels hopes to have fifty offices in operation around town. They will have as much of a banklike appearance as possible. It will cost around a hundred thousand dollars to lease, equip, and staff each office, but Mr. Samuels believes that off-course betting will get such a play from the start that the offices will have paid for themselves in no time. He doubts, though, whether they will yield the city the fabulous millions some people expect. How horseplayers will take to the idea remains to be seen. They definitely won't like a strict enforcement of "No loitering." They're a gregarious lot, and delight in comparing notes and complaining about their bad luck—tales full of "I shooddas."

When I was in London recently, I spent an afternoon in a betting shop in the West End—in Dover Street, between a distinguished art gallery and a posh Italian restaurant. It was a scrubby place, not much different from the Prohibition-era horse rooms I used to visit, except that instead of a wheezy individual announcing, "They're off and running in the fourth at Churchill Downs," a loudspeaker was blaring descriptions and results of the races at two tracks in the hinterland and at a dog track in London, all of which seemed to be running at the same time. You could take the odds that the room was offering against your horse, which changed frequently, or you could bet on him in the tote. No doubt about it, off-course betting has hurt racing in England no end; for one thing, it has decimated attendance at the tracks. Our racecourse managements fear that it will do the same thing here. Mr. Samuels believes that it will make new friends for the sport and eventually bring them to the tracks. Ask me this time next year what I think.

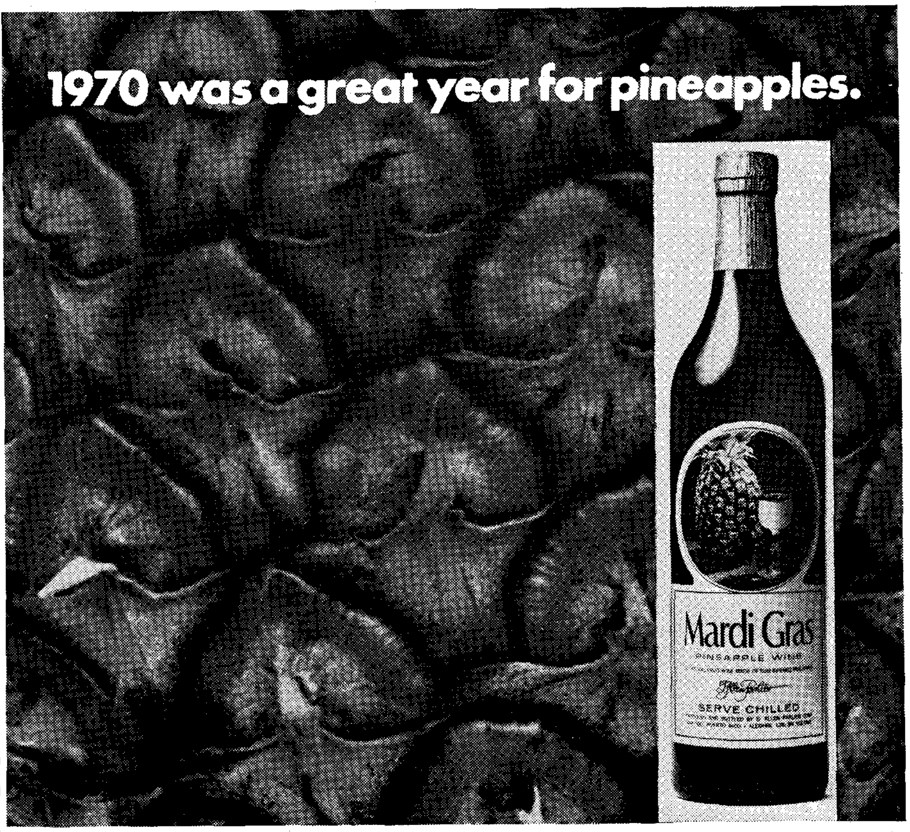
WELL, if you just wait long enough . . . Reine Enchanteur, the filly by Sea Bird that Wendell Rosso paid $405,000 for as a yearling in 1968, won at Aqueduct the other afternoon. It was her sixth try.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

At a tea held for Vistas at the home of Mrs. John T. Murphy, Country Club Road, Clarks Summit, Oct. 12, it was announced that Mrs. William H. O'Connor, Greenbrier Dr., Clarks Green, will serve as director for the uninspired term of Mrs. David Conroy.—*Clarks Summit (Pa.) Abington Journal.*

Just give the news, please.



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# THE NEW YORKER

## LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

*(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)*

**Baby, It's Cold Inside,** by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $6.50*).

Mr. Perelman's first collection since 1966. Let no reader be misled by the sound of his own laughter; the weapons are lethal. The title is the tipoff.

**Erik H. Erikson,** by Robert Coles (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $10*).

A Profile of the protean psychoanalyst who has brought the intuition and the freedom of the artist, along with considerable light and air, to his profession, and whose development of the concept of "identity" has diverted various currents in psychoanalytic practice. Dr. Coles, himself a psychiatrist, summarizes Professor Erikson's studies of Luther and Gandhi and reports on his explorations of the feelings of children and adolescents—first in Freud's pastoral circle in Vienna and later at various places in this country—to isolate the moment when their "identities" suddenly became clear.

**Exiles,** by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

Mr. Arlen's mother was a Greek noblewoman and an international beauty; his father was an Armenian-Englishman whose short stories and novels, among them "The Green Hat," were tremendously popular and then suddenly went out of fashion. This memoir, set on the French Riviera, at various other points in Europe, and finally in the United States, is a triple portrait—of his parents, and of himself as their son. It is also a study in bewilderment and loss and unfailing gallantry.

**A Friend of Kafka,** by Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95*).

Tales of Jewish life that are at once traditional and immediate, universal and specific, direct and ironic (to say nothing of tragic and comic), whether they are set in the kitchens and cafés of Warsaw or in the cafeterias and on the streets of the upper West Side of this city.

**Darker,** by Mark Strand (*Atheneum, $2.95*).

A volume of poems. "I praise the evening whose son I am," writes the poet. The light is crepuscular, the mood is eerie, the voice is calm.

**Honor to the Bride,** by Jane Kramer (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95*).

*Mariage à la mode au Maroc.* The bride is a thirteen-year-old Arab girl who is kidnapped and later found in a brothel. This report deals with her family's frantic and successful efforts to reinstate her as the pre-abduction maiden and financial asset she once was, in time to marry her off.

**The Driver's Seat,** by Muriel Spark (*Knopf, $4.95*).

A psychological thriller. The eventual corpse is a spinster of thirty-four in a red-and-white coat and a purple-orange-blue-and-yellow dress, and the murderer of her persistent, unrelenting choice is a young man just released from a sanitarium. But which of them is truly the victim?

**The Crofter and the Laird,** by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.75*).

A report on a tour to a Hebride—the tiny island of Colonsay, twenty-five miles off the coast of Scotland and cradle of the Clan McPhee, where the murky, legend-laden past and the misty, feudal present blend into a charming anachronism, and where the author and his family spent a while among the crofters.

**My Crowd,** by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

An Addams retrospective of a hundred and eighty-nine drawings that record his unsettling observations over the past thirty years or so. That family, well represented throughout, continues to exemplify domestic tranquillity, if not to insure it.

**Blind Love and Other Stories,** by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House, $5.95*).

Mr. Pritchett continues to examine the human comedy, often as it edges—without ever losing its footing—to the brink of human tragedy. There are ten short stories in this collection. The settings are various parts of England, and the characters, needless to say, do much of the telling.

**The Pentagon of Power,** by Lewis Mumford (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95*).

This book, Volume II of "The Myth of the Machine," can be considered the summation of everything that Mr. Mumford has ever thought about man's relation to science and technology. It once again shows the author as the champion of man against the forces of which he should be master but which threaten to enslave or destroy him.

**A Poet's Alphabet,** by Louise Bogan (*McGraw-Hill, $12.95*).

An alphabetical arrangement of critical essays selected (by Robert Phelps and Ruth Limmer) from those that Miss Bogan wrote for this magazine between 1931 and her death earlier this year. Most but by no means all of them deal with poets. Among the exceptions are Henry James, James Joyce, and Colette.

**The Wildest Dreams of Kew,** by Jeremy Bernstein (*Simon & Schuster, $7.95*).

A Profile of the mountainous kingdom of Nepal, now, perforce, a fortress that lies between democratic India and Chinese-controlled Tibet. The second half of the book is an account of an expedition to Mount Everest and, on the side, a sub-Profile of the Sherpas—surely the most delightful, civilized people on earth—who escorted our intrepid correspondent and his friends up and down Himalayas. One of the friends, Claude Jaccoux, has contributed photographs of the trek.

**Skin Diving in the Virgins,** by John Malcolm Brinnin (*Delacorte, $4.50*).

Lyrics of assorted weights and measures. Some are light, but none are heavy.

**Prince and Mrs. Charming,** by Warren Miller (*Bobbs-Merrill, $4.95*).

An album of cartoons in which many high-flown ideas and fashionable notions hitherto considered abstract are rebuilt before our eyes (and taken down a peg or two).

**Divine Disobedience,** by Francine du Plessix Gray (*Knopf, $6.95*).

Reports on the activities of a number of rebellious, embattled Roman Catholic priests, among them Ivan Illich and Daniel and Philip Berrigan, who are at nonviolent war with some of the powerful representatives of their Church—to say nothing of many lay representatives of law and draft boards throughout the land—but who are at peace with their own consciences.

**David Rees, Among Others,** by Anthony West (*Random House, $6.95*).

A novel about a boy's growing up in England between the World Wars, and about some people who gave him aid and comfort or cast a shadow over his life. Several of the chapters appeared as short stories in this magazine.

**Portrait of India,** by Ved Mehta (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95*).

A journal of many months the author spent in perhaps our most unwieldy democracy in order to discover at first hand what has been going on there in politics and public health and industry and the arts as the country slowly moves to find its place in the twentieth century. Mr. Mehta writes with the double awareness of a man born in India and educated in the West.

**The Carrier of Ladders,** by W. S. Merwin (*Atheneum, $3.95*).

A collection of poems in which the reader is pulled into a bleached and chilling landscape and held captive there.

**Naive Questions About War and Peace,** by William Whitworth (*Norton, $4.95*).

A consideration of the geopolitical aspects of the war we are fighting in Southeast Asia. The report is based upon conversations with Professor Eugene V. Rostow, of Yale, who was formerly Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs under President Johnson and is still a point-by-point defender of the principle of the balance of power and of our efforts, military and otherwise, to preserve it.

**Bed Riddance,** by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $4.95*).

An anthology of his own poems, selected by the poet with the express and laudable purpose of cheering up the patient—any patient—and thereby getting him out of bed, on his feet, and in shape to face the world.

**A Horse and Two Goats,** by R. K. Narayan (*Viking, $5.75*).

A further set of short stories by the Founding Father of Malgudi, that imaginary town in India. The directness and simplicity of Mr. Narayan's manner might lead one to believe that he is as innocent as his characters. A foolish mistake indeed.

**A Day in the Life of Roger Angell,** by Roger Angell (*Viking, $5.95*).

In these twenty-one parodies and other comic pieces, Mr. Angell views the cultural and subcultural oddities of these tricky times from his perch on the flying trapeze. Book jacket by Ed Koren.

**The Light in Holland,** by Anthony Bailey (*Knopf, $6.95*).

The most densely populated country on earth is as filled with paradoxes as it is with citizens—jammed cities and empty stretches of land reclaimed from the Zuider Zee, superb museums and gimcracks on end tables, a constant housing shortage and unlimited hospitality to refugees of all kinds. Mr. Bailey investigates these matters, along with many other aspects of Dutch life, past and present. He also discusses tulips.

**Toward a Radical Middle,** by Renata Adler (*Random House, $7.95*).

The march on Selma, polemicists among book reviewers, and a batch of psychoanalytical group-therapy sessions are a few of the topics that come under Miss Adler's scrutiny in this collection of reports and critical essays.

**The Girl Who Sang with the Beatles,** by Robert Hemenway (*Knopf, $4.95*).

Nine short stories about characters in varying states of detachment, here and in the Middle West, many of whom are having trouble staying in or staying out of love. The girl of the title never sang with the Beatles; she just pretends she did, and she acts out her role night after night while her husband pursues his own loser's fantasy. The story won the O. Henry Award for 1970.

**Defoliation,** by Thomas Whiteside (*Ballantine, 95¢*).

In this discussion of 2,4,5-T and other herbicides that we have been using in Southeast Asia (and at home), Mr. Whiteside reminds us of their alarming potential against animal and human life.

**The Bicycle Rider,** by Frederick L. Keefe (*Delacorte, $5.95*).

A brief novel that has not been published before, plus six short stories, each dealing with an unfinished episode in which the narrator was involved when he was an officer with the American Army in Europe during the Second World War. In almost every instance, the stories answer the questions: Then what happened? How did it end?

**The Road from War,** by Robert Shaplen (*Harper & Row, $7.95*).

A set of dispatches filed over the past five years by our correspondent in Southeast Asia. Mr. Shaplen records his own shifts in opinion and point of view as scrupulously as he reports on the military and political changes that have been taking place as we apparently move toward disengagement.

**Going Steady,** by Pauline Kael (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95*).

A volume of reviews and critical essays. Miss Kael, having described movies as "the most total and encompassing art form," considers them as they reflect and affect our turbulent society. While she applauds good work, she just as enthusiastically knocks pretentiousness, stupidity, cruelty, and butterfingers wherever they appear.

**The Greening of America,** by Charles A. Reich (*Random House, $7.95*).

Mr. Reich first describes the American "corporate state," then describes three forms of consciousness—which he calls, perhaps inevitably, Consciousness I, Consciousness II, and Consciousness III—and finally sets out to show how Consciousness III people (beginning with the young) are changing the corporate state in a revolutionary way by "seeking a new knowledge of what it means to be human, in order that the machine, having been built, may now be turned to human ends."

**Constant Reader,** by Dorothy Parker (*Viking, $5.95*).

Thirty-one humorous book reviews which the late Mrs. Parker wrote for this magazine a long time ago, and in which she can be seen, lightly shielded by that impersonal by-line, praising a few authors and making hay of many more while the sun shines over the twenties and the early thirties.

**City Life,** by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95*).

Mr. Barthelme's triple vision is made up of slapstick, urban shock, and a painful but sustaining inner sensibility. His prismatic spectacles are not dark, but they are hardly rose-colored, either. There are fourteen short stories in this collection, and many illustrations.

**The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead, and Mercy,** by James Dickey (*Doubleday, $4.95*).

Seventeen poems. Experimental in form, these explosions test the limits of the rational.

**Justice,** by Richard Harris (*Dutton, $6.95*).

A report on the Justice Department as it passed from the stewardship of Attorney General Ramsey Clark to that of Attorney General John N. Mitchell. Mr. Harris contrasts the attitudes of the men of the two crews toward wiretapping legislation, civil rights, student militants, and crime on and off the streets. He also appraises the attorneys of both teams and includes some of their appraisals of one another ("Clark's trouble was that he was philosophically concerned with the rights of the individual."—Assistant Attorney General Will Wilson).

**Frank Sullivan Through the Looking Glass,** by Frank Sullivan (*Doubleday, $5.95*).

A Sullivan sampler. Parodies, testimony by the cliché expert, and Christmas greetings in rhyme are among the many kinds of humorous pieces on hand. There is also a large selection of the letters Mr. Sullivan has written through the years from Saratoga to his wide and lucky circle of friends. George Oppenheimer is the selector and editor, and Marc Connelly has written an introduction.

**The Aleph and Other Stories,** by Jorge Luis Borges (*Dutton, $7.95*).

Twenty short stories written between 1933 and 1969. The setting of many of them appears to be Argentina, but that, along with everything else, is trompe-l'oeil; their real country of origin, of course, is Borges' own mountainous imagination, and this book is our Baedeker. Also included is an autobiographical essay that was published as a Profile in *The New Yorker*. The book was edited and translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author.

**Sal Si Puedes,** by Peter Matthiessen (*Random House, $6.95*).

A Profile of Cesar Chavez the Lion-Hearted, and a history of his nonviolent crusade (the strike, the boycott, the fast) to organize his fellow migratory farm workers of California, many of them Mexican-Americans, like him, into the United Farm Workers—a union all their own.

**Times and Places,** by Emily Hahn (*Crowell, $6.95*).

Memories of a footloose girlhood when Miss Hahn, with a degree in engineering in her pocket, set off to see the world. She describes sojourns in Africa, Japan, and, finally, China, and cheerfully tells of her experience as a short-term, thoroughly unremorseful opium addict.

**Moon Rocks,** by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Dial, $5.95*).

Mr. Cooper continues his lunar investigations. This time, the astronauts have been replaced as headliners by the scientists—geologists, physicists, chemists, and biologists—who examine the particles and dust and crumbs from outer space, and who argue over and modify their hypotheses about the moon's origin.

**Bech: A Book,** by John Updike (*Knopf, $5.95*).

A novel of sorts, made up of related short stories about an excruciatingly self-aware American Jewish writer and his experiences in Europe—mostly on the other side of the Iron Curtain—as a cultural missionary under the bustling management of the State Department. Mr. Updike has appended a bibliography of his hero's published works and other mock-scholarly paraphernalia.

**Notebooks of a Dilettante,** by Leopold Tyrmand (*Macmillan, $5.95*).

An assortment of observations, *pensées*, and reports on a number of trips and encounters around the United States and overseas. The self-styled dilettante is a Polish writer who came to this country several years ago; finding the climate—social, political, and intellectual—extraordinarily bracing after the stagnant air of Communism, he here deals head on with the "sterilized American inferiority complex."

**The New Yorker Album of Art and Artists** (*New York Graphic Society, $8.95*).

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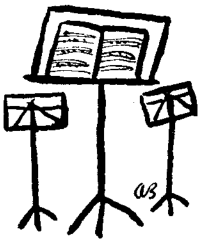
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *A Pagan Rout*



ROBERT W. GUTMAN'S "Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind, and His Music," which was reviewed in these pages some time ago, has stimulated a lot of discussion of Wagner's anti-Semitism—an attitude he held in common with scores of great nineteenth-century artists. I am at the moment more interested in Wagner's highly ambivalent attitude toward Christianity—an attitude that was not unrelated to his anti-Semitism and that paralleled the ideas of Friedrich Nietzsche. Wagner wrote several pious Christian operas, among them "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," and particularly "Parsifal," but I long ago detected, even in these works, signs of an unconscious revolt against their Christian content, and I have seen the same thing in "Die Meistersinger." Except for Tannhäuser, the heroes of these operas are "pure," colorless characters, all of whom lack the psychological flaw that makes a hero attractive to an audience. Moreover, Wagner is usually much more eloquent in dealing with the forces of evil than he is in dealing with these rarefied heroes. To me, the best part of "Tannhäuser" is the scene in the Venusberg, and the music underlying the plotting of Friedrich and Ortrud in "Lohengrin" is more interesting than most of what he wrote for the hero and heroine. Wagner was basically a neo-pagan, and neo-paganism was fashionable during his lifetime, partly because Europe had been enthralled by the discovery of Sanskrit and its relative, the ancient Iranian Avestan language, some time before, and partly because of the prevalent interest in international as well as German mythology aroused by the Grimm brothers' researches. It was thought that these influences would open up a new world, in which Christianity would have a very small role. Schopenhauer had predicted that a new renaissance would follow the discovery of Sanskrit, the Vedas, and the Upanishads, just as the original Renaissance followed the rediscovery of ancient Greek learning. It was a heady idea. It had been established that Sanskrit and Avestan were related to German. (This is where Hitler—or, more specifically, Alfred Rosenberg—got the

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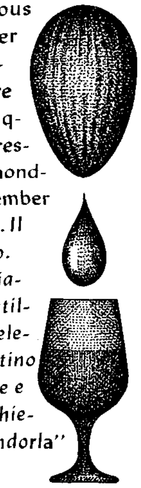

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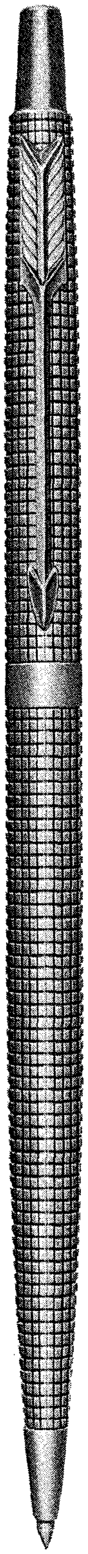
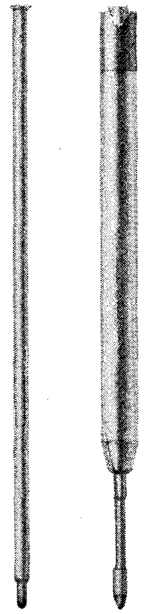
# Dream on, they said.



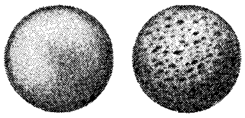
We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that would hold a lot more ink. To write thousands of words longer than ordinary ball points write.



Not this. This.

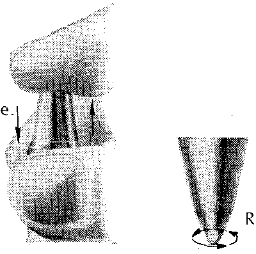
We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that would come in four different sizes—not just two. So the writer can write extra-fine, or fine, or medium, or broad.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that wouldn't skid on the paper. With a ball that's microscopically textured—to grip.



This can slip. This won't.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that would save wear and tear on itself. With a point that rotates a quarter turn every time you click the clicker—as you'd rotate the tires on a car.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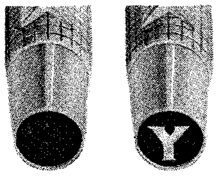
We told our pen men to build us a ball pen we could guarantee for a lifetime—with just normal refill replacement.

*Guarantee*

For a lifetime.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen with a case that's solid sterling silver. And hang the cost, we said.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that had an exclusive "personal touch." With a place where your monogram can be added in seconds, while you wait.



Whose is it? Yours.

Then we told our pen men to squeeze all this into a shape so slim, so slender, so skinny it would make every other pen jealous.

Dream on, they said.

Then do you know what they did? They built it.

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idea about the Aryan origin of the Germanic peoples, overlooking the inconvenient fact that the Aryan, or Indo-European, language was just as closely related to Latin, Greek, French, Russian, and English, along with Gaelic, Welsh, and Lithuanian, and that both "Iran" and "Ireland" mean "the land of the Aryans.") And what could be more attractive to Germans than the idea that they were the people chosen to bring about this renaissance? Well, it didn't happen, unless you consider Wagner himself a one-man renaissance, and the whole thing culminated in the horrors of Nazism. However, there remains the fact that Wagner was at bottom—like his friend Nietzsche—pagan in outlook. I hold that his greatest works by far are the wholly pagan "Ring" cycle and "Tristan und Isolde," the first based on a Germanic and the second on a Celtic myth, neither of which bears much relation to Christianity. Even as early as "The Flying Dutchman" Wagner was obviously concerned with the nature god of the sea, who, while he is not named in the program, roars away during most of the opera and is its most memorable feature. I am not trying to denigrate Wagner, one of the greatest creative geniuses in the history of the arts; I am trying to put him in the perspective of his particular time and its cultural ambience.

And what about "Parsifal," of which the Metropolitan Opera gave a new production a week ago Saturday night—an opera that many people think is his most profoundly Christian one, and one that earned him the denunciation of Nietzsche because of its supposed piety? It is indeed a strange mixture, over which a chocolate syrup of piety has been poured to cover matters that are as pagan as can be. In the first place, it is based on a Celtic legend, elaborated by the medieval poets Chrétien de Troyes and Wolfram von Eschenbach and involving a rite that Joseph Campbell, who knows about such things, has traced, in his "The Masks of God," back to the ancient Iranians, Sumerians, and Egyptians. It is a fertility rite that concerns the phallic relationship between the lance and the grail, neither of which has anything to do with Christianity—though the idea that the lance is the one that was supposed to have pierced Christ's side during the Crucifixion is encouraged in Wagner's libretto. The opera deals with the Hindu notion of *ahiṁsa*, or nonviolence, in the episode of the slain swan; the elimination of Kundry's desire is a motif that one finds in, among

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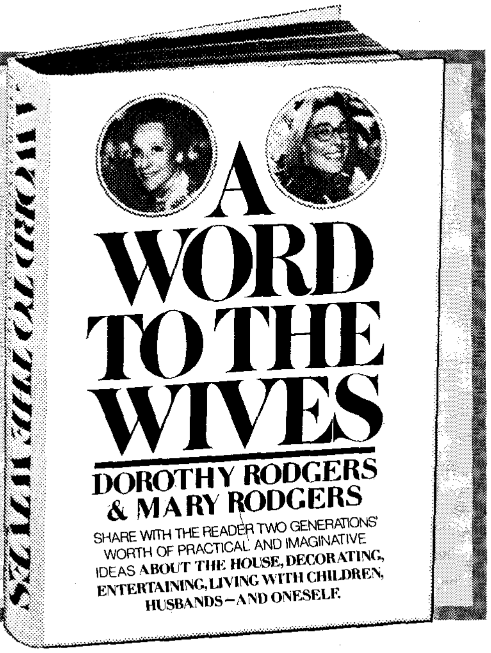
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other places, the Bhagavad-Gita; the rebirth of nature in Act III follows a thinly disguised act of phallus worship such as is carried on to this day in the Shiva temples of India. So much for the Christian aspects of "Parsifal." Nietzsche needn't have bothered.

THE Met's new production is a handsome one, though I have objections to one or two of its details. Robert O'Hearn has created a fairyland sequence of scenes, most of which are convincing. Among the unconvincing ones is the first, in which a couple of gigantic plastic shower curtains, clearly intended to represent tree trunks, sweep down from opposite sides of the stage. Behind them is more of the forest. The Temple of the Grail, which is revealed after a very effective scene change that uses the Met's turntable, is a place of soaring arches that take on a golden color from the lighting. Klingsor's castle is a sort of cave, high above the stage, where Klingsor, baldheaded and menacing, sits on a spider-shaped throne, and his gardens, in the next scene, are properly seductive and evil, with phallic flowers as large as radar dishes blossoming in a jungle whose backdrop looks a little like a painting by Corot. The business of the spear that Klingsor hurls at Parsifal is done with éclat; the audience is blinded by a flash while the spear suddenly appears in Parsifal's hand. There is only one disappointment: the crumbling of Klingsor's castle is left mostly to the imagination, and the scene ends in darkness. Act III is more or less conventional.

The cast fielded by the Met for this performance was superb. As Parsifal, Helge Brilioth, a Swedish tenor making his Met début, had the true *Heldentenor* ring to his voice that I have not heard since the time of Set Svanholm. He is not the most powerful of *Heldentenors*. But he is young, and he may develop more force. In any case, he is a handsome fellow and sings with style. And Christa Ludwig is one of the finest Kundrys I have heard since the days of Margaret Matzenauer—a great actress with a voice that can encompass every shade of meaning and that is both forceful and sensuous. Cesare Siepi, in a blond wig and singing his first role in German, made a magnificent Gurnemanz, and even though he had a cold, the clarity of diction and nobility of tone he brought to the part were exceptional. Thomas Stewart was the Amfortas, and he suffered convincingly and sang with all the experience and style one expects of him. Ezio Flagello did Klingsor with plenty of evil. And,

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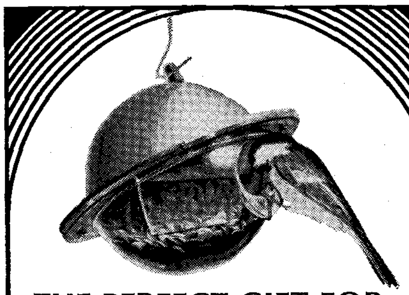

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for once, the flower maidens of Klingsor's garden—usually an embarrassment—were handled by Milenko Banovitch, the choreographer, with grace and a reasonable amount of appropriateness. The conducting of Leopold Ludwig, however, was tired and flabby. There is blood and fire in the music of "Parsifal." But the orchestra, under Mr. Ludwig, sounded anemic and damp.

IT is difficult to judge a single work by a composer when one has no idea of his general style. Last Tuesday night, the National Orchestral Association, under the baton of David Gilbert, presented in Carnegie Hall something by the late Jonel Perlea—Symphonic Variations on an Original Theme. Since it is the work of a famous conductor, it is not surprising that it is strikingly orchestrated. The idiom appeared to be quite original, though as one listened to it Stravinsky and particularly Ravel came to mind. There was a suggestion of Balkan folk music in a few places, but for the most part the piece was without any particular national flavor. (Perlea was a Rumanian.) I liked the Variations, even though they are a bit lengthy. A violin concerto, three études for orchestra, and a sinfonietta by the same composer remain to be performed in this country. It would be interesting to hear them. Mr. Gilbert, a pupil of Mr. Perlea, is a competent young conductor whose gestures are still slightly self-conscious and calculated. He conducted a somewhat heavy performance of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, K. 504, using the entire orchestra, including eight double basses. After the intermission, I heard Anton Webern's recently discovered Three Orchestral Songs, which turned out to be just about what I anticipated—wispy, squeaky music of no real interest to me. Charlotte Regni, a soprano, managed their difficult swoops and plunges well enough.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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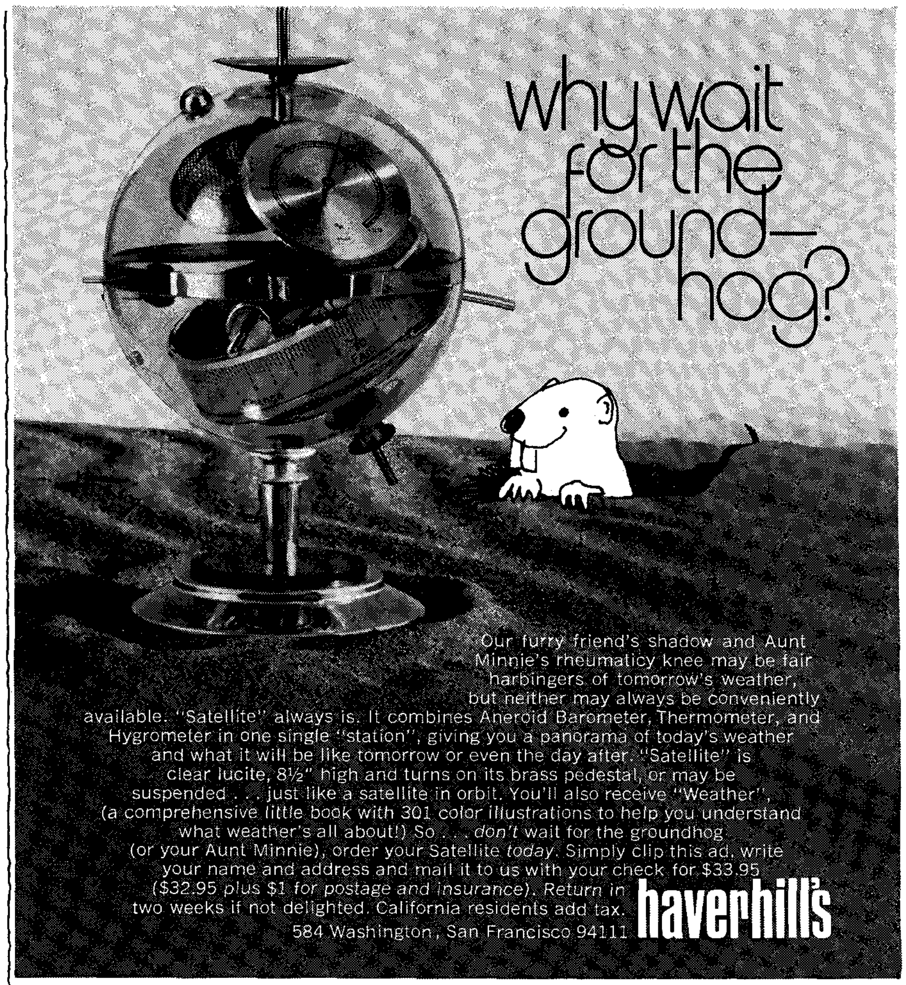
Fortunately, however, there are a number of clustering methods developed for use in other fields that can be adapted to legislative behavior research and that avoid the major defects of the methods outlined above. One of these that has been found to be most useful by the present author is one devised by entomological researchers for the purposes of grouping species of insects into taxonomic systems.—*From "The Systematic Analysis of Blocs in the Study of Legislative Behavior," by John G. Grumm, in the Western Political Quarterly.*

You hear that, solons?



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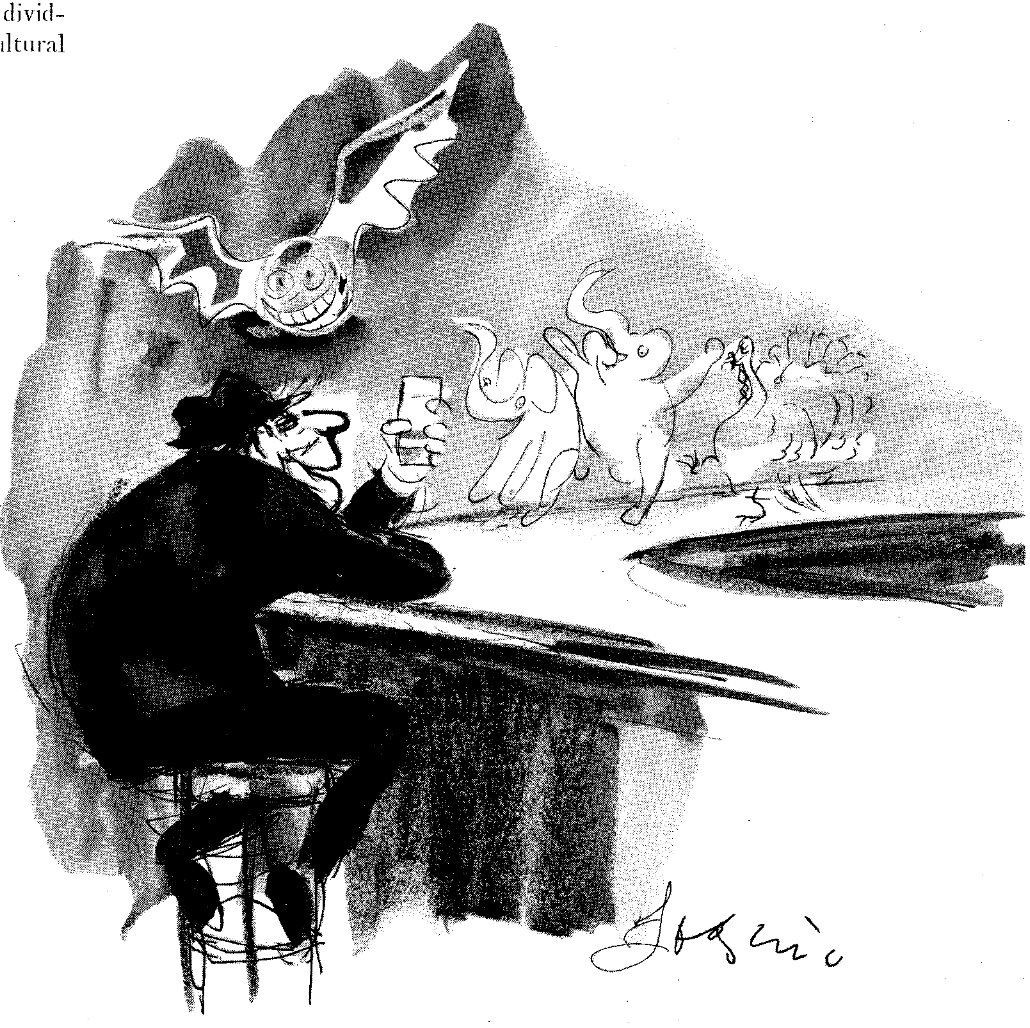
# BOOKS

## Conquistador

WITH a new collection of short stories, "War of Time" (Knopf), Alejo Carpentier does a great deal to justify the pronouncement of Dame Edith Sitwell, quoted on the dust jacket, that he is "most certainly one of the greatest writers alive at this time." There is an essential aptness in this tribute from one literary mandarin to another. Carpentier is a Cuban, now sixty-five, who was born and educated in Havana, but he is also a member of an international literary élite that has been dedicated to the refinement of human sensibilities for thousands of years. The members of this élite belong to no particular time, and do not age, but speak directly to their readers as contemporaries in all periods. In the particular case of Carpentier, the evident superiority that justifies Edith Sitwell's words lies in the depth of his penetration of the meanings for individuals of the broad spectrum of cultural experiences that constitutes the Latinity—if it may be so called—of Latin America. He is a major contributor both to that entity's understanding of itself and to the outside world's awareness of it. His novel "The Lost Steps," published in this country in 1956, is the best account of the impact of the South American environment on the Latin sensibility that has so far been written. It describes that sense of being drowned in unconquerable space and overwhelmed by the obduracy of an utterly unaccommodating terrain which crushed and smothered Simón Bolívar's spirit by revealing to him the futility of the ambition, to which his Latin heritage had committed him, to create another European order in South America. Unlike Bolívar, Carpentier's hero did not find his revelation lethal but derived from it a heightened awareness of the character of the Latin-American destiny, which is not to be a second anything—European or American—but to be something new, peculiar to that place. It is a book that has been read and understood by all too few North Americans, who, when they think of Latin America at all, tend to see it in terms of a simple failure, attributable to inherent defects in the Latin character, to deal with problems very like their own—ignoring altogether the outrageous good fortune that befell the Protestant ethic when it drew the Hudson and the Mississippi, rather than the Orinoco and the Amazon, as the rivers of its testing ground.

Of the five stories that make up the present volume, all are fine examples of Carpentier's beautifully controlled and considered manner, but only one deals with his major theme. "The Highroad of Saint James" is an extraordinarily successful attempt to compress the reality of the initial Latin experience of the New World into a fifty-four-page anecdote about a Spanish soldier who twice sets out for Santiago de Compostela in fulfillment of a vow and on both occasions gets sidetracked into embarking for New Spain. In a series of marvellously precise metaphors Carpentier conveys the tragedy of the early forms of colonialism—the Old World intentions wholly unrelated to the New World realities, and, above all, the overwhelming sensuous experience for the only partly liberated medieval mind of this abundance of the undreamed of, the unregulated, and the unforbidden. It is all told in the simple story of a man who is doomed to long for Europe as it is not when he is in America, and for an America that is a European dream when he is in Europe.

The other stories in the collection do not come up to "The Highroad of Saint James," either in their intensity or in their richness of content, but they are extremely well written and enjoyable. "Right of Sanctuary," in particular, is a delightful diplomatic farce, in which a refugee who has sought asylum in a foreign embassy becomes, by a process that seems logical and inevitable, the only possible successor to the ambassa-



*"Great! It wouldn't be Thanksgiving without turkey."*

dor with whom he has found safety. In its bland and polished nineteenth-century way, the story comes close to perfection. The translations, by Frances Partridge, are of the very highest order—not only letting one know what the author has done but also giving a faithful English equivalent of his Latin literary identity.

—ANTHONY WEST

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE TALKING TREES AND OTHER STORIES, by Sean O'Faolain (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Sick with longing for times gone by, sick with grief at the waste of life, sick with regret over missed opportunities, the people in Mr. O'Faolain's short stories move in and out of focus against a background so profoundly realized and so firmly conveyed that human voices sound thin and inopportune, echoing emptily against the life-giving, life-draining sadness they cannot escape, cannot control, and cannot stop brooding about. But it is far from being a boring sadness. It is hypnotic, many-colored, always changing, receding and advancing but implacable in movement, whether the movement be slow or rapid. Maybe it isn't sadness—it may be the passage of time, forced into *almost* materializing by Mr. O'Faolain's intense and untiring vigil. The characters are so far from having free will that they are hardly more than puppets, but in their author's hands they become interesting, even humorous, puppets. All but two of the eleven stories in this volume are set in Ireland.

BOMBER, by Len Deighton (Harper & Row). A two-hundred-thousand-word, almost microscopically detailed examination of a massive R.A.F. raid on a German town in June of 1943. It opens with the selection of the target, and it closes, some twelve hours later, in total disaster. Mr. Deighton has called together a cast of De Millean proportions—British and German, Jew and Gentile, male and female, military and civilian—and he has individualized them in the one-dimensional De Millean manner: young and eager, old and tired, sly and ambitious, open and decent. He has also arranged (since this is a fashionably pacifistic novel) for practically everybody to end up dead, disabled, or disgraced. The book is much too long, but its only virtue is a certain cumulative impact,

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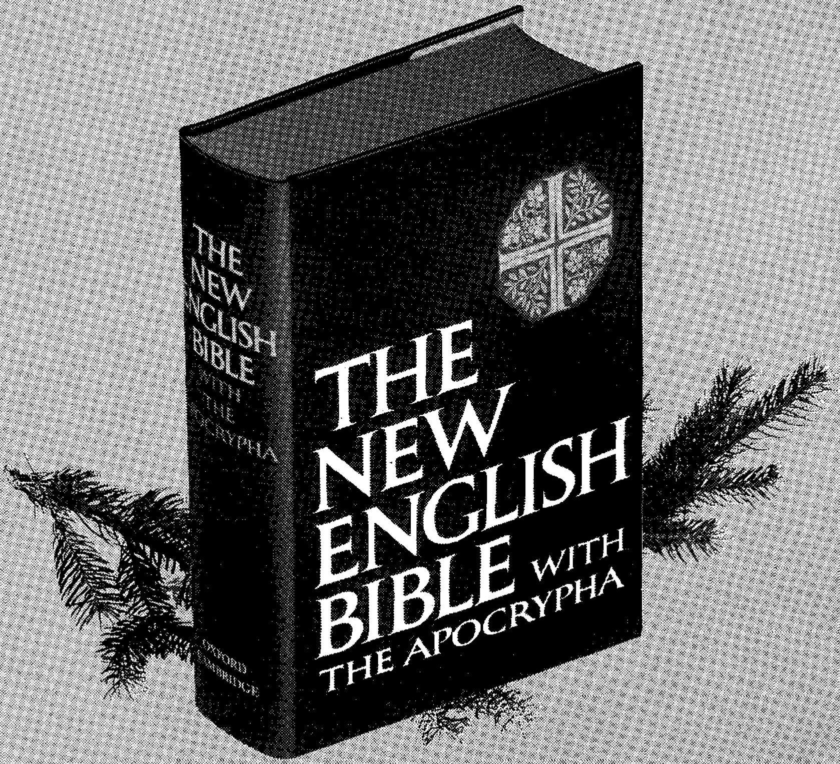
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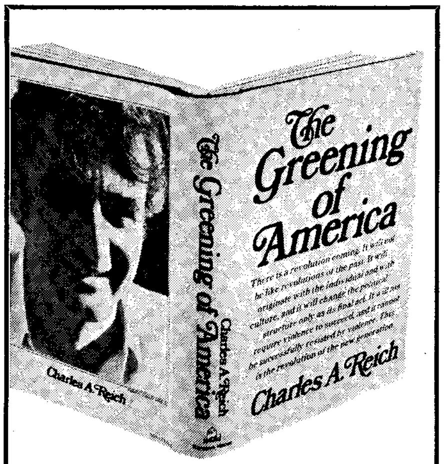
## GENERAL

Winckelmann, by Wolfgang Leppmann (Knopf). Johann Winckelmann (1717-68) founded—invented, really—the science of archeology, because he fell in love with the ancient world. His intense devotion to classical beauty made him want to learn everything that could be known about classical life. (For example, from studying Roman carved gems he discovered how the ancients, who lacked stirrups, mounted their horses.) Winckelmann was a self-made expert who rose from the near-bottom of Prussian society to become a papal functionary, a cicerone of royalty, and, through his writings, a European intellectual celebrity. Professor Leppmann's account of Winckelmann's tortuous social ascent is affecting as well as interesting. Winckelmann—a disbeliever who changed religions to further his career, a homosexual, and a poor man who always depended on powerful patrons—was sometimes a diplomat, sometimes a sneak, and sometimes a showoff. But in the domain of his work he consistently displayed absolute integrity and demanded respect for his dignity as a scholar. This divided man—a pathetic person with great professional force—seems very up-to-date, but Mr. Leppmann does not worry about that; in good prose, he presents the past rediscovering the remote past, and leaves the reader to decide what the story means for the present. Ten dollars.

Additional Dialogue: Letters of Dalton Trumbo, 1942-62, edited by Helen Manfull (Evans). Dalton Trumbo is perhaps the best known of the Hollywood Ten—the screenwriters who were blacklisted by their industry after they had run afoul of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The bulk of these letters tells, in zigzag fashion, the grotesque story of his ordeal by repression—how he was put on trial for his livelihood, how he was punished by Congress (ten months in a federal pen) and blacklisted by producers who had profited hugely (as did he) from his work, and how, in the years that followed, he fought back and finally regained his place as one of the top men of his craft. Mr. Trumbo is a man who likes to fight and likes to write; he even answers his crank mail. These letters—to friends, family, enemies, and stran-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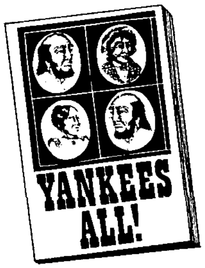
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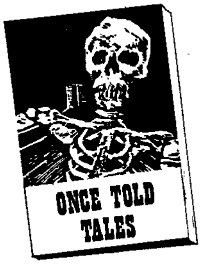
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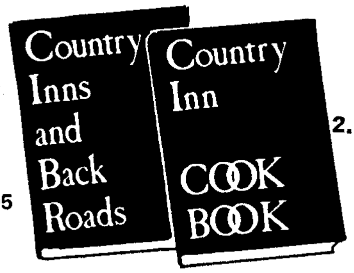
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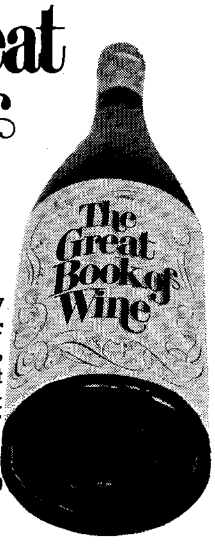
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THE SPAWNING RUN, by William Humphrey (Knopf). An account, by an American novelist, of a salmon-fishing holiday in Wales that artistry fashions into something more than that. Mr. Humphrey surveys the ever-absorbing life cycle of the Atlantic salmon, observes a fellow-sportsman at his inn whose prey is languishing fishing widows, and relates a fighting fish story that is a model of its abundant kind. This is a short book—less than twenty thousand words—but it has a most satisfying density. Illustrated with drawings by Owen Wood.

REMEMBERING THE ANSWERS: ESSAYS ON THE AMERICAN STUDENT REVOLT, by Nathan Glazer (Basic Books). The first of these essays was written in 1961, and in it the author, who had taught at three colleges, put forward some practical criticisms of college teaching, which he felt was routinized and stultified and did not give the students opportunities for intellectual growth. Mr. Glazer's subsequent essays, written between 1963 and 1969, trace the development of another sort of problem at universities; they consider the sources of student violence and the legitimacy of various kinds of student protest. The author, who now teaches at Harvard, tells us that he supports the two causes—civil rights and opposition to the Vietnam war—in whose name most campus rebellions have occurred, but that he cannot support the violence students have used or their suppression of dissent from *their* dissent. Mr. Glazer's tone throughout is thoughtful and thought-provoking; toward the end it is also rueful and—as far as the future of universities is concerned—even fearful. Still, if the schools ever simmer down, the notions in his first essay will remain useful.

BARBARIANS AND MANDARINS: THIRTEEN CENTURIES OF WESTERN TRAVELERS IN CHINA, by Nigel Cameron (Walker/Weatherhill). Some of the figures in this delightful work are famous (Marco Polo), and some of the events are infamous (the Opium War), but most of what Mr. Cameron has to tell is unfamiliar, and fascinating besides. His first traveller, William of

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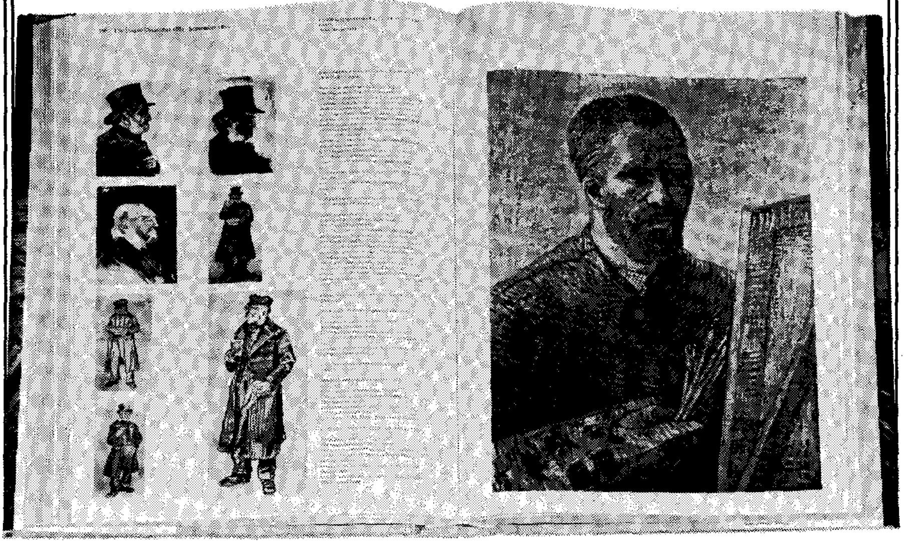

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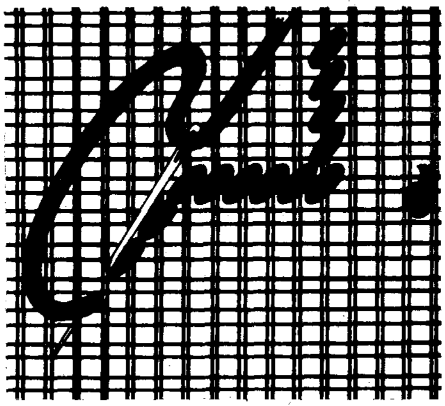

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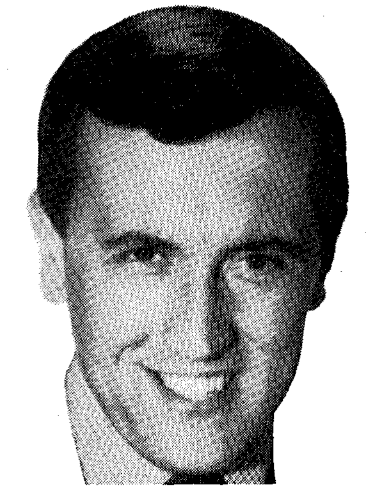

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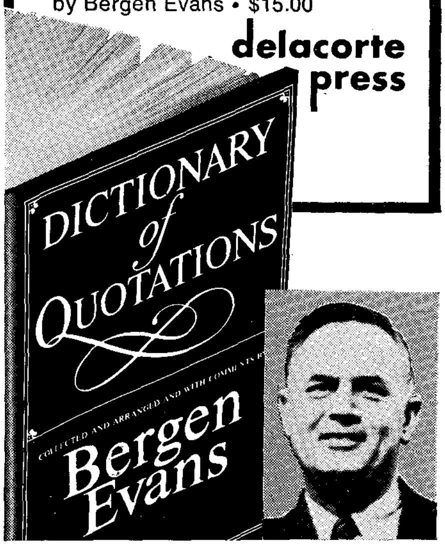

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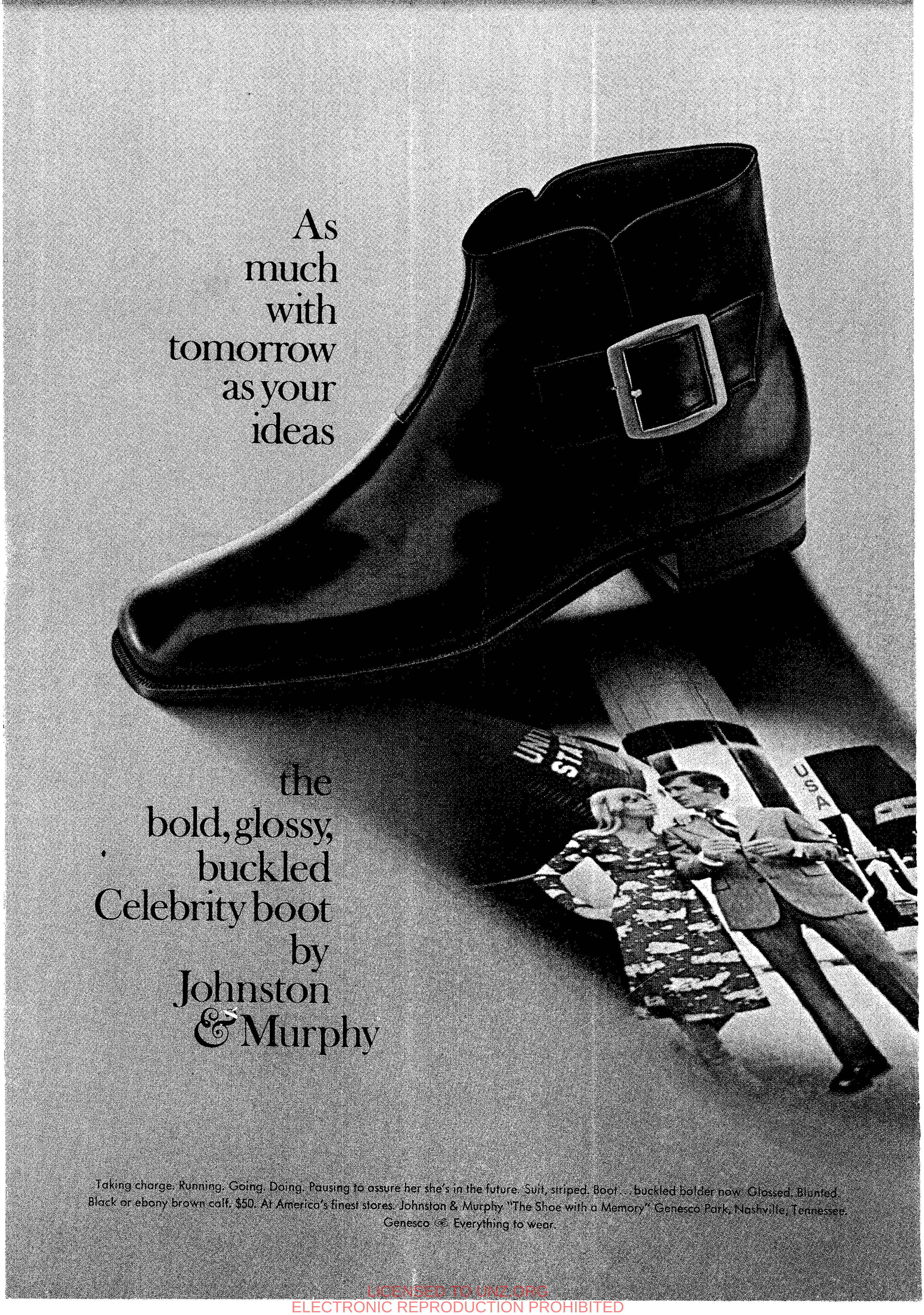

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